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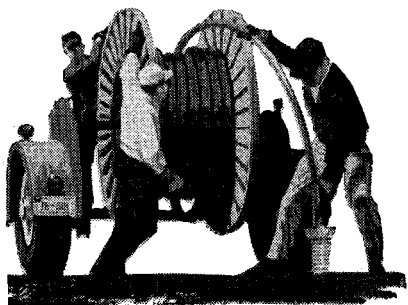
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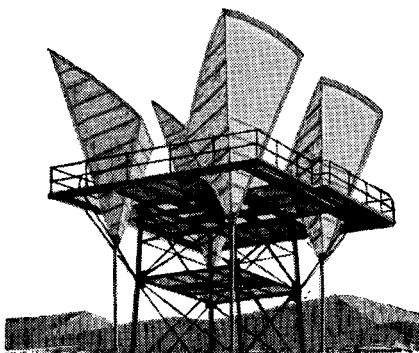
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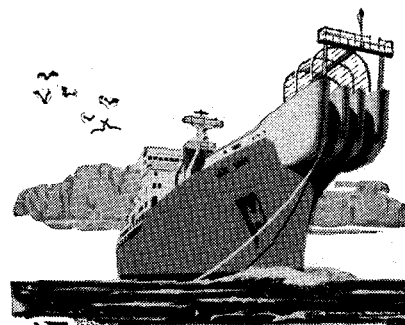
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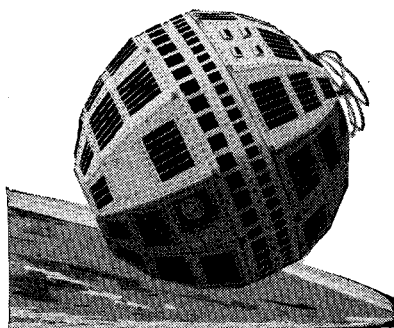


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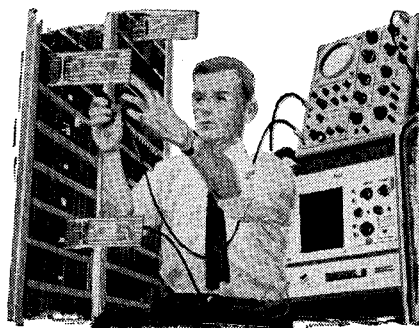


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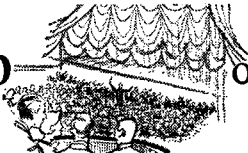
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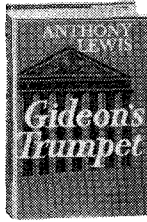
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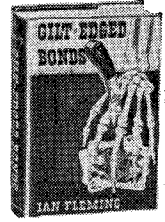
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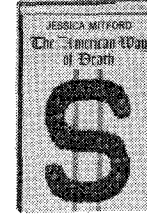
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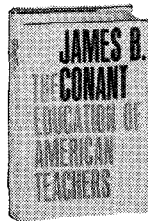
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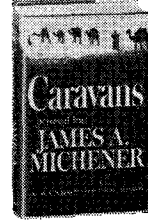
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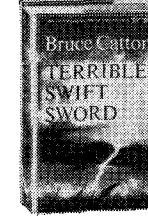
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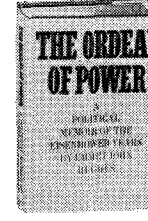
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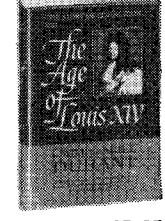
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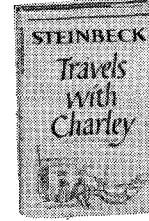
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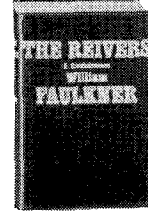
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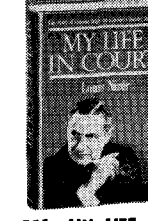
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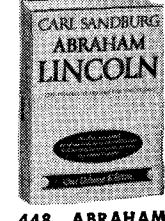
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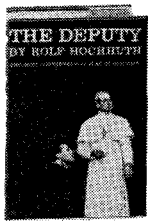
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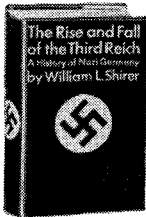
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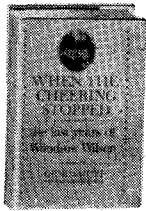
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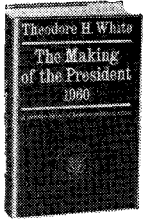
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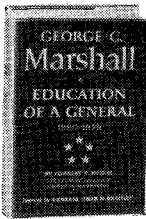
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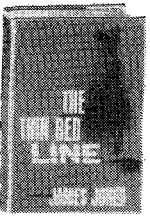
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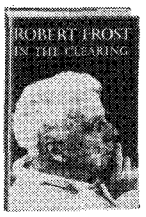
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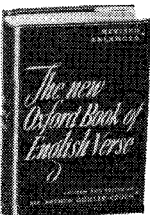
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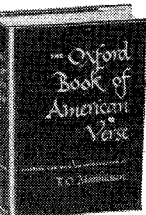
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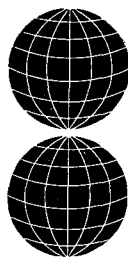
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WASHINGTON

THE chief economists in Washington are convinced that a subtle transformation in business thinking about the role of government — and government thinking about the role of business — has taken place in recent years. An increasing number of business executives approve of the expansionist fiscal and monetary policies that have helped assure a sound economic growth. And the President's business instinct for economy and his dislike of unnecessary controls have been appreciated in the business community.

Johnson's economic advisers, as well as a large number of business leaders, no longer see any conflict between those who favor a compensatory fiscal policy designed to stimulate maximum growth and those who oppose an expansion of bureaucracy and red tape. To push his economy drive and to encourage the cutting of red tape, the President has been considering the possibility of asking Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara to head a new type of Hoover Commission within the executive branch. The commission would make recommendations to the President on ways to modernize and streamline the government and also act as the President's agent in putting the approved changes into effect.

The President will continue to support the type of expansionist fiscal policies that have been adopted by all the modern industrial nations. Economists in Washington, as well as the majority in private industry, are in agreement that the greatest advances in economic science have come in the aftermath of the major depressions of this century. After World War I, the world was plagued with the most widespread and devastating depressions and inflations of modern times. Governments fell, revolutions took place in many countries, and capitalism appeared to be doomed. Since the end of World War II, the industrial countries have expe-

rienced unparalleled growth and prosperity. While there still are many dangers, especially from the problems of the underdeveloped world and from unresolved international monetary difficulties, there has been no serious economic crisis in the Western world or in Japan since the Marshall Plan.

As a result of the new economic planning, both inflation and deflation of a persistent character have been avoided. The people of the industrial countries have come to expect economic expansion as part of their way of life. This year, the United States established a record of the longest unbroken economic advance in its history. The outlook for continued growth after forty-four months of a steady climb is good. Today the competitive system is stronger than ever, and its merits are widely recognized even by the European socialists.

The next tax cut

While it is too early to measure precisely the effect of the tax cut in promoting a stronger economy, the President's advisers are convinced that it served its basic objective of expanding total demand without inflation. The objective in any economy is to make the maximum use of its facilities to meet the needs of the people without inflation. The tax cut was one device to promote overall demand and to encourage the full use of the nation's plant and labor force. Although the tax cut was bitterly opposed in Congress, not many politicians are campaigning this fall on their record of opposition to it.

Investment and consumer expenditures have increased since the tax cut was put into effect, and savings have increased as well. In the first half of the year, consumer spending rose \$14 billion, the largest advance ever recorded in six months. Net financial savings of individuals in



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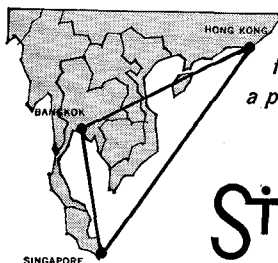
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SAVE FOUR FOR
Singapore

Report on Washington



the second quarter reached \$7.7 billion, the highest quarterly total of the post-war period. Most important of all, the unemployment rate fell from 5.7 percent of the labor force in June, 1963, to 5.3 percent in June, 1964, to 4.9 percent in July and 5 percent in August.

As *Business Week* magazine has said, "the longest business upswing on record is changing economic ideas that have been held for more than 100 years. For the first time, a boom has been accompanied by price stability. At mid-1964, U.S. business finds itself in the midst of an upswing that's changing everybody's thoughts about what a free enterprise economy can do." The magazine applauded the government for its "smoothly expansionary fiscal policies" and praised the Federal Reserve Board for "allowing the money supply to grow smoothly."

Reduce government control

Contrary to what some of the more strident critics of government have said, there is a new desire in Washington to reduce rather than increase government's role in the control or supervision of business decisions and activities. Fiscal and monetary planning are essential, the economists maintain. But red tape and controls of various sorts should be reduced to a minimum. President Johnson's view, supported by the Council of Economic Advisers, is that government must help maintain a climate in which the demand for goods and services can be sustained with a minimum of unemployment.

If total spending by consumers, business, governments, and foreign purchasers is inadequate, unemployment and a faltering economy result. If total spending is too great, there is inflation. A balance needs to be maintained, and it is the function of the fiscal and monetary authorities to see that it is. It cannot be achieved by laissez-faire. The objective is not a federal deficit but the stimulation of public and private demand to assure full use of men and machines.

The modern era in American economic policy began with the Employment Act of 1946, which established the Council of Economic Advisers. Under both Republican and Democratic administrations it has demonstrated its great value. A

few weeks ago, the President met with all of the past chairmen of the council. They expressed agreement on the fundamental principles of fiscal policy that have helped produce the new record of economic growth in America. Full employment, the economists contend, is the first answer to the problems of automation, juvenile delinquency, poverty, and even crime in the streets. They are convinced that with wise fiscal and monetary management the economy can reach new heights and that the hardest of these social problems will be susceptible to correction.

The end of the draft

The Democrats should not have been surprised when Senator Goldwater demanded an end of the military draft. Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin urged the Democratic Platform Committee to adopt a plank promising elimination of the draft by 1967. By that year, he estimated, the draft will be taking an average of ninety thousand men per year from a pool of more than twelve million. For some months, it has been obvious that the draft was an anachronism. President Kennedy attempted to remove some of the causes for complaint when he ordered the exemption of married men.

But that was only a beginning. With 42 percent of eligible draftees never being drafted, there is no such thing as universal military service. Recognizing the problem, President Johnson ordered a full review of military manpower problems looking toward the possible elimination of the draft in the next few years. The study is to be completed in 1965. The present law expires in 1967.

Senator Nelson has repeatedly told Congress that it should face up to the problem. Canada and Britain have eliminated the draft in favor of professional volunteer systems. France, which has had a universal military system since the time of Napoleon, this year decided to introduce a selective military service system. Like the United States, France cannot use all the young men available for training under a universal military system. A professional army without the draft would clearly be more expensive. To obtain a sufficient number of volunteers, Canada pays its inductees almost twice as much as the \$78 a month the United States pays.

Building our fences

The next President may become the most traveled President in American history. President Eisenhower established a record for travel in his Administration. When President Kennedy took office, he thought that he would stay at home and let others speak for him abroad. But after only a few months he made his first trip to Europe. Three trips to Latin America followed,

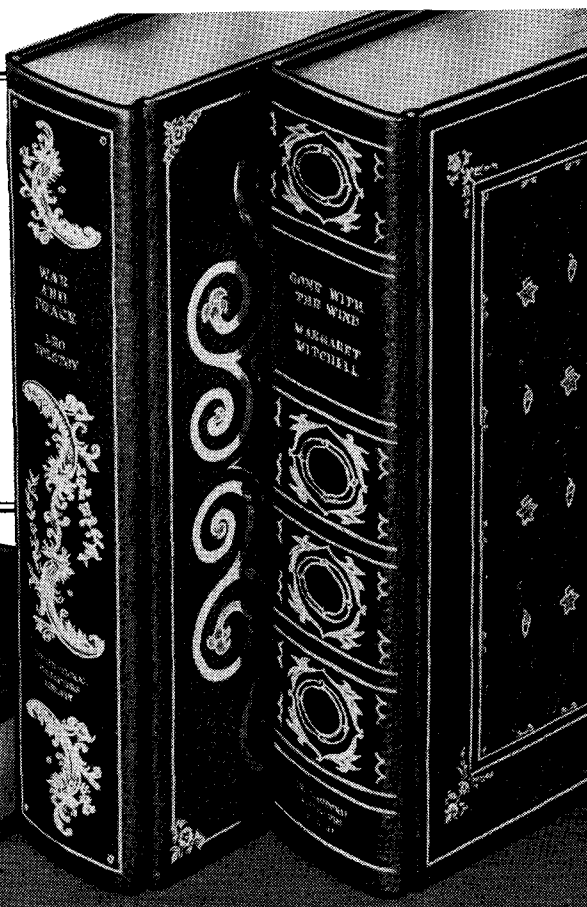
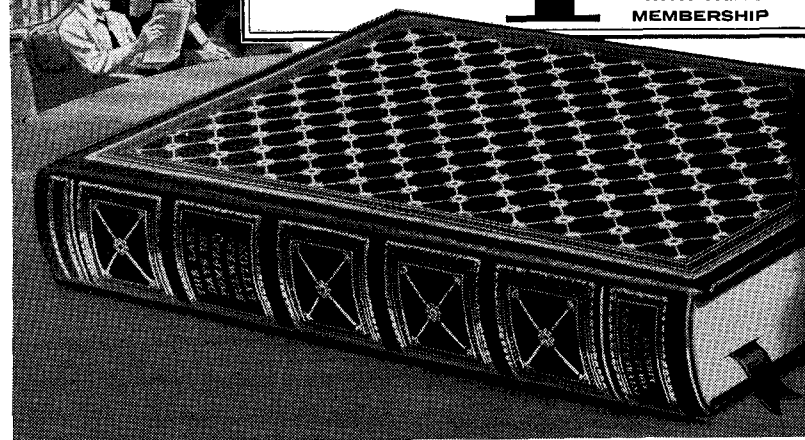
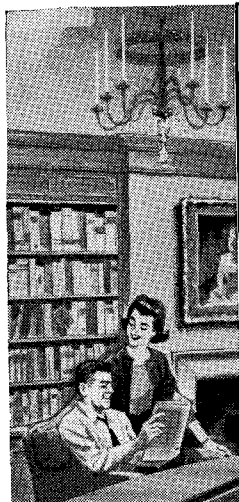
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Skeleton Key

Napoleon's Egyptian campaign of 1799 was not an unqualified success from a military standpoint, but it had one fortunate side effect on history. One of Bonaparte's officers stumbled across a tablet inscribed with curious characters — and had the good sense not to throw it away.

That tablet was the Rosetta stone, and it was the key that unlocked the hieroglyphic language of early Egypt for subsequent generations of archeologists.

If Wall Street has a Rosetta stone, we like to think it's an advertisement that we first ran about fifteen years ago and have been updating and reprinting in booklet form ever since. It's called "*What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business*," and it was written to take the mystery out of investing and to define the vocabulary of the stock market in words anyone can understand. It must do the trick, too, because there are at least 5,000,000 copies in print, and the demand goes on and on.

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Report on Washington

and in 1963 he returned to Europe. He was planning a Far Eastern tour at the time of his death.

During his second trip to Europe, President Kennedy made many new friends for the United States and presented a rational alternative to Gaullism. He revived the hope of America's old friends that a new era of cooperation and trust was dawning and that it would be based on reason and understanding, on restraint in the use of power in the nuclear age. In Europe's eyes, America showed restraint and the proper use of power in its handling of the Cuban missile crisis.

Kennedy's advocacy of a nuclear-test-ban treaty and his willingness to enter into selective negotiations with the Communist states meant to Europe that under the Kennedy leadership the United States was embarking on a more reasonable and realistic course.

Then came the tragedy in Dallas, the outbreaks of racial violence, the so-called white backlash, the right-wing capture of the Republican Party, and America's prestige abroad was heavily damaged. President de Gaulle found new adherents even in Great Britain after Senator Goldwater was nominated. The Gaullists in Germany grew bolder in their attacks against Chancellor Erhard and Foreign Minister Schroeder, who base their policies on close ties to the United States and Britain.

The task of rebuilding America's prestige will require the most intensive application. The White House will have to cope with the problems that are always near the point of explosion in Latin America and the Far East. Goodwill trips, however successful, are not alone the answer. The answer is to be found in sound policy. But it will be necessary for the new President to restate America's position wherever possible in the most eloquent manner.

Secretary Rusk

For many years the Department of State was the most sharply criticized and the most controversial of the major federal departments. In this campaign, however, although

foreign policy is a much debated issue, neither the Secretary of State nor the department has been a major source of controversy. Yet Secretary of State Dean Rusk has spoken his mind more freely in this campaign than any of his predecessors did in the campaigns of the last quarter century. While Rusk has avoided taking the initiative, he has responded frequently and directly when he thought that the record was misrepresented by the Republican challenger. And he has made a number of speeches throughout the country explaining Administration policy.

Under Robert S. McNamara, the Department of Defense has received higher marks for efficiency and organization than the State Department has under Rusk. Yet Rusk's stature has increased in recent months to the point where many of those who once criticized him for lack of force now hope that he will be retained in office if President Johnson is re-elected. Instead of attracting commendation for efficiency and zeal as McNamara has, or for dominating and controlling policy as John Foster Dulles did, Rusk has won esteem for dependability. There may be no more important qualification for a Secretary of State at this time.

Rusk has lived through the crises of the last four years without panicking and without grasping for power. His record for good judgment and sound advice is beginning to be acknowledged by his earlier detractors. From the beginning it has been widely recognized that Rusk is a solid asset to the Administration on Capitol Hill. There his honesty, reasonableness, and thorough understanding of the issues earned him wide respect in both parties.

President Kennedy was in many ways his own Secretary of State. President Johnson has not been interested, as his predecessor was, in the finer points of debate within the department. Rather, he has wanted guidance about what should be done in any given circumstance. Rusk has faithfully reported to the President any reservations or disagreements in his department, and he has become the President's principal adviser on foreign policy in fact as well as in name.

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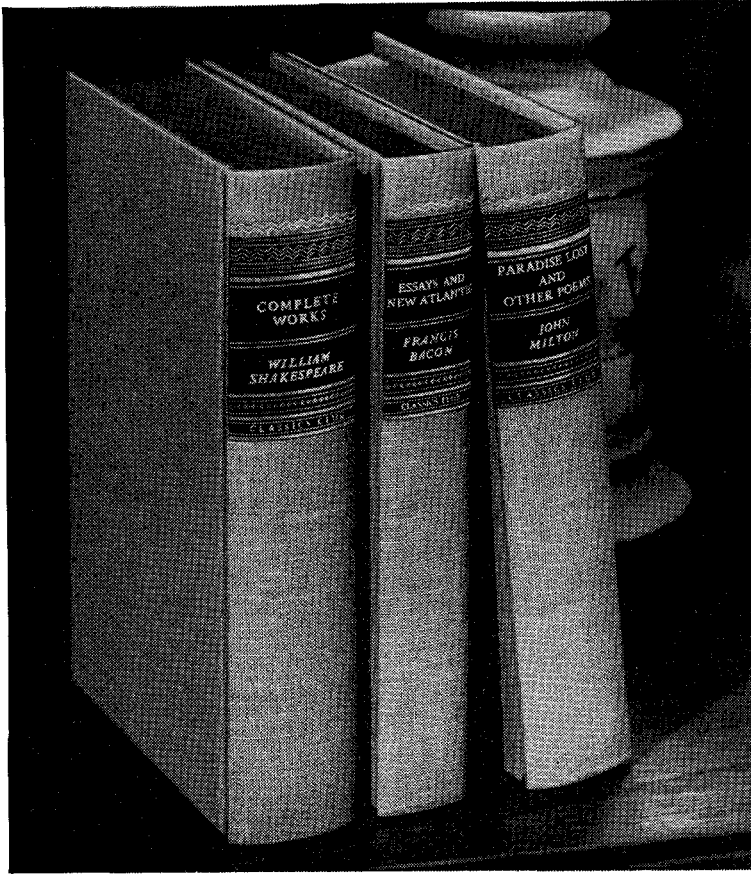
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NEXT May Prague will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of its "liberation" by the Red Army. There will be parades and the usual ringingspeeches on Wenceslas Square; and the local papers, led by *Rudé Právo* (*Red Justice*), will be full of glib talk about Czechoslovakia's victorious entry into what is euphemistically termed "the advanced stage of socialism." But none of the tub-thumping can conceal the fact that Czechoslovakia is in the throes of a profound ideological crisis and that seventeen years of Communist rule have brought serious economic difficulties.

The crisis which Czechoslovakia is now going through is part of the general crisis which is currently shaking the entire Soviet bloc. The crisis has been long coming, largely owing to the obstinate rearguard action fought by the Stalinists who control the local Party apparatus. Their leader is Czechoslovakia's President and Party boss, Antonín Novotný, who has held his position as chief of state since 1957 — longer than either of his two predecessors (Klement Gottwald, 1949–1953; Antonín Zápotocký, 1953–1957).

Unlike Zápotocký, a former union worker who could talk to workers in their own language and instill an occasional spark of enthusiasm into an apathetic party, Novotný is as dull and colorless as the regime he heads. Not until he disappears from the scene will it be possible to say that Czechoslovakia has been completely destalinized. As it is, the destalinization process has tended to move at a snail's pace.

It was not until December of 1962 that the Czechoslovak Communist Party actually got around to deciding that the Stalinist purge trials of the early fifties needed to be reviewed, and not until eight months after that, in August, 1963, were some eighty survivors of this judicial farce officially absolved.

News of the projected rehabilitation unleashed a wave of critical rebelliousness which the regime has found difficult to curb. Young intellectuals broke into print with a new outspokenness in two

Prague literary journals, the weekly *Literární Noviny* (*Literary News*) and the monthly *Plamen* (*Flame*), and in the Bratislava weekly, *Kultúrny Život* (*Cultural Life*). One of the editors of this publication, the poet Ladislav Novomeský, had been a victim of the purge unleashed in 1949 against the then Minister of the Interior, Rudolf Slánský; Novomeský's crime was not that he was a Jew, which he is not, but a "Slovak bourgeois nationalist," a trumped-up charge designed to damn all the local opposition.

The Slovak minority

The four million Slovaks inhabiting the eastern part of the country form a minority vis-à-vis the ten million Czechs inhabiting the western and central regions of Bohemia and Moravia. They speak a slightly different language, have different traditions linking them more closely to Hungary than to Austria, and they are far more staunchly Catholic than the Czechs. These differences were respected under the First Republic, which the elder Jan Masaryk set up in 1918, and Slovakia was allowed to have its own provincial parliament in Bratislava. This parliament still exists under the name Slovak National Council; it has ninety members, compared with the three hundred members of the National Assembly in Prague. Today both are rubber-stamp organizations, in which set speeches are delivered for the sole purpose of endorsing pre-established programs.

Bohemia and Moravia were formally incorporated into Hitler's Reich as a "protectorate," while Slovakia was cut adrift as a nominal "republic" presided over by a Catholic Monsignor. For several years the clandestine Communist movement in Slovakia functioned quite independently of the Communist underground in the "protectorate," and even after the rift was patched up in 1945, the centrifugal tendencies of the Slovaks continued to clash with the wishes of the centralists, who wanted all power concentrated in Prague.

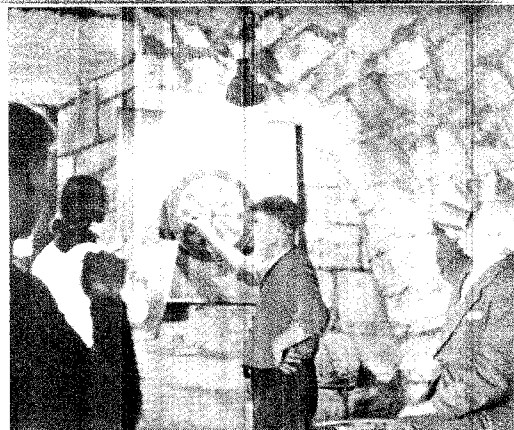
The clash came to a head in 1949 and 1950 when Vlado Clementis, who had succeeded Jan



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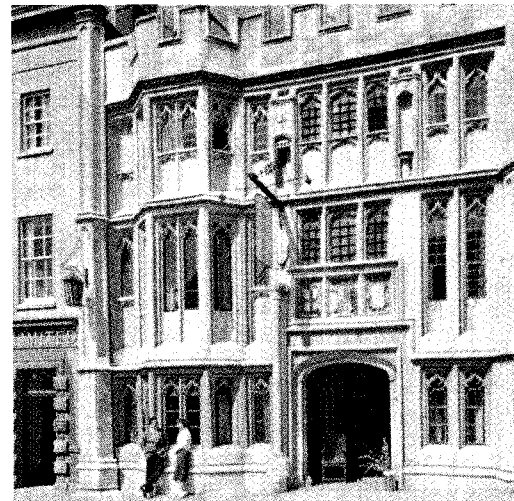
LORD CREWE ARMS (15th cent.) This Northumberland bar was once the cellar of Blanchland Abbey. Test your skill in one of the pub games: darts (above), shove ha' penny and skittles.



NEW INN (1311 A.D.) Our picture was taken at lunchtime in Pembridge, Hereford. You can lunch off crusty bread, country cheese and ale for about 75 cents. Dinner is seldom more than \$3.50.



FALSTAFF INN (1403 A.D.) This inn is just outside the city wall of Canterbury. Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims passed through that gate in 1387, on their way to the Cathedral and Becket's shrine.



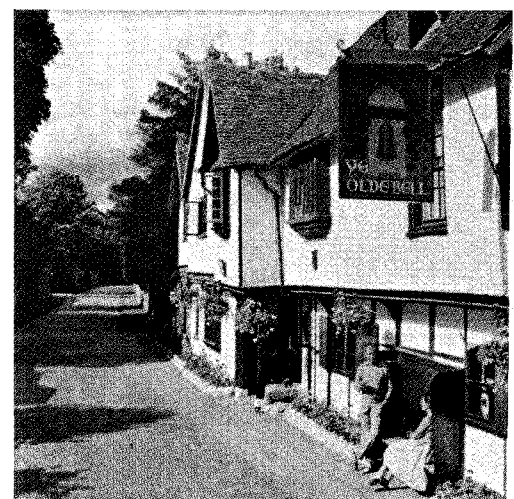
GEORGE AND PILGRIMS INN (1493 A.D.) The local abbot built this inn for pilgrims who came to Glastonbury, "the holiest earthe in England." The abbot's room has a huge four-poster bed.



BULL INN (c. 1450 A.D.) The Bull in Long Melford was the home of a mediaeval wool merchant. Friendliest way to learn the histories of old inns is to chat with the hosts. No language problem.



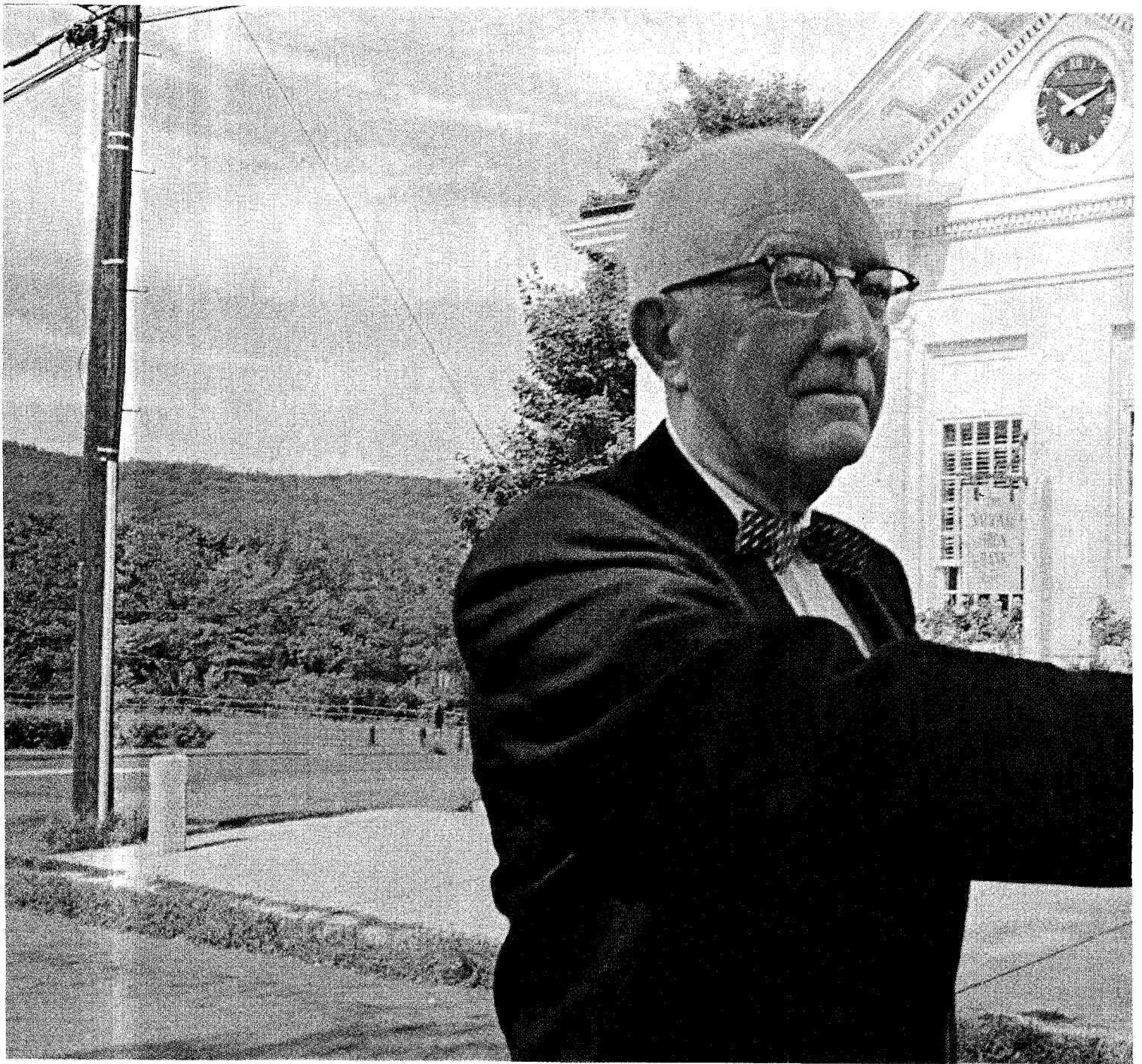
FALCON INN (15th cent.) Shakespeare used to live opposite this Stratford inn. *Tip:* Visit Britain's inns in Spring or Fall. Car rental rates are lower. And innlenooks are less crowded.



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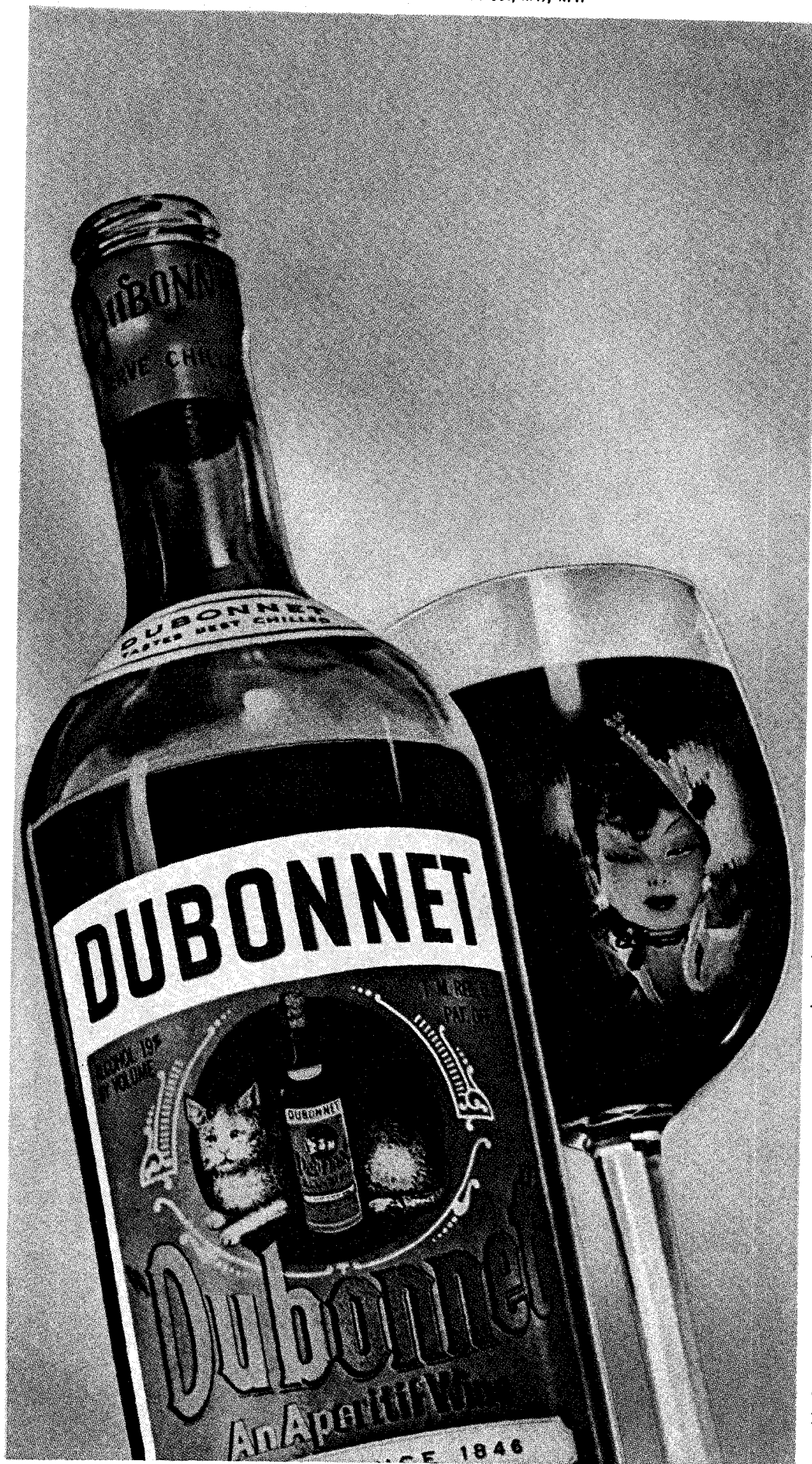
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Report on Czechoslovakia

Masaryk as Foreign Minister, was arrested, tried, and executed as a "Slovak bourgeois nationalist" at the instigation of the chief centralist, Viliam Široký, who, after stepping into Clementis' shoes at the Foreign Ministry, went on to become Prime Minister.

Once it was clear that "Slovak bourgeois nationalism" was no longer a crime against the state but simply a traumatic hangover from the nightmarish excesses of Stalinism, all the pent-up resentments and discontents of the Slovaks came boiling to the surface.

In April, 1963, to appease the Slovaks, a rabid centralist, Karol Bacílek, was removed from his post as First Secretary of the Slovak Communist Party. The Slovaks still refused to be appeased, and in May the normally subservient Bratislava daily, *Pravda* (Truth), published a bold attack on Prime Minister Viliam Široký by the Slovak poet Microslav Hysko.

The attack created a minor uproar, but though Novotný himself intervened, reprimanding Hysko for washing the Party's dirty linen in public, he was later forced to make further concessions to the embattled Slovaks. The following September two of the chief centralists — Prime Minister Viliam Široký and Finance Minister Julius Duriš — were ousted from their posts by a decision of the Party's ninety-six-man Central Committee. Široký's successor, Josef Lenart, though a Party worker with Moscow training, is a Slovak who has a certain popularity among his own countrymen.

Cracking the whip

Even this, however, failed to stem the critical ferment, and last December the Central Committee was obliged to convene a two-day ideological conference intended to bring erring editors and writers back into line. The main speaker at this meeting was Vladimír Koucký, recently named head of a new ideological commission and now generally regarded as the number three man in the Party. He bluntly informed the assembled Party members that economic coexistence with the West

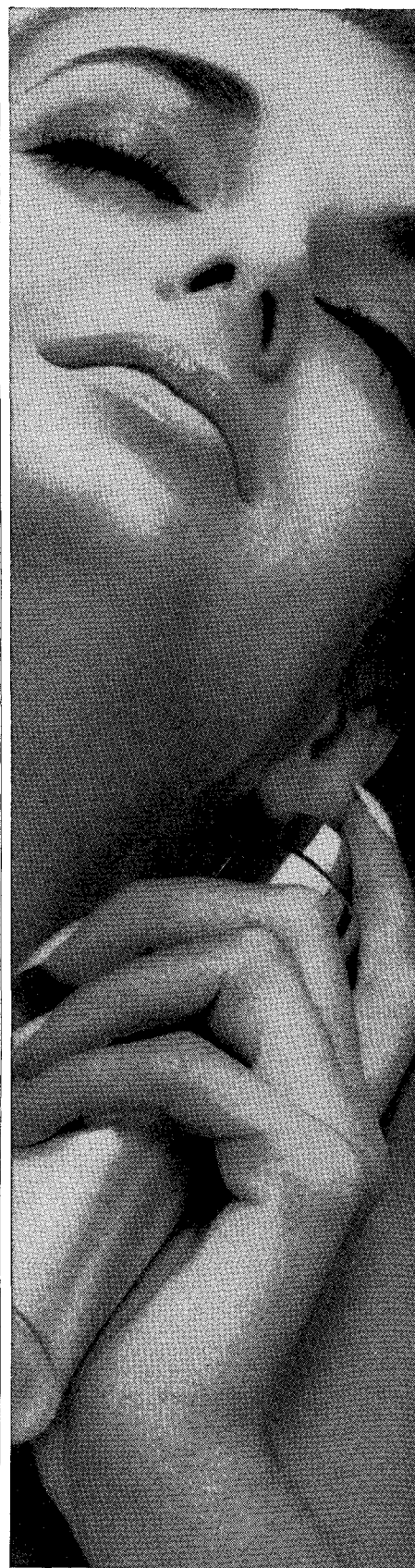
could not possibly be construed to mean ideological coexistence (for example, a free interchange and comparison of ideas), and that in a new socialist society continually threatened by bourgeois counter-revolutionaries and capitalist conspirators the Party would have to exercise greater vigilance than ever over press, radio, and television. For all its apparent toughness, Koucký's speech eloquently reflected the regime's deep-seated embarrassment. Officially, at any rate, the Stalinist "cult of personality" — the Communist euphemism for rule by terror — is dead and buried; in practice, editors and writers can only be cowed into meek subservience by the old whip-cracking methods.

In Czechoslovakia the skirmishing between "liberals" and "Stalinists" has continued indecisively up to the present. Last summer the heads of the Czech and Slovak writers' unions were shuffled, as were the editors in chief of *Literární Noviny* and *Kultúrny Život*. Just who came out on top was anything but clear; but to remind everyone of who ultimately wields the whip, the regime issued a one-year jail sentence to a young writer who had been expressing his convictions a little too forcefully.

Economic crisis

This ideological crisis coincided most embarrassingly with an even graver crisis in the field of economics. Prior to the war the Czechs enjoyed a living standard which compared favorably with that of the Austrians and the Germans. They were the most industrialized people in Eastern Europe, and the huge Škoda works in Pilsen formed one of the largest industrial complexes between the Ruhr and the Donets Basin. The country's economy was essentially geared to the production of consumer goods. Under the Hapsburgs, Czechoslovakia supplied an empire of more than fifty million consumers with practically all of their porcelain, 90 percent of their glassware, 80 percent of their leather goods, 75 percent of their chemicals, cotton goods, and woolens, and about 60 percent of their metals.

The erection of tariff barriers hit the Czech consumer goods industry hard in the interwar years, but it was not until 1947, when Stalin personally intervened to keep Presi-



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Report on Czechoslovakia

dent Eduard Beneš from signing up for Marshall Plan aid, that the traditional trade links with Austria and Germany and other Western countries began to disintegrate. The expulsion of some three million Sudeten Germans, including a fair number of highly skilled artisans, brought on a decline in both the quantity and quality output of glass, porcelain, and ceramics.

To make matters worse, the Czech economy, in keeping with the Soviet emphasis on building up heavy industry, was geared to the production of machine tools and engineering equipment. Light industry was deliberately starved of investment funds, with the result that today, just when it must face the challenge of an ever more dynamic European Common Market, Czech equipment is hopelessly antiquated and run down, and production costs are exorbitantly high. The export of consumer goods, which had amounted to more than a third of all Czech exports in 1937, was down to 12 percent by 1953. Despite subsequent efforts to export at almost any price, the percentage since then has never gone above 20 percent.

Aging farmers

This unfavorable situation was aggravated by the simultaneous decline in agricultural output. The Party's insistence on collectivization — 90 percent of Czech agriculture is now collectivized — resulted in a mass exodus of rural workers, particularly among the young, attracted by the less onerous eight-hour schedule of factory work in the cities. Czechoslovakia's farming population, which numbered 3.3 million before the war, has sunk to 1.3 million today, and the average age of farmers is now up to fifty years. Close to one half of this population, furthermore, are women. To get the harvest in at all, the regime now regularly has to rely on specially recruited "summer brigades," made up of young people persuaded to "volunteer" for a two- or three-month stint in the country.

According to the third Five-Year Plan, which was announced in January, 1961, only to be scrapped a year and a half later, agricultural



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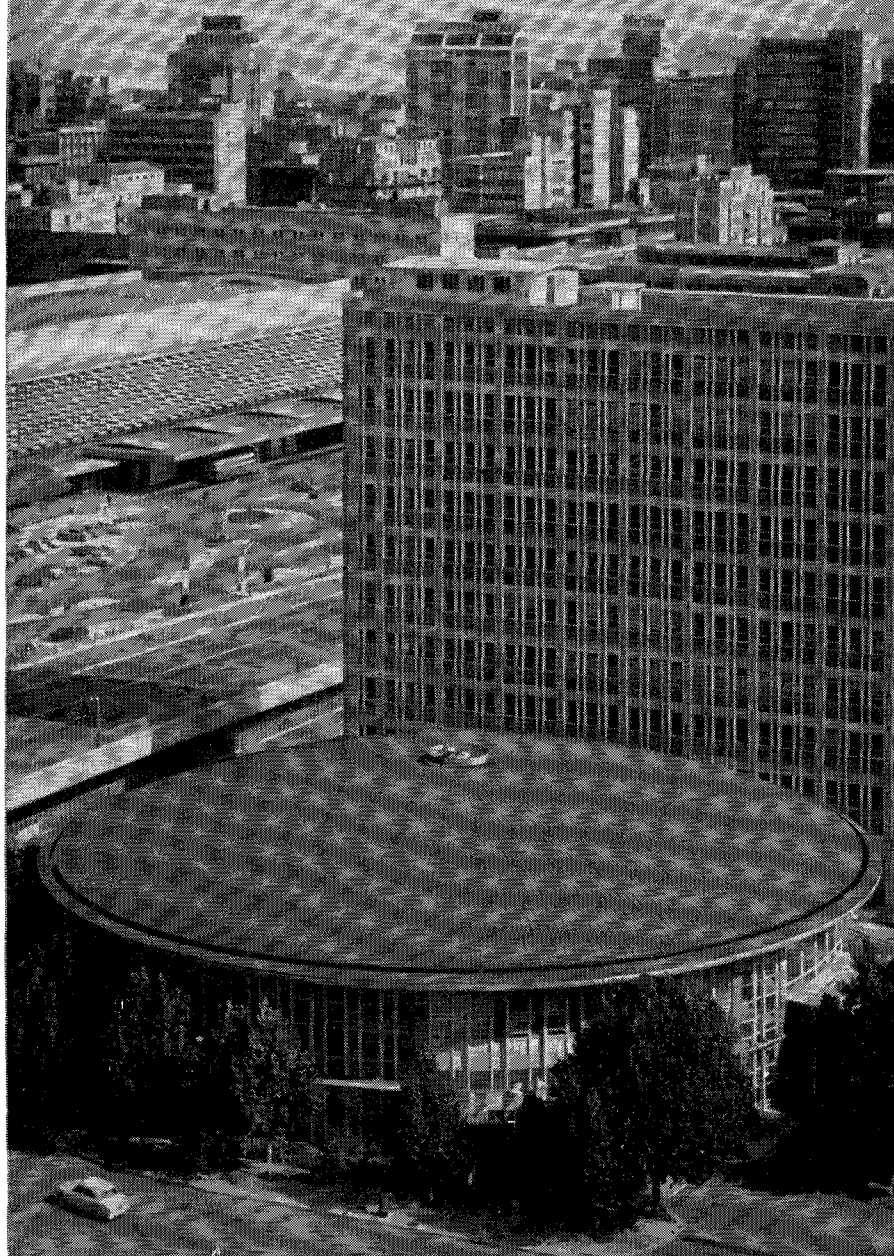
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Report on Czechoslovakia

output was to have risen by an average of 4.4 percent a year. Instead it rose by only 2 percent in 1960, failed to show any increase at all in 1961, and fell by 6 percent in 1962. Present agricultural production is roughly the same as it was in 1936. In the autumn of 1962 food shortages began to appear, and the regime was forced to introduce meatless Thursdays. Only Grade A hotels serve meat on Thursdays, to conceal the gravity of the food crisis from foreign tourists.

Probably few foreign visitors realize that half the rolls in Czechoslovakia are baked from Russian grain, and this at a time when the country's export capacities are already strained to the limit. Here again the Czechs, by their lopsided concentration on heavy industry, get the short end of the stick, simply because the terms of trade are against them. Half of Czech steel production, for example, is dependent on imports of Russian iron ore, greatly reducing the foreign-exchange value of the finished products manufactured from it. The great advantage offered by Czechoslovakia's traditional consumer goods industries was that with the single exception of textiles, they could be manufactured from domestic raw materials.

The need to export heavy equipment has been carried to such lengths that for years Czechoslovakia's entire annual output of diesel locomotives has been absorbed by the Soviet Union at a time when the Czech railroads are on the verge of collapse from the extended use of antiquated equipment.

Sagging output

To meet the crisis developing from this convergence of separate bottlenecks, the Party's orthodox economists resorted to a series of ineffective gimmicks. Imports of badly needed raw materials were curbed in order to save foreign exchange; it was simultaneously hoped that by some miracle of paper planning, a substantial theoretical increase in "labor productivity" would result in an overall increase in output. The results quickly belied these assumptions. By the end of 1962 about one fourth of the capacity of the ma-

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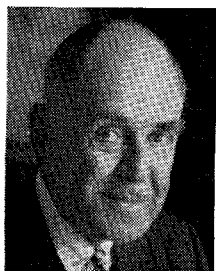
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Report on Czechoslovakia

chine-building industry was unutilized for lack of raw materials. Labor productivity, instead of bounding forward at the rate of 7 percent per annum as projected in the third Five-Year Plan, actually fell by 1.5 percent in the first nine months of 1963. Gross national output for that year was actually lower than in 1962.

The entire mythology surrounding state planning was subjected to a devastating critique in February of last year by a young Leningrad-trained economist named Radoslav Selucký, who, in denouncing the "cult of the plan," advocated greater flexibility and personal initiative. Though he immediately came under fierce attack from President Novotný himself, among others, Selucký received strong support from other Czech economists.

At a meeting of economists held in Prague last November it was generally agreed that if economic problems could be freely and openly debated in an atmosphere of unfettered criticism, not one of the traditional laws of socialist political economy would survive. There was also consensus in holding that the law of supply and demand should govern not just the sector of consumer goods, but the entire economy, a conclusion which was tantamount to abandoning Marxist-Leninist economic "science."

Trade disappears

The regime's response to this dual crisis has been both fumbling and equivocal. It continues to denounce revisionism — that is to say, the slightly more empirical approach to economics adopted by the Yugoslavs and the Poles — and to uphold Leninist steadfastness at a time when events have reduced these shopworn formulas to a hollow incantation. The economic setbacks in one Iron Curtain country after the other, contrasted with the successes of the European Common Market, which orthodox Marxist economists have vainly been trying to bury for years, have shown the entire structure of Soviet economics to be a mass of superstition.

With shortsighted extravagance Czechoslovakia has doled out more

than \$330 million in credit aid to foreign lands, particularly to Cuba and other Latin-American countries, from which it can expect no immediate returns. Conversely, the regime's meek insistence on echoing the Russian line on China has resulted in an almost total cessation of trade with Red China, which prior to 1961 absorbed almost 6 percent of Czech exports.

In the short space of three years a normally favorable trade balance of some \$60 million a year with the West has been turned into an annual deficit of over \$20 million. For trade purposes the Czech crown, still officially listed at 7 to the dollar, has had to be pegged at 35 to the dollar. Increasingly hard put to compete in the international market with the more dynamic and efficient enterprises of the West, Czechoslovakia has had to fall back on one of its last remaining assets — its wooded landscape and Bohemian castles, the Tatra Mountains of Slovakia, and the baroque beauties of Bratislava and Prague.

Tourists: a mixed blessing

But foreign tourists, vital as they may be economically, are inevitably a mixed blessing to an authoritarian state which has for years kept its own subjects on a tight rein. The hundreds of Volkswagens, Mercedes Benzes, and Opels which now pour into Prague and Bratislava from Austria and West Germany every weekend are a painful reminder to the Czechs of how poor they have been forced to remain, with an annual car production of a mere sixty thousand cars, most of which are earmarked for export. No Czech, no matter how fanatic a Communist he may be, can derive much satisfaction from the realization that in his own highly industrialized country there is still only one car for every fifty inhabitants, compared with one for every eight in Germany, one for every six in France, and one for every three in the United States.

The influx of foreigners has, furthermore, aroused a corresponding appetite in the Czechs to travel abroad. Only a tiny handful have so far been allowed to leave the country even for brief visits to the West, and there seems no likelihood that this restriction will soon be lifted.



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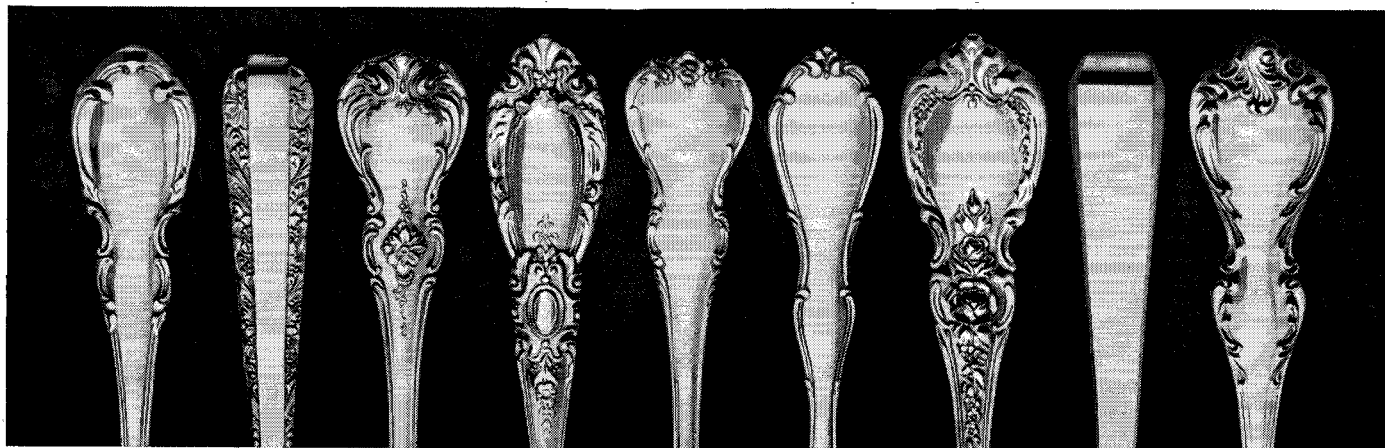
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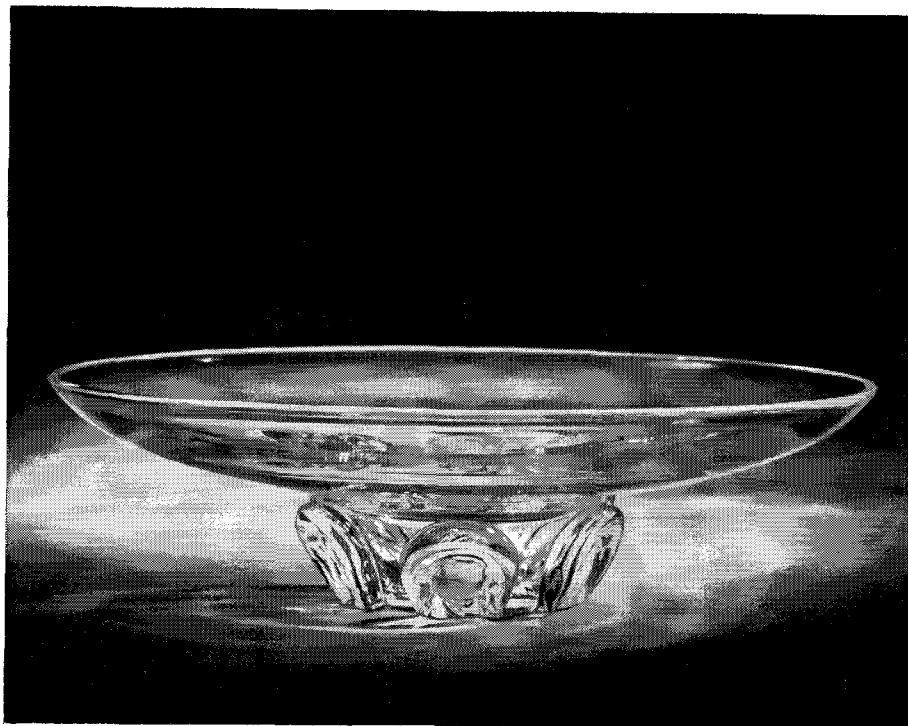
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Report on Czechoslovakia

The importation of all forms of foreign literature continues to be severely censored, and only Communist newspapers are obtainable at the kiosks, though limited supplies of non-Communist newspapers from Austria, Germany, Italy, France, Britain, and the United States are now being offered to tourists at some of the leading hotels. Broadcasts from Radio Free Europe in Munich are regularly jammed (whereas they now go through freely to Poland and Romania), but there is no way of keeping out a basic flow of free news, which seeps in by way of Vienna, Cologne, and the BBC in London.

Oriented toward the West

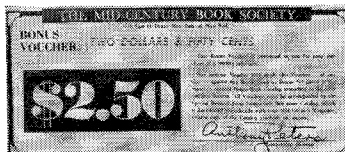
Culturally, Czechoslovakia is now oriented completely toward the West, and the authorities seem powerless to stop this. Russian plays have virtually disappeared from Prague's twenty-five theaters, whereas Western plays and films are mobbed. Plays by Bertolt Brecht have had to give way to operettas. Books by Western authors, when they appear in translation, often sell out in twenty-four hours. The ban on jazz, officially in force half a dozen years ago, is now completely forgotten. The Twist and the Madison have become the rage for young people, who more often than not have only a hazy idea how they should be danced. There are at least forty Big Beat clubs in Prague which offer the restless young people of the capital a way of letting off steam and a momentary illusion of emancipation.

Enthusiasm for things American — everything from blue jeans to beatnik poetry — is astounding. When an American ice skater appears before a crowded grandstand, there is practically no applause for anyone else. When President Kennedy died last November, more than ten thousand young Czechs tramped up the hillside of the Malá Strana, the old baroque quarter of Prague where the American Embassy is located, to sign their names in the registry. No one asked them to do so; they did it spontaneously. It was, indeed, the only thing remotely resembling a genuine plebiscite that the country has seen in the last dozen years.

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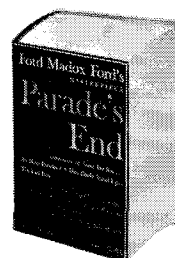
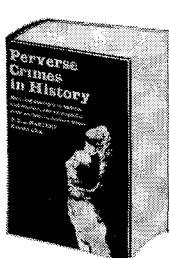
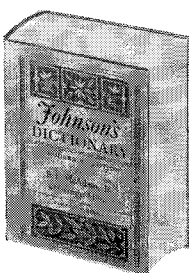
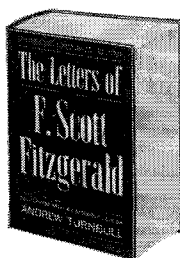
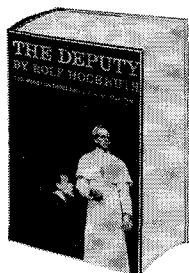
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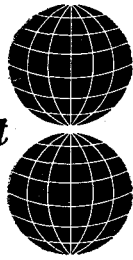
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FEW international agreements have ever been concluded with more public goodwill and private misgivings than the Geneva accords of July 23, 1962, which solemnly guaranteed the neutrality and sovereignty of the kingdom of Laos. With a unanimity and a determination that had been sadly lacking in their earlier efforts to keep Laos out of Communist hands, the West combined to drive the anti-Communist forces into a coalition government which they publicly applauded but privately conceded might eventually lead to a take-over by Prince Souphanouvong and his Neo Lao Hak Xat Party, an offshoot of Ho Chi Minh's Laodong (Communist) Party of North Vietnam.

Last May their fears all but came true. Before the annual monsoon rains deluged the mountains of central and northern Laos, the neutralist forces had been driven from the rolling grasslands of the strategic and politically important Plain of Jars. On all fronts neutralist and rightist forces were in precipitate retreat.

For the West, the Geneva agreement was an escape hatch, a means of disengaging on seemingly face-saving terms from voluntarily accepted but now insupportable commitments under SEATO, which had cast what John Foster Dulles used to call an umbrella of protection over the Indochina states of Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam.

Inaccessible, backward, mountainous Laos was about the worst place in the world for the United States and its allies to fight a limited war. Laos, tucked away in the heart of Southeast Asia, lacks any internal communications worth the name and is top-heavy with an army that devoured U.S. aid but showed no willingness to fight the Communist Pathet Lao, which already controlled the greater part of the country. Yet limited war, or the early loss of all of Laos, was the only alternative to negotiation.

Peace on the honor system

Having been obliged to negotiate from weakness, the United States lacked authority at the con-

ference table to insist on the creation of effective supervisory machinery that elementary prudence demanded. What it settled for was a sugarcoated defeat, an agreement that simply put the fourteen signatories, including the Soviet Union, Red China, and North Vietnam, on the honor system. The sole authority for supervising the peace was the three-power International Control Commission, set up under the 1954 Geneva agreement and consisting of the representatives of Canada, India, and Poland. The commission had proved totally ineffective, and there was no reason to expect it to do any better in the future.

From the moment that neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma returned from Geneva in August, 1962, to become Premier of the government of National Union — the coalition of neutralists, rightists, and Communists — it was obvious that Communist China and North Vietnam had no intention of honoring the agreement. Souvanna, Souphanouvong's half brother, a gentle, ineffective aristocrat who yearns for the day when he can retire to Paris in peace, was confronted at the airport by an angry Chinese chargé d'affaires, not yet accredited to the new government, who warned that 650 million Chinese did not intend to be pushed about by 2 million Laotians.

War is renewed

This was just a hint of things to come. At the end of the stipulated thirty-day period in which all foreign troops were required to withdraw from Laos through recognized checkpoints, the International Control Commission counted 666 Americans, 410 Filipinos, and 40 North Vietnamese. Since Hanoi had never admitted the presence of its troops in Laos and could not, without losing face, publicly withdraw what they had always denied, Western embassies hoped that they had pulled out before the checking period. In fact, most had not. This soon became apparent to the neutralists and led to renewed war.

Before the Geneva agreement, relations between neutralist Souvanna Phouma and his military com-



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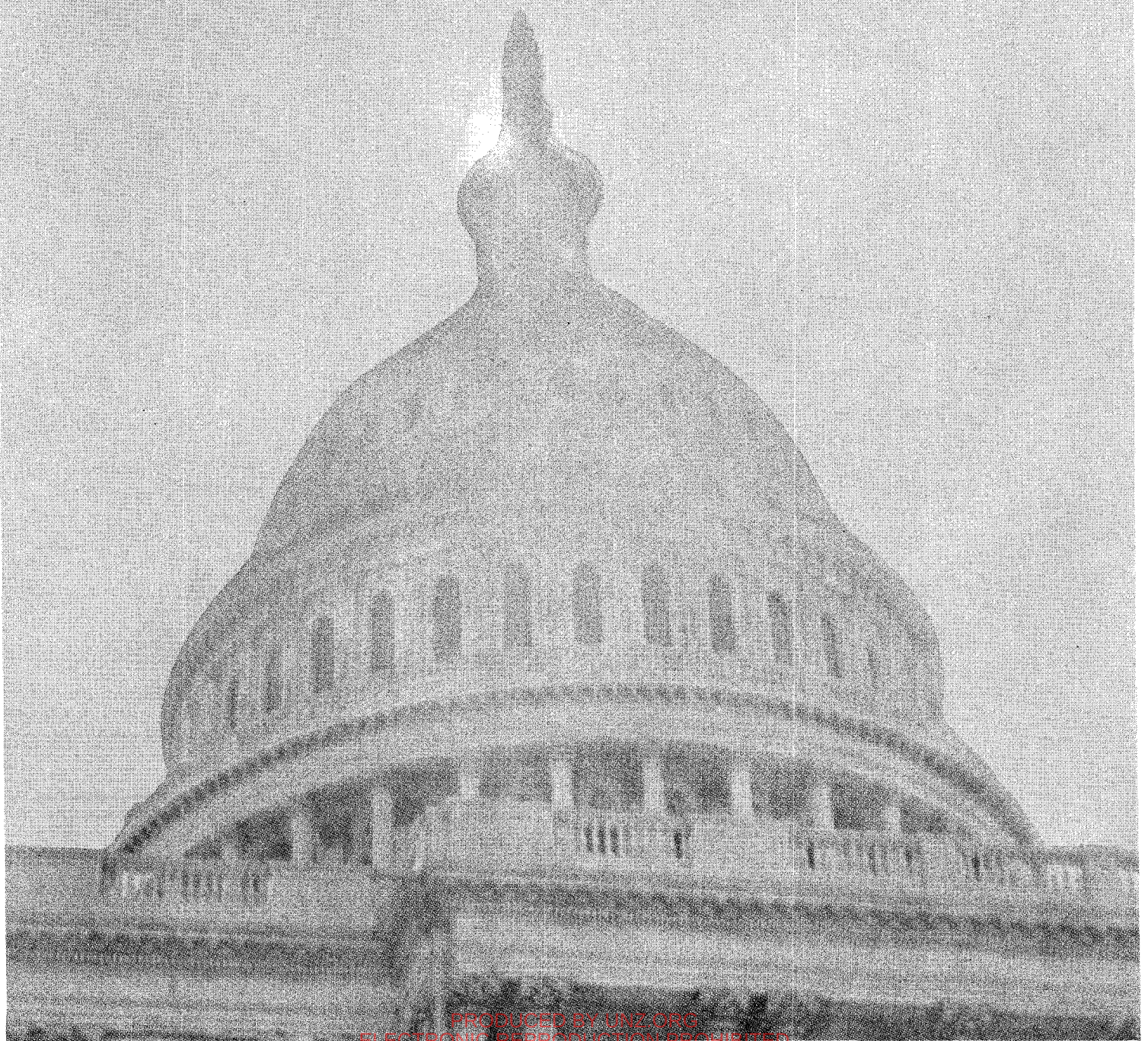
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Report on Laos

mander, the thirty-six-year-old dedi-
cated, patriotic, and apolitical Kong
Le, on the one hand and the Com-
munist Pathet Lao on the other had
been close and cordial. The son of
poor peasants, scarcely more than
literate and shocked by the venality
of Vientiane, Kong Le had over-
thrown the right-wing government
in 1960 by a coup d'etat.

When he in turn was driven from
the capital, he fell, naturally enough,
into an alliance with the Pathet Lao.
The Soviet Union equipped him
with fifty tanks and other material,
and his neutralist and Communist
forces lived comfortably side by side
on the Plain of Jars, where Souphan-
ouvong and Souvanna Phouma for
many months shared austere living
quarters in a former French Foreign
Legion barracks.

After the Geneva agreement,
North Vietnam took over from the
Soviet Union the logistical support
of the Pathet Lao forces, moving
food and other supplies into areas
under Communist control. The
United States, at the request of
Prince Souvanna Phouma, also con-
tinued to air-drop nonmilitary sup-
plies to isolated pockets of Meo and
other tribesmen, some of them deep
in Pathet Lao territory. There-
fore the West and the rightists in
Vientiane could not complain,
though it was suspected that along
with rice, the North Vietnamese
were sending guns and ammuni-
tion. Unlike the Russians, however,
the North Vietnamese denied the
neutralists a share and imposed a
blockade against their units. On
November 24, 1962, an American
cargo plane carrying supplies, again
at Souvanna Phouma's request, to
Kong Le's blockaded forces was
shot down over the Plain of Jars.

Far from wanting to continue their
alliance with Kong Le, the Pathet
Lao patently wanted to destroy him
and to take over his forces. "They
tried to provoke and to buy over my
men," said the now thoroughly dis-
illusioned Kong Le. "Their aim was
to sow discord and disunity in our
ranks." They succeeded. For the
troops that shot down the American
plane were defectors from Kong Le's
forces.

The timing could scarcely have
been worse. On the day the plane
was shot down the three factions of
the coalition government announced
in Vientiane that they had agreed
to form a unified national army of
thirty thousand men, to be drawn
equally from forces loyal to the neu-
tralists, the rightists, and the Pathet
Lao. It was the only significant
agreement ever reached by the troi-
ka government, and it was never put
into effect.

The coalition fails

Relations between Kong Le's
troops, the defectors, and the Pathet
Lao now deteriorated rapidly. A
series of assassinations led to open
fighting on the Plain of Jars and the
creation of what Hanoi and Peiping
have referred to since as the "true
neutralists" under Colonel Deuane,
Kong Le's partner in the 1960 coup
in Vientiane, who defected to the
Pathet Lao with some hundreds of
his men.

With the leading Pathet Lao
ministers gone from Vientiane and
Prince Souvanna Phouma thrust in-
to a *de facto* alliance with General
Phoumi Nosavan, the right-wing
leader, who had adroitly managed
to become Finance Minister, the
coalition government existed in
name only. Along with all their
other problems, the two leaders now
had to face landslide inflation. Di-
rect U.S. budgetary support had
been discontinued on the assump-
tion that two thirds of the rightist
forces, which had previously been
dependent on American pay and
handouts, could be demobilized.

With demobilization now clearly
impracticable, the kip soared from
its official rate of 80 to the dollar to
more than 600 on the black market.
Prices for foodstuffs and other es-
sentials in Royal Lao areas doubled
and doubled again.

The balmy days when Phoumi
could count on American aid suffi-
cient for any needs belonged to the
past. The amount of aid was much
smaller, more realistic, and, with the
differential in the official and free
rates of exchange cut by devalua-
tion to a modest 100 percent, less
easy and less attractive to manipu-
late for personal profit. Instead of
the monthly \$3 million handout,
which Phoumi had counted on in

SILENCER

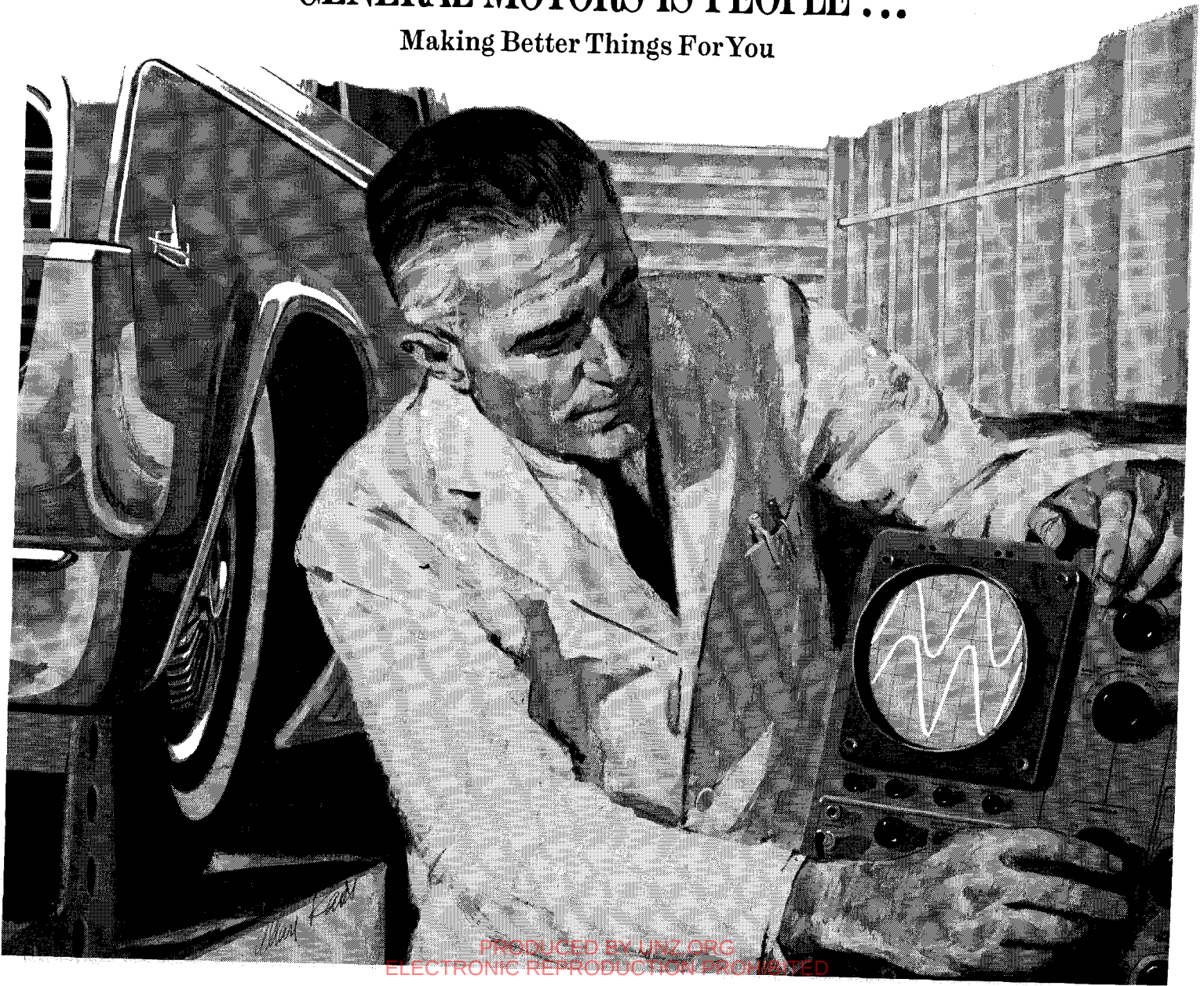
His business is *quiet*. He's a General Motors development engineer and his job is to help see to it that every GM car operates as smoothly and quietly as advanced technology and human skill can reasonably achieve. His work takes him into an anechoic chamber at the Milford Proving Ground where walls made of glass-fiber-wedges up to a yard deep absorb 99 percent of the sound made by a car in operation.

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Report on Laos

the past, the U.S. contribution was reckoned to run to some \$12 million to \$15 million a year in commodity imports. Britain agreed to contribute another \$3 million a year for three years, and Australia \$150,000 a year for the same period.

In return, Phoumi was obliged to place a ceiling on his budget deficit, which increased from a total of \$1.4 million in the years 1955-1960, to \$3.9 million in 1961, \$17.8 million in 1962, and \$28.8 million, or more than four times the total budgetary collections (U.S. aid excluded), for the first nine months of 1963.

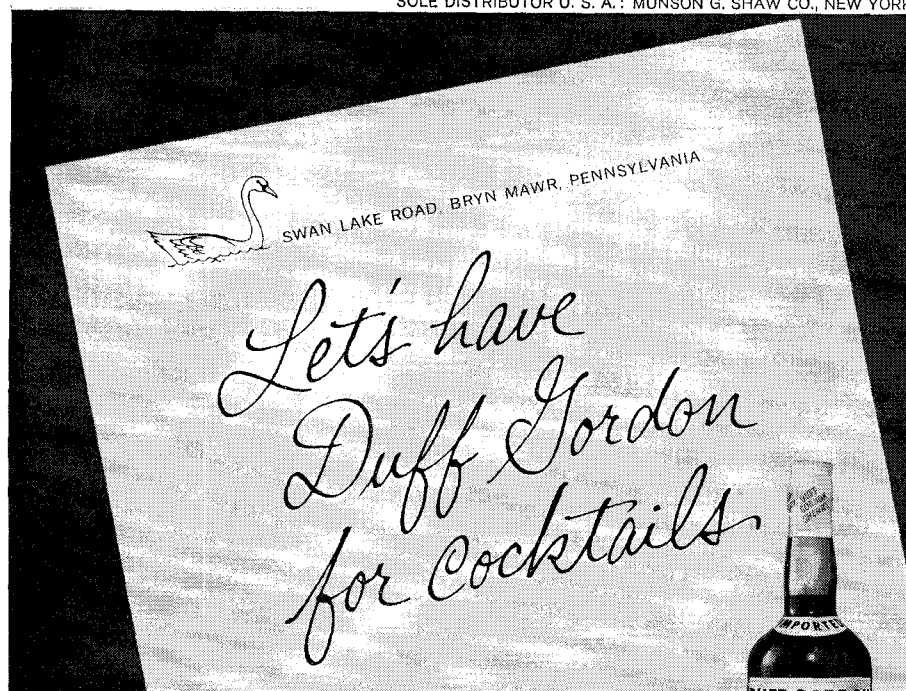
The casinos finance the army

To find the money to keep his 55,000-man army in funds, Phoumi opened a series of gambling casinos in Vientiane and the other Mekong River towns. They produced revenue beyond his wildest dreams. Compared with anticipated export earnings of \$800 million, most of it in tin, Phoumi believed that the concession fees from the Casino de Vientiane alone would run to 240 million kips this year, or a million dollars at the new devalued rate of exchange.

The casino's unusual facilities included a pawnshop, where the unlucky gambler could exchange his car, his house, or even his land for chips to continue the game. An air-conditioned salon equipped with eighty pipes of the finest ivory from the Shan States of Burma and opium freshly grown on the mountain slopes of Laos was planned to assuage the losers' hurts.

Vientiane has gone through some hectic days since indigestible quantities of American aid started coming into the pockets of a privileged few ten years ago. Automobiles, villas, and nightclubs marked the boom period: the casino was the symbol of the bust. Nothing in Vietnam did more to put the town on the map. Men and women from as far away as southern Thailand came to play—and almost always to lose.

To those who complained that the casinos had caused the final demoralization of all that remained of



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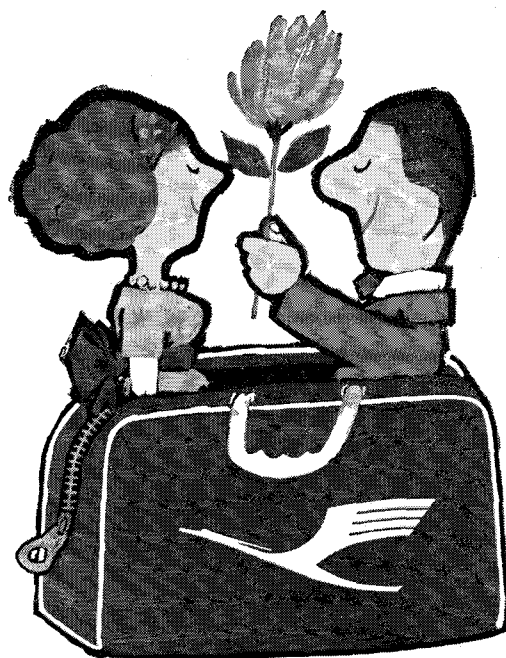
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Baldwin

Report on Laos

free Laos, Phoumi had a simple reply: "Find me an alternative means of financing my army, and I will gladly close the casinos." In the end, however, the casinos were his undoing.

Stalling for time

In the latter part of 1963, Phoumi, in concert with Kong Le, had begun to move cautiously into regions once jointly occupied by the Communists and the neutralists. In most areas there was little contact. The movement was really the tentative picking up of uncontested areas in no-man's-land; in no circumstances could it be described as a military offensive. In central Laos, however, it encroached dangerously close to the Ho Chi Minh trail, the North Vietnamese supply route through the rugged mountains of western Laos to the Viet Cong insurgents in South Vietnam.

Late in January the Pathet Lao, stiffened by Viet Minh forces from North Vietnam, attacked and routed the rightist-neutralist forces. It was one of the most humiliating defeats ever. It added to Vientiane's frustration and led, on April 19, to a coup d'état in which General Siho Lamphoutakoul, the twenty-nine-year-old chief of Phoumi's secret police, enlisted the support of the Vientiane commander, General Kouprasith Abhay, to seize power. Using funds from the Casino de Vientiane (which he subsequently closed down), Siho bought off officers already committed to help in another coup and took Vientiane, placing Souvanna Phouma under house arrest.

Western embassies tried with limited success to undo the coup, which was directed more against Phoumi than against Souvanna Phouma. The retention of Souvanna Phouma as Premier was seen as essential, and in this, Western efforts were successful. For a time, however, Souvanna Phouma was quite literally the prisoner of the coup leaders, which helped the Pathet Lao propaganda machine when it wanted to discredit his assumption of authority over Phoumi's armed forces as well as the remains of his own neutralist group.

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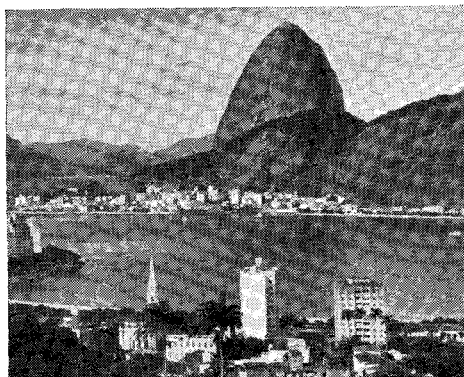
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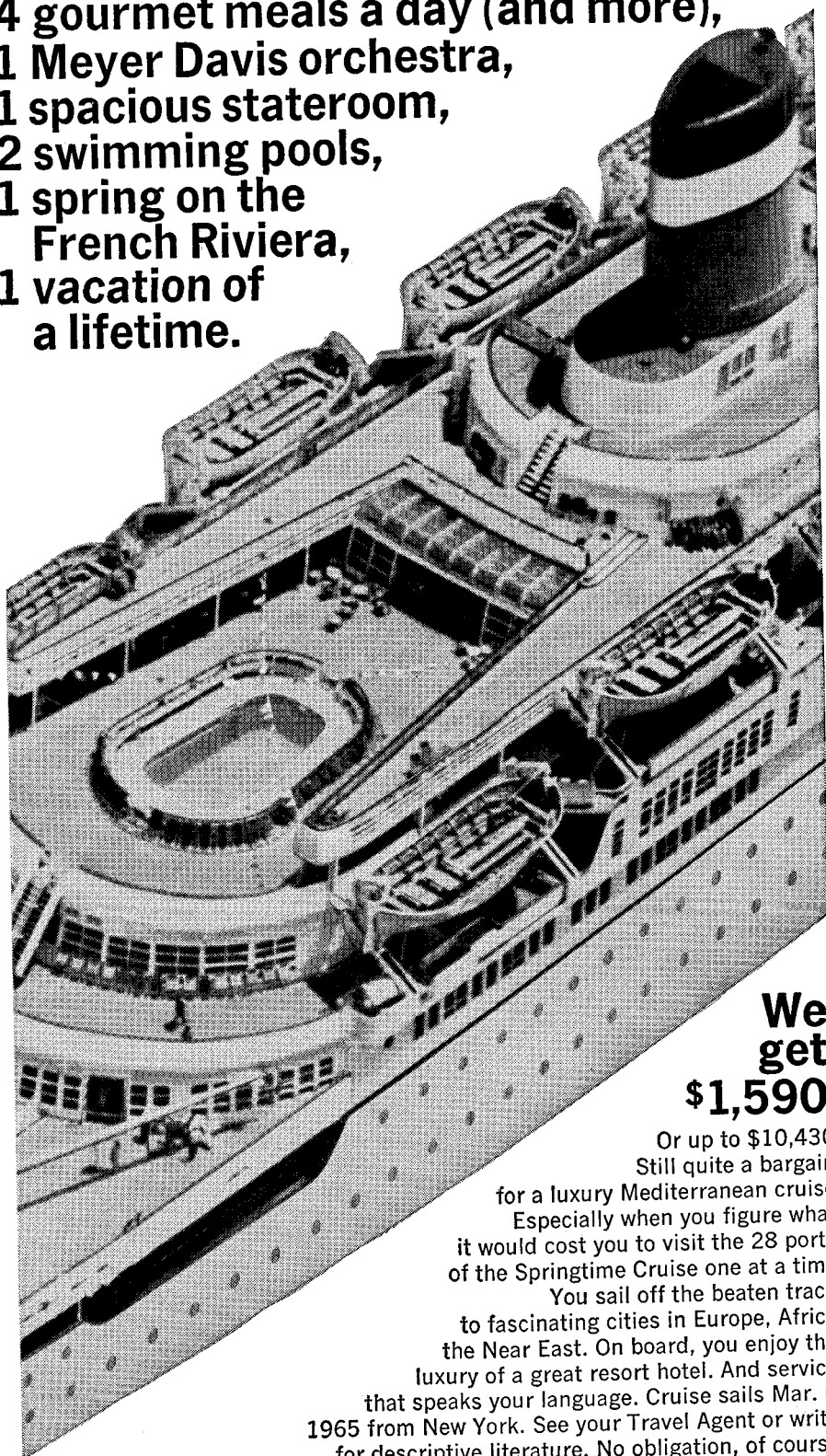
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Report on Laos

In an attempt to discourage the Pathet Lao without actually becoming engaged in hostilities, the United States ordered reconnaissance planes from the aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*, standing off the coast of Vietnam, to patrol the Plain of Jars and the Pathet Lao supply routes from North Vietnam.

The loss of two planes in quick succession to accurate anti-aircraft fire dictated something more urgent in the way of a deterrent. On orders from President Johnson, the *Kitty Hawk's* Crusaders, reinforced by land-based fighter bombers, took out the anti-aircraft batteries, and in the process, demolished part of the Chinese Communist mission headquarters. Although Peiping and Hanoi reacted angrily, the Pathet Lao offensive ceased, and the neutralist-rightist forces scored one of their few major successes of the war, clearing the road from Vientiane to Luang Prabang, the royal capital of Laos.

Events now began to follow an old and familiar pattern. While they consolidated their military gains on the strategic Plain of Jars, the Pathet Lao, supported by the Soviet Union, France, China, and North Vietnam, called for a new Geneva conference. Prince Souvanna Phouma, backed by the West, replied with demands for an immediate cease-fire and the withdrawal of Pathet Lao forces from their newly won positions on the Plain of Jars as preconditions for Geneva talks.

On French initiative, the leaders of the three factions began a series of informal meetings in Paris late in August. With General Phoumi Nosavan's partial eclipse, the right wing was led once again by Prince Boun Oum, who quickly outmaneuvered the Pathet Lao by nominating Souvanna Phouma as spokesman for both rightist and neutralist interests. Although progress appeared slow, and at times nonexistent, the princes seemed to feel that one day the Laotian issue would go back to Geneva, not with any hope of producing a lasting settlement, but as part of the war of maneuver in the now critical struggle for all of South-east Asia.

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One answer: federal chartering. What do you think? Please read the facts and send us your opinion.

Although there are 180 of these thrift institutions in Massachusetts, 125 in New York and 71 in Connecticut, you will find not a single mutual savings bank in such populous states as California, Illinois, Florida and Texas.

This is an unfortunate situation, not only for those who live in the 32 non-mutual savings banks states, but for the development of the entire country. It has been clearly demonstrated during the past 148 years that where mutual savings banks are allowed to operate, per capita savings are higher and there is more capital available for low-cost home loans.

At present the only way a mutual savings bank can be started is through a state charter. Other financial institutions, such as commercial banks,



FEDERAL CHARTER BILL? Savings banking officials in Washington for hearings on Federal Charter bill.

How MUTUAL SAVINGS BANKS differ:

Each word—Mutual—Savings—Bank—helps to describe them.

MUTUAL means they are organized solely for the benefit of the depositor, with no stockholders to claim a portion of the bank's earnings.

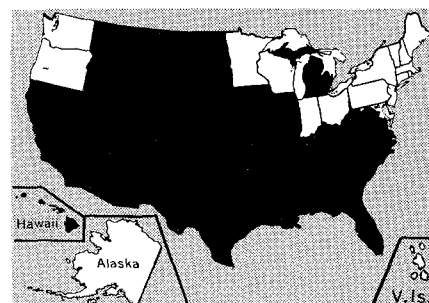
SAVINGS means they are specialists in thrift, primarily concerned with encouraging individuals to save a portion of their earnings.

BANK means that they receive deposits and that the bank assumes a debt to the depositor, who, in turn, becomes a creditor of the bank.

Mutual Savings Banks have an unsurpassed record in safeguarding the funds of these "creditors." What's more, where these banks now exist per capita savings tend to be higher, borrowing costs lower.

savings and loan associations and credit unions are not restricted in this way. If state charters are not available they can always apply for federal charters. Only savings banks, which now have over \$51 billion in assets and over 22 million savings accounts, are barred from this common means of extending their services.

The Congress is considering a bill, supported by the Administration and by members of both political parties, that would permit federal chartering of new mutual savings banks.



IS YOUR STATE MISSING? Only 18 states now grant charters for savings banks.

Many public and private groups have expressed their approval of this proposal. They include the President's Committee on Financial Institutions (consisting of 11 federal agencies) and the Commission on Money and Credit. What do you think?

MAIL US YOUR BALLOT
FOR FAIR PLAY!

VOTE

HERE!

EVERY STATE NEEDS
MUTUAL SAVINGS BANKS

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MUTUAL SAVINGS BANKS

Dept. A1, 200 Park Avenue, N.Y. 17, N.Y.



☐ I believe mutual savings banks should have equal opportunity to operate under federal charter.

☐ I would like more information about mutual savings banks.

Occupation _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME is a Scot, and never lets you forget it. "I am the first Scottish prime minister since Harold Macmillan," he remarks in at least every second speech, and even an English audience loves the joke.

Often Sir Alec mixes the Scottish corn with Scottish pathos. He frequently recalls, no doubt with genuine feeling, the bad days of the Scottish depression before the war, when he stood for the coal-mining seat of Lanarkshire. In those unhappy times, he seriously suggested that the problem of unemployment might be mitigated if Scots went down to southeast England to work as domestics. In fact, the members of the Douglas-Home family, many of whom work in London, are examples of the Scottish exodus that has bedeviled the country for two hundred years. That great Scot-hater Dr. Samuel Johnson used to complain that London was full of Scots; he was not, therefore, surprised to find during his tour of the Highlands how few were left in their native land. Today there are ten times as many émigré Scots in London, but there are actually fewer inhabitants in the Highlands than when Dr. Johnson visited there.

Sir Alec is a symbol of what is wrong with Scotland. Admittedly he still has an estate there to which he will retire. But too many able, ambitious Scots look to London. More than 30,000 Scotsmen emigrated last year from a country whose population is only five million. Scots are as numerous as the English in the new car and steel industries of the English Midland cities.

In London, a high proportion of Scots can be found among newspapermen, television producers, and Soho stripteasers. The Scots more than ever give their character to the British Army. It was principally fierce Highland and Glasgow troops who engaged in a series of brawls with German civilians at Minden a few years ago. The Germans, horrified by these small, belligerent soldiers, called them "Poison Dwarfs."

The reasons for this exodus remain largely economic. Because of its poorer soil, Scotland has never

supported such a strong agriculture as England has. It had its industrial revolution during the last century. But the basic Scottish industries — coal, shipbuilding, and textiles — have suffered the most in the last three decades. The Lanarkshire coalfields have increased productivity at a higher rate than any in Britain have, but they still cannot compete with the rich seams of the British Midlands.

The shipyards of the Clyde went idle during the pre-war depression. And last year was their worst since 1934. For this both management and men are to blame. Many in management are London-based heirs of the family fortune, who deputize their jobs to foremen dressed in the traditional bowler hat and thick brown boots. The labor force is splintered by interunion rivalry or demarcation disputes. Small wonder that the industry lags behind foreign competitors, or that the Blue Funnel Line this year, in dividing its order for new ships between Clydeside and Mitsubishi in Japan, went out of its way to say that it would have given the whole order to Mitsubishi but for the belief that Britain's shipbuilding industry needed support.

Scotland, like Northern Ireland and to a lesser extent the north of England, suffers economically from its peripheral position in Europe. Freight to the Continent costs more, and rail, air, and road transport are limited.

Industry looks up

The slums of Glasgow are legendary, but one can see poverty almost as bad in the elegant New Town district of Edinburgh. "Aye, we've got a toilet," said one flooded-out landlady, "but you need an umbrella and rubber boots to visit it." Edinburgh is the only city in Europe with six-story, sixteenth-century slums.

Economically, things are looking up this year. The latest industrial plan for central Scotland seems to have forced more industry into the area by a mixture of bribery and threat. The Rootes automobile factory, which the company set up

1



Did you know that when you're 35 the chance of a sickness or accident keeping you out of work over 90 days is more than twice as great as the chance of death?

Are you trying to tell me something?

2



Well, you are 35.

And allergic to strawberries.

3



Just what would we live on if you weren't able to work? Remember, you have a mortgage and three hungry kids.

How can I ever forget?

4



Our living expenses would keep going on even if your pay check stopped coming in.

Listen, I'm strong as an ox and I look both ways when I cross the street.

5



That's what Chuck Jones said, and he was laid up for six months.

The Joneses got by all right.

6



Because they had this kind of policy called Living Income from Equitable. It gave them a regular income to help meet living expenses during the time Chuck couldn't work.

Maybe we should keep up with the Joneses.



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Inside facts you should know about Holland

(and why you should make Holland
your first stop
when you vacation in Europe)

You'll know you made the right decision just as soon as you step aboard your KLM jet or Holland-America flagship. "Dutch-quality service" is the way experienced world travelers refer to service that is especially courteous and thorough.

"Europe's Most Hospitable Entrance"

Few peoples receive visitors as warmly as the Dutch. Three out of four Hollanders speak English and all Hollanders like Americans.

Get more for your vacation dollar

You'll never have to scrimp in Holland. Food, lodgings and transportation are so inexpensive, it's almost as if your budgeting has already been done for you. Stay overnight in a charming Dutch inn or castle for as little as \$5, including a breakfast the next morning of fresh breads, sliced meats, a tray of cheeses, coffee, tea, milk or a big steaming pot of creamy Dutch cocoa. Or stay at the plushiest suite in the most elegant Amsterdam hotel for about \$16.

Get your shopping done quickly

Amsterdam Airport offers a bigger, better selection of duty-free gifts than any other airport shop on the Continent. You may ship home as many \$10 gifts as you wish duty-free. Prices are clearly marked and refreshingly reasonable.

Dutch days last longer

Holland is a compact country so you can see more of what you want to see in a shorter length of time. Dutch highways are excellent. Rent a 4-passenger sedan for as little as \$2.75 a day—or buy a car at Amsterdam Airport and save 25% or more on the suggested European retail price.

Itinerary-planning is a breeze

Look at a map of Europe. Wherever you want to go, Holland is the perfect jumping-off spot. Go by rail or bus. From Amsterdam, it's just a few hours to Paris at 2¢ per mile. London's a quick hop across the Channel and all of Europe is right next door.

Whether you stay a day, a week or a month (and no matter where you go afterwards), you'll be glad you came to Holland first.

Please send me a free copy of your full-color illustrated brochure "Welcome to Holland."

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Netherlands National Tourist Office ANVV
605 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York

Report on Scotland

near Glasgow when the government would not allow them to build in the Midlands, has turned out to be a great success. The Hillman Imp car, which was originated there, has sold well; the Glaswegian workers have proved themselves adaptable to assembly-line work. The Forth Bridge, linking Edinburgh and the north, should be completed this year, and John Brown, the ship-builders, hope to get an order for a Q-3 ship to succeed the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*.

No bright lights

Much of the Scottish exodus has nothing to do with economic troubles. The youngsters who leave the Highlands and islands for jobs in England are not afraid of starvation at home. There is adequate money in small farming, liberally helped out by government subsidy and perhaps supplemented by some weaving of Harris tweed. Most of the émigrés tell you frankly enough that they leave because they are bored. "There's no youth club in my village," said a Hebridean youth, "let alone a jukebox. The minister would na allow it."

Whatever its cause, the exodus produces political discontent. Although Sir Alec won a seat comfortably in the patrician, agricultural county of Kinross, most of Scotland is staunchly radical.

Radical movements become more extreme north of the border. In England the teachers agitated for higher wages. In Glasgow they went on strike, to the great joy of the children. The English anti-bomb marchers normally content themselves with a march through London. It was their Scottish counterparts who became involved in brawls near the Polaris submarine base in Holy Loch. A separate Scotland, such as the Scottish nationalists wish, would certainly be a socialist state.

Yet the nationalists themselves are not a very revolutionary bunch. One meets a few of them in Red Clydeside, but their strongholds are among the middle-class literati of Edinburgh, London, and the Commonwealth. The real Scottish revolutionary lives in Glasgow, wears a

coarse blue suit and a white cap, follows football, and votes Labor. The typical Scottish nationalist lives in Edinburgh, wears a kilt (except at the office), follows rugby, and votes Conservative. He is often only part Scots. At a lunch given for journalists by the proprietress of a famous whiskey firm who wanted some nice publicity for the product, there was good Scottish food, a certain amount of bagpipe music, and a "loyal toast" to Bonnie Prince Charlie.

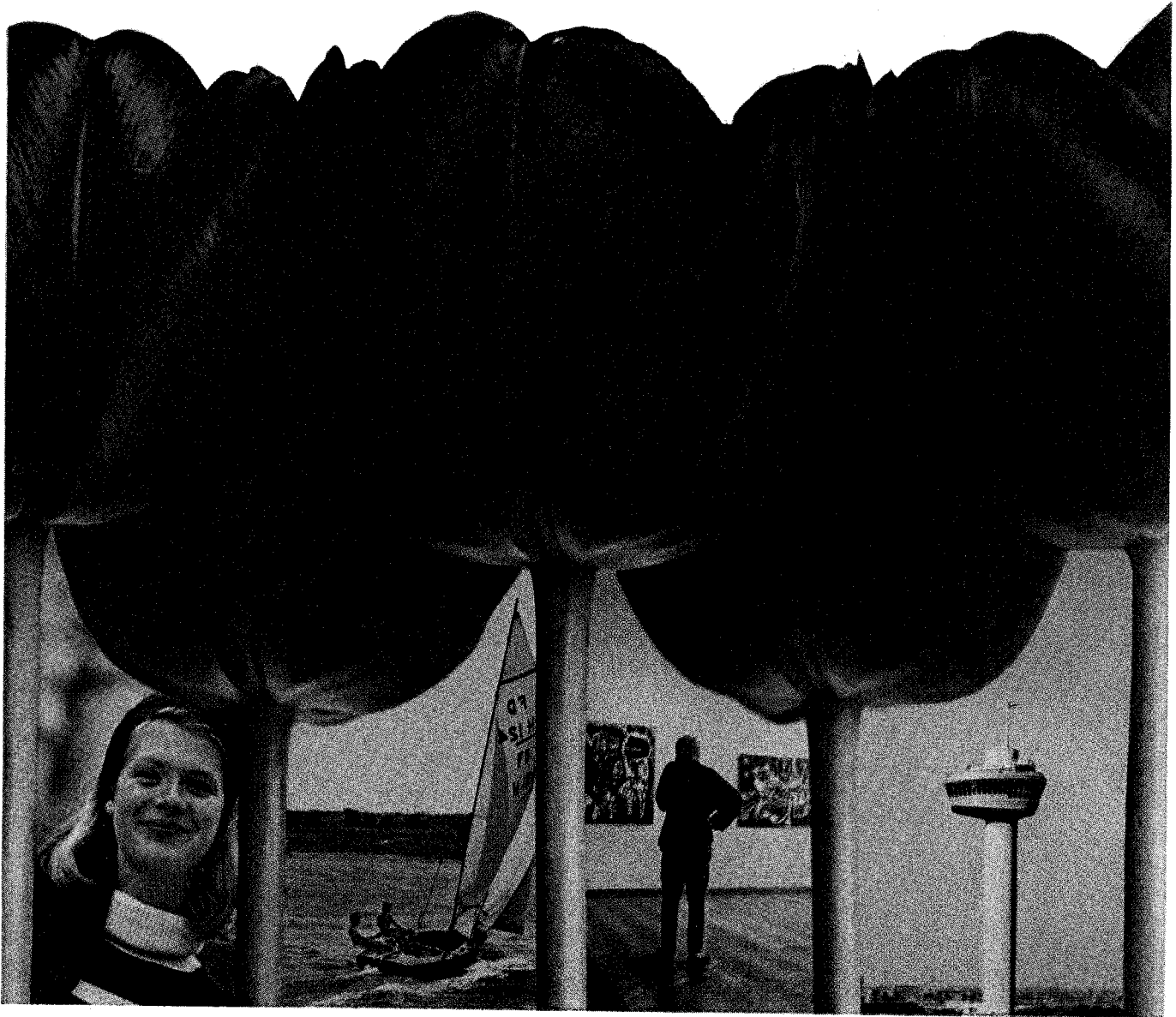
All the guests but one regarded these pranks with good-natured, tolerant amusement. The exception was an Australian, on his first visit ever to this land of his ancestors, who had arrived in a brand-new kilt, tweed jacket, sporran, garters, and dirk. In proposing the toast he wept tears of emotion, described this lunch as the most moving experience of his life, and then delivered a fiery attack on the British for having deprived his ancestors of their land in 1745. He ended by draining the toast and smashing the glass over his shoulder in true Stuart fashion. Unhappily it was an unbreakable glass which the hostess had bought from Woolworth's.

The Edinburgh Festival

The neurosis of Scottish nationalism shows at its worst during the annual Edinburgh Festival. When the Earl of Harewood, director of the festival, gives his morning press conference, a good part of the time is invariably spent in answering angry questions from Scottish nationalist journalists or people posing as journalists. Why can't we have a Scottish national opera house? Why can't we have only Scottish plays at the festival?

The Earl is polite, but these questions, in fact, answer themselves. The people of Edinburgh show scant support for opera outside the festival season; during the season, they talk and whistle through the performances. There are simply not enough good Scots plays to support a fortnight's drama festival. There is plenty of brilliant conversation in Edinburgh—not to mention an excellent university—but most of its writers have joined the great Scottish diaspora. The much praised *New Saltire* review closed down this year.

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Holland...Europe's most hospitable entrance

This 2 handicap golfer also happens to blend the world's finest Scotch.



George Thomson lines up his putt at the Kilmarnock (Barassie) Golf Club. He plays an excellent game of golf, but his true claim to fame is the "educated" nose he uses to blend Johnnie Walker.

Its name is Johnnie Walker Black Label. And its secret is the precise, authoritarian nose of one man. George Thomson, third master blender in the 144-year-old history of John Walker & Sons.

Why his whisky stands apart. Experts will tell you the sumptuous character of Black Label can come only from the richest of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland. And Mr. Thom-

son's educated nose knows them all—their characteristics, their personalities, and how they'll "marry" with others.

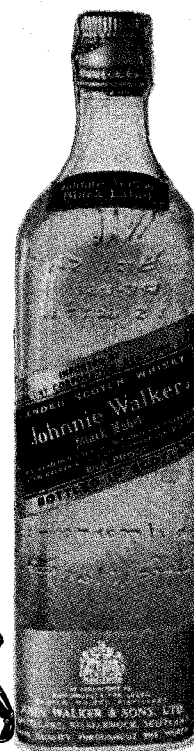
For Black Label, he uses more than 40 of the expensive "single malts." To this blend of flavorful Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that is Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Are you paying a premium for Scotch?

If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and true Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

The superiority of it is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Ask for Black Label tonight. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Report on Scotland

During the first writers' conference at the Edinburgh Festival, in 1962, the session devoted to Scottish authors broke up in shouting. In the furious interchange among the panel of authors, who discussed almost everything from dope addiction to Lallans (Lowland) medieval poetry, it soon became clear that several authors had come straight from a heavy lunch of malt whiskey at the Abbotsford, the intellectuals' pub. The doyen of Scottish poets, Hugh MacDiarmid, delivered his usual furious speech in favor of Scottish nationalism and the Communist Party—which he had rejoined after Hungary. But even his wrath could not deter the panel from shouting and singing.

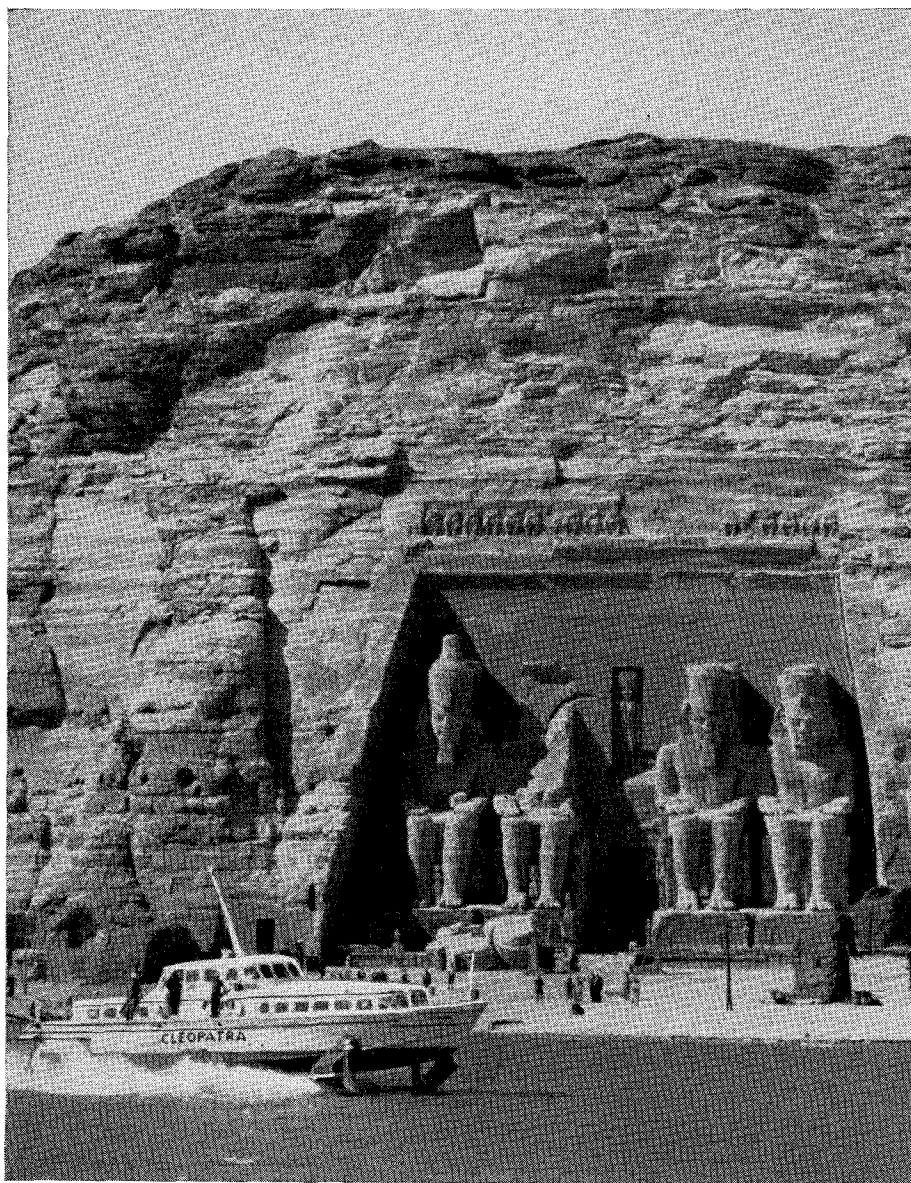
During last year's writers' conference, somebody wheeled a naked girl across the gallery of Ussher's Hall. This, coming on all that talk about dope and perversion, caused a great deal of scandal in Edinburgh, and the third festival was held in Berlin.

During the 1962 Edinburgh Festival, when the spear from Epstein's statue of St. Michael was blown off and smashed by a gale, a small crowd of pious folk gathered the next night to shake their heads and whisper of God's vengeance on blasphemous artists. But it was Moral Rearmament that got rid of the writers' conference. Its carefully drilled supporters stirred up popular wrath over the naked-girl incident by sending indignant letters to newspapers and politicians.

Real Scottish puritanism lives on in the Highlands and islands. "Dread God" says the sign over a butcher's shop near Inverness. Neither dancing nor drinking is allowed in many a Highland village. On the enchanting island of Lewis, farther out to sea even than Skye, the Kirk still exercises the same discipline as it did in New England three hundred years ago. Ministers threaten hellfire to parents who let their children join a youth club or even the Boy Scouts.

Television and motels

This year change has touched even the far-flung islands. The Reverend



The temple Abu Simbel.

Only in Egypt are the ancient and modern so convenient



Here is one of the great seats of our civilization, preserved in beauty by the sands of time, along the banks of the Nile and looking down upon a modern hydrofoil. The Pyramids and the Sphinx at Giza, and the treasures of the Museum in Cairo will also delight and fascinate you.

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630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Report on Scotland

Kenneth MacRae, minister of Stornoway Free Church for thirty-two years, foe of every sin from papery to ping-pong, gave up his severe ghost in May. "In an age of indecision and doubt," said a brother minister, "Mr. MacRae was unequivocal in his views." And the congregations had listened to him with the same Gaelic intensity which they gave in leisure moments to other island enthusiasms such as whiskey drinking and poetry.

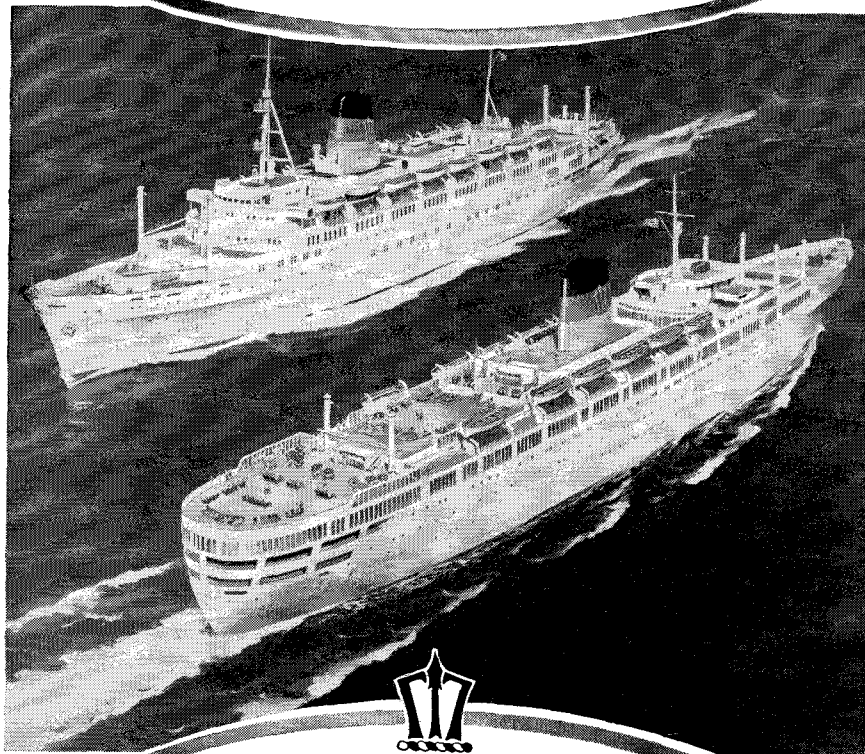
The extension of television to every remote island of Scotland is blamed by many for changing the old Highland habits. But a columnist in the *Stornoway Gazette* (which serves the Hebrides) was realistic: "It's no use moaning that television, when it comes, will kill the ceilidh [gay party]. The ceilidh, as we know it, has been moribund for years. The spontaneity has gone. It's no longer a case of donning a clean pinny and taking oneself and one's knitting to any house fancied, with one's reception assured, the company congenial, the 'Balagam air do bhois' coming round to lubricate tongues dried up by overwork. It's all so genteel nowadays. The date is set; the baking done, the best china dusted, the tobacco-chewing Bodach rusticated. Everything is nice and bright and shiny but you are not having a ceilidh. You are having the English version—a visit—a very different thing."

It speaks well for Highland education and intelligence that the *Stornoway Gazette* is a better written newspaper than any in Britain, not excluding the *Times*, *New Statesman*, and *Observer*.

The Department of Agriculture for Scotland this year offered technical and financial support to farmers willing to build holidaymakers' chalets on their land. There are several good lochside motels in the Highlands, and many caravan sites in the deer forests. Such tourist facilities—not to mention the spread of industry—shock many Englishmen and Scottish nationalists. But the alternative to modernization is continued decay, until the Highlands and islands are quite barren. The Highlanders themselves are the last people to want that.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



In defense of Senator Goldwater SIR:

The discussion of Barry Goldwater in your Report on Washington in the September *Atlantic* was particularly prejudicial, not discussing the Senator's real views at all but, instead, presenting a caricature of such views. It is a piece certainly not fitting the objectivity and even originality of a magazine of the stature of the *Atlantic*. For small-minded and narrow political attack we can certainly look elsewhere.

You stated that Senator Goldwater has rebelled against modern life. He is, you have charged, negative. But modern life is no different from life in any other era except as to circumstance. The great questions of man's dignity, liberty, and individuality remain the same. In previous eras these aspects of man's God-given rights were under attack by monarchs and dictators, by business tyrants, and later by the tyrants of labor. Today they are under attack by a government bureaucracy which seeks to place us all on the same level of mediocrity and dependence, what liberals like to call "equality."

Barry Goldwater is *for* man's dignity, and not against it. It is for this reason that he advocates policies which will make men free and independent, and not helpless and dependent before the force of a government which seeks to become a partner in our business, a guest in our home, and a provider for our welfare. This government was formed by men to preserve their liberty, not to take it from them under the guise of fostering equality.

John Randolph of Roanoke has stated, "I love liberty, but I hate equality." We have forgotten that the only level upon which men may be equal is the lowest level. We are equal before God and before the law, but in no other way.

The liberals have not solved any of our so-called modern problems. They have merely smoothed them over temporarily. For example, let us look at the farm problem. We produce more farm products than we need. The liberal approach has merely been to tax nonfarmers and give that money to farmers to keep them from facing the economic reality of overproduction. This simply confiscates the earnings of those who are providing a needed economic function and gives them to those who are not. The same is true of other so-called solutions.

Conservatives simply want to make men responsible for themselves, for in such responsibility rest their liberty and dignity. The great issues of life are no different now than before. And tyranny under the guise of welfare is hardly more palatable. It is very easy to attack the conservative position, but rather difficult to answer it. This, we may imagine, is the reason for many attacks and few answers.

ALLAN C. BROWNFIELD
Williamsburg, Va.

SIR:

I was born and raised in Joplin, Missouri, but Prescott, Arizona, has been my home for twenty-one years. Never in all those years have I heard Prescott described in such a low-browed, uninformed manner as

in your Washington Report. Uninformed, because if you or any of your "henchmen" (writers) had taken the trouble to find out, from someone who knew, you would have found that Prescott and its citizens are very different from what you have described in your article.

I would like to challenge you, Mr. Editor. I'll even dare you. Come to Prescott. Stay a week. Talk to anyone you please. See if at the end of a week you can honestly say your article is a true picture of Prescott and its people. Then let's see if you are man enough to admit the truth. I will go so far as to invite you to be a guest in our home in order for you not to be spending any of your precious money on hotels or motels.

We are not millionaires or even wealthy. Apparently those are indications of being intelligent in your books. We do have some wealthy people in Prescott, even some millionaires, but they don't go around advertising those facts and producing their bank statements. But, if you are man enough to come or to send one of your henchmen, the welcome mat is out, in order to allow you to clear up a bunch of things which you have tried to impress upon the minds of your readers.

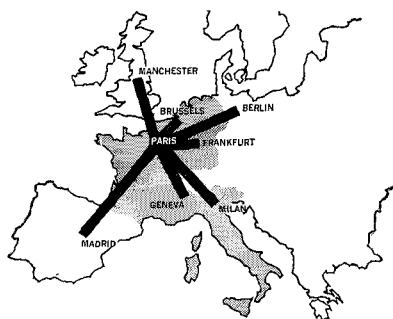
Also, will you be brave enough to print this in your magazine, in order that your readers may get the other side of the story? Just in case you aren't, I am sending copies of this letter to newspapers throughout the country, in order that they may inform their readers.

As a bit of additional information, for you, I would like to correct another statement you made. You

Paris means business!



Not everyone who lives in Paris paints or guides tours. Most people, like you and I, are in the business of busi-



ness. You see, the glamour capital of the world is also the hub of the Common Market.

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Simple geography, for one reason. Glance at the map above. When you're in Paris, you're in the center of things. Geneva is just 55 air minutes away. Frankfurt, 70 minutes. Milan, 80 minutes. Brussels, 105 minutes. Berlin, 135 minutes.

When you're in Paris, you've got the world's largest airline

(that's us) waiting to serve you with more jet flights to more cities in the world than any other airline: 55 weekly to England, 57 to Germany, 28 to Switzerland, 22 to Spain, 14 to Greece—plus frequent service to Africa and Southeast Asia.

Paris' proximity to the other key cities in the Common Market and Air France's vast jet network have made Orly Airport the key break bulk point for air shipments between the U.S., Europe and beyond. There's lots of elbowroom for safe and effective handling of those shipments, too —102,000 square feet.

When you're in Paris, you're in the capital of the country with the highest rate of industrial growth in Western Europe. You've got a big market of potential buyers and suppliers right at your doorstep.

Then, of course, there's Paris itself. It's simply an exciting place to be—gay, sophisticated, beautiful. So doing business there is a pleasure. (We suspect prospects find it easier to say

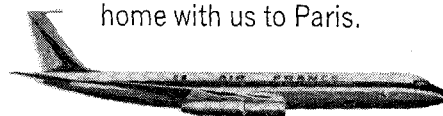


"yes" in Paris.) Perhaps that's why in '64 and '65 alone,

about 300 major trade, business and professional exhibitions have been scheduled in and around Paris.

Next time you plan a trip to explore the opportunities of the Common Market, put Paris at the top of your itinerary. It's easy to get to. Air France has 32 weekly direct and non-stop jets to Paris from New York, Chicago, Montreal, Los Angeles and Washington—including a 10 a.m. daily departure out of N.Y. Nobody knows Paris like Air France. And nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent. See him for trip information and reservations.

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New Chips From An Old Block

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor

Old Fitzgerald
Distillery

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Established 1849



There's the story of the Kentucky stable boy who used to carve graceful little horses from a block of walnut wood.

Asked for the secret of his art, he replied, "It's easy, Boss. Ah jes' whittles off the chips that don't look like hoss!"

But there was more to his secret than that. A lifetime with a curry comb had taught him every twist and turn of "hoss".

Likewise, after more than 70 years among our mash tubs, I should know the cut of a genuine Kentucky distiller's jib.

And so, since some 27 years ago when my son first joined our family distillery, I've been whittling away the chips that didn't "look like hoss."

From still house to cooper's shop, from mash tub to yeasting room, he has faithfully followed under my direction every facet of the sour mash distiller's art. Shucking his coveralls, he has taken to the road to make our celebrated products available to customers in every nook and corner of the land.

Today I am ready to pop the bung from the barrel, and call him properly "aged in the wood and bottle-ripe"—ready to carry on the tradition and reputation of our 115-year-old family distillery.

In my view, as in the view of more than a few in our industry, he is more than a "chip off the old block." He is the block itself, shaped and schooled in all phases of our old-fashioned endeavor, and as dedicated as his forebears to maintaining the everlasting excellence of our famous sour mash bourbon.

My friends, in case you're interested, I refer to the new President of OLD FITZGERALD—my son, Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.

This pen with which I write, as well as the family firm which he heads, is now his to guide. How well he does the former, in future columns such as this, will be yours to judge.

*Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Bottled-in-Bond
at Mellow 100 Proof*

mentioned that men walk around the streets of Prescott carrying or wearing guns. The only ones I have seen are peace officers. Don't the peace officers in your city carry or wear guns? Or are things in such a horrible condition that larger weapons are needed?

Barry Goldwater is proud of Prescott, and Prescott is proud of Barry. This letter isn't coming from a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. I am a registered Democrat, and I do my best to be democratic by voting for the person I feel is best qualified for any political post. I am also a citizen of Prescott who is very proud of a very fine little town and its citizenry.

EDNA MAE FRAKES
Prescott, Ariz.

Our Washington correspondent replies:

My reference to Prescott, Arizona, which I visited in July while covering Senator Goldwater's campaign, was not intended to disparage that most attractive community but to suggest that its problems were entirely different from those of millions of Americans who live in great industrial centers. I did see men wearing side arms, as I reported.

A rough map of Greece

SIR:

It's about time that a reader made some comment about Phoebe-Lou Adams' articles about Greece.

Perhaps I, a fellow traveler and writer (member of the Society of American Travel Writers), am somewhat qualified to make the comment. Her articles are really something special. I was going to say "superb."

She is gifted with an extremely sharp perception both of nature's eccentricities and of humankind. Having covered much of the same ground as she, I am constantly amazed by what she saw and I missed.

SAMUEL E. LESSERE
Bloomfield, Conn.

SIR:

Though ordinarily I enjoy Phoebe-Lou Adams' articles on her travels in Greece, I feel that the one in the August *Atlantic* ("A Rough Map of Greece: Athens by Moonlight") contains a seriously misleading statement which ought to be corrected. On page 73 she says, "The stoa on the other side of the agora, reconstructed by the

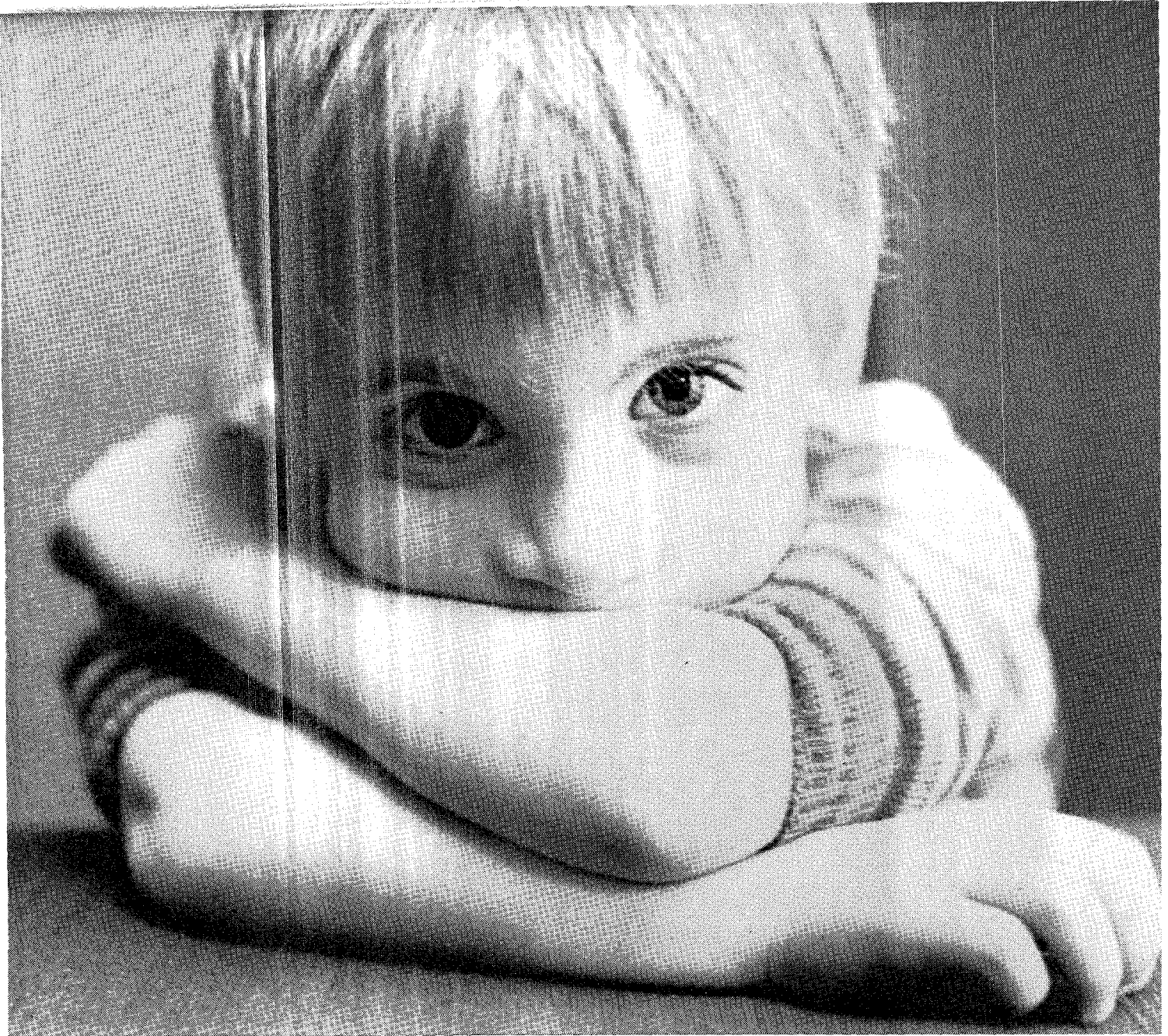
American School of Archaeology in uncompromising cement, suffers badly from the lack of any greenery to break its stiff facade."

The Stoa of Attalos II, originally built in the second century B.C., was reconstructed between 1953 and 1956 by the American School of Classical Studies in Athens as a museum of the agora excavations, which the school had been carrying on since 1931. The reconstruction was done by the authority and under the supervision of the Department of Restorations of the Greek Ministry of Education, and was financed by contributions from American donors. The stoa was built on the foundations of the original building and incorporated as much as possible of the original walls and building materials. Where new materials were used, they were always the same as those used in the original building. Thus the walls are made of limestone from the Piraeus; the facade, the columns, the roof tiles at the eaves, and the interior trim are all of white marble from Mount Pentelikon, and the roof tiles are of local Attic clay.

Simultaneously with the reconstruction, the American School undertook an extensive landscaping program. As Miss Adams remarks, ornamental trees have been planted where it has been possible to determine that such trees were planted in antiquity. Elsewhere, suitable shrubs and ornamental plants, including a row of green shrubs along the foundations of the Stoa of Attalos II, have been extensively planted so as to clarify such architectural remains as still exist. The landscaping was completed in 1960 and was then taken over, as was the museum of the stoa, by the Greek Archaeological Service. I understand it requires the services of a minimum of three full-time gardeners. Perhaps when Miss Adams was in Greece the plantings had not yet grown to their full size.

Miss Adams, on the other hand, is entirely right about the traffic problem around the Theseion and the bewitchment of the Parthenon by moonlight, and in these two paragraphs she has successfully caught the atmosphere of modern and ancient Athens by day and by night.

LUCY TURNBULL
Member, Managing Committee
American School of Classical Studies at Athens



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Russian sea power

SIR:

Hanson W. Baldwin concludes in his illuminating article "Red Flag Over the Seven Seas" (September *Atlantic*) that the only solution to Russia's domination of sea power is another battle analogous to the arms race, except instead of stockpiling nuclear weapons, we will fill our ports with tuna boats.

Cooperation with the U.S.S.R. is a more feasible solution not only in the arms race but also in the "battle for the high seas." Why can't the United States initiate this cooperation by first changing the U.S.-U.S.S.R. trade policy? Although the Soviet leaders have sought to establish firmer economic ties with the West, the United States still refuses to change its policies.

Trade with the Soviets can help persuade them that their own long-range interests are linked with international peace and world order instead of "complete dominion in all elements of sea power."

RONALD S. POSNER
Shaker Heights, Ohio

More on Disturbed Americans

SIR:

Thank God for your courage in publishing the supplement on mental illness. I have been wanting to write you ever since I read it, but have been so busy following up on the advice given in it that time has just flown.

Our daughter, who is sixteen, has been ill for almost two years. We have been in several states seeking the latest and best help for her. For the past eight months our whole family has been in therapy because psychiatrists hold the bizarre hypothesis that if one member of a family has schizophrenia, it is a symptom of the whole family's being ill. We have been struggling in vain to find in ourselves such gross irregularities that could account for so devastating an illness. All the while our daughter was getting sicker and sicker. We were getting poorer and poorer. And almost worst of all, we were all becoming so introspective about our most casual acts and thoughts that we were beginning to act sick.

Now we are treating her through chemistry. We had to go out of the United States to learn about it. She is improving remarkably. We can hardly believe it. We expect

her to recover completely. Had I not been a subscriber to the *Atlantic*, I just might have missed that July issue and not been encouraged to seek new avenues. It is my hope that other families like our own have also found the encouragement to question their present treatment.

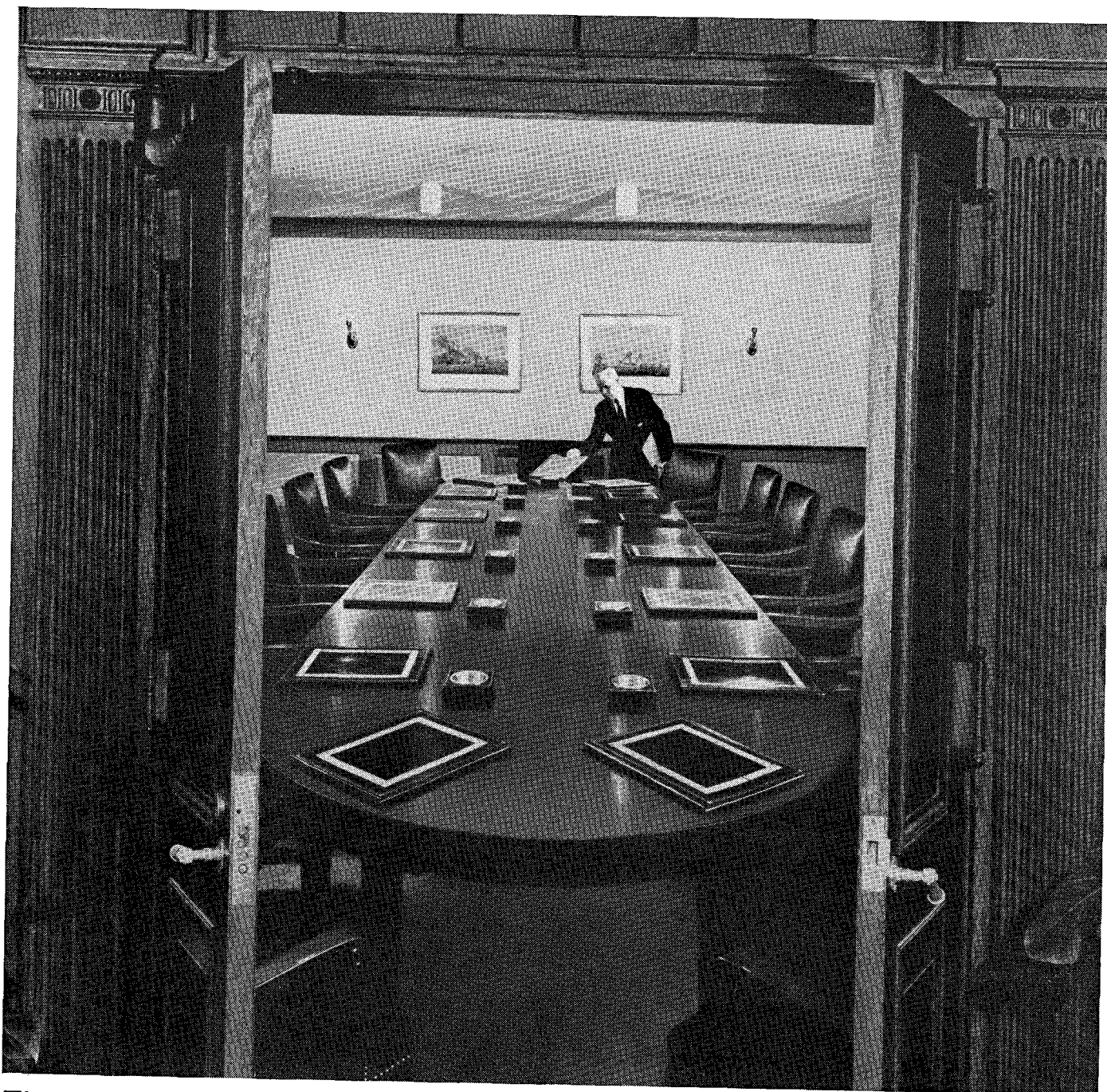
In order to protect my daughter, who is very young, I must ask you not to use our names. Someday she may decide to tell her story—I don't know—but it must be her choice.

A VERY GRATEFUL READER
Oakland, Calif.

SIR:

An American colleague has called my attention to the article in your July issue by Dr. William Sargant, entitled "Psychiatric Treatment: Here and in England." He felt, and I agree with him, that the article might lead to certain misconceptions in the minds of American readers. Let us be clear first about one thing, and that is Dr. Sargant's sincerity. I am sure he believes every word he has written, even if hardly anyone else does.

To my mind, Dr. Sargant's praise of British psychiatry is really more damaging than his attack on American psychiatry; for it implies that British psychiatry conforms to his ideal of what psychiatry should be, and that those like myself who have spent a large part of their professional lives in practicing and teaching the application of psychoanalytically derived knowledge in wider psychiatric fields have been wasting their time. Dr. Sargant quotes the figure of 250 psychoanalysts in Great Britain, compared with ten times that number of non-analytically trained psychiatrists. He fails to mention that this 250 represents a multiplication by two and a half since the war. He fails also to mention the enormous obstacles facing a young psychiatrist in this country who wishes to obtain a psychoanalytic training—obstacles connected with money and time, to say nothing of psychological obstacles produced by strident propaganda such as Dr. Sargant's or more subtle and insidious influences from less obviously partisan teachers. Whatever the more experienced and judiciously critical may think of it, Dr. Sargant's point of view does have its appeal to medical students and young doctors.



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Report from farmers:

IBM computers help America feed a soaring population

WHEN the youngest girl in this family group has raised *her* family, it is predicted that America's population will have practically doubled. But during this time, the amount of land that will be available to grow food will actually *decrease*.

How will our farmers feed twice as many mouths from *less* land than is being planted now?

In many ways, computers will be helping farmers meet this challenge.

The computer, new farm tool

The computer is no stranger to farming. Agricultural experts have used IBM computers to work out programs that



Snapshot of Mt. Kisco, N. Y., family reunion. Families are bigger today. IBM computers help agriculture expand food production.

have helped make American farmers the best food producers in the world.

Computers are used in soil analysis to find missing nutrients, and prescribe fertilizers for increasing productivity.

Computers have helped scientists develop new varieties of grains, such as hybrid corns that double yield per acre.

Computers are even helping farmers outwit their oldest enemy, the weather.

In Maine, an IBM computer analyzes humidity and sunlight, then predicts the best picking time for apple growers.

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Agricultural organizations employ IBM computers to improve farm management. In just minutes, a computer can analyze a thousand facts about a given farm and print out an operating plan for a whole year ahead.

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the farmer can logically expect from his many different operations.

Computers don't think, but in the hands of thinking men they can correlate sunlight with seed, seed with harvest, harvest with shipping costs to help farmers grow more and better food at lower cost.

Thanks to the teamwork of scientists, agricultural colleges, experiment stations and government farm experts, our farmers are preparing to meet the growing needs of a growing population.

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It so happens that I was there when Dr. Sargant made his psychiatric debut thirty years ago. Though still very young, he had already made a reputation in internal medicine for his work on the treatment of certain anemias by unprecedentedly massive doses of iron. I believe that this initial success has strongly influenced his attitude toward psychiatry throughout his career; its essence is to diagnose the specific variety of mental illness in one's patient, and then to apply the specific physical or chemical remedy, which, if it does not exist, must be discovered by empirical research. With this goes the view that the true task of psychiatrists is to treat diseases affecting people's brains, whereas the opposing view is that their main task is to deal with the problems that people have in living and in coping with their relations with other people — problems of individual and social psychology, in which faulty brain functioning *may* sometimes play a demonstrable (as opposed to a purely hypothetical) part.

I do not deny that there are in Britain a certain number of other last-ditchers like Dr. Sargant who cling to Griesinger's dictum that mental diseases are brain diseases. Dating back over a hundred years, this should surely be twice as out of date as Freud. It is noteworthy, however, that they have always, I believe, strongly opposed the assault on the brain known as leucotomy, still dear to Dr. Sargant though now little favored in most other quarters.

W. H. GILLESPIE, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Physician, Maudsley Hospital
Past President, International
Psycho-Analytical Association
London, England

SIR:

I've just gotten around to reading the July *Atlantic*, with the admirable series of articles *Disturbed Americans*. I feel the need to make several points which occurred to me in reading William Sargant's provocative article.

I have the feeling that Dr. Sargant's experience with his American colleagues has been limited. I would suggest that he did not visit widely enough throughout the country to get an adequate overview of American psychiatric practice and treatment. If he had, I warrant he would have found that emerging

graduates of our many excellent training centers are well trained in *all* useful modalities of treatment. They are not reluctant to use drugs or other somatic treatment where indicated by good clinical judgment.

Many of us here feel, whatever else may be the merits and utility of Freud's discoveries, that he demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt that psychological and psychosomatic symptoms were *understandable*. Thus mental illness is *not* some strange invasion of the body by either demons or poorly understood biophysiological entities. It is *not* like typhoid or pneumonia. Rather, the symptoms are manifestations writ large of the interaction of motives, feelings, and conflicts, which exist to some extent in us all.

Mental illness is seen as some less useful and more painful way of coping and adapting, forced on us by some shift in the vital, inseparable balance previously maintained in "the open system," which is the individual mutually interacting with his environment in the very broadest sense.

The optimistic side of this is that if the reaction can go in the direction of illness, it can reasonably be possible to catalyze it to go in the direction of health. This is the job of modern psychiatric treatment.

JOHN L. KUEHN, M.D.
Psychiatrist to Indiana University
Student Health Center
Bloomington, Ind.

SIR:

I enjoyed reading with great interest the series of articles on *Disturbed Americans* in the July issue of your magazine. However, I do feel that the series barely touched upon the problems, and, in fact, nothing was mentioned about the V. A. mental hospitals, which are far superior to the state institutions.

The biggest gap in the whole series was the failure to mention the effect on the patient when he returns to his family and his community, and his attempt to obtain a new position. I was a patient at Downey V.A. a few years ago, and what happened in the hospital was *nothing* to what has happened since then. For example, your wife and children never quite accept you . . . always remembering the past. Trying to obtain a driver's license and pilot's license involves nearly a year of effort, and whenever you apply

for credit, the old mental hospital, or MH, always pops up!

My own feeling is that once you've "crossed the hill" into the hospital it will haunt you directly and indirectly all of the days you live.

A FORMER PATIENT
Evanston, Ill.

Reading for pleasure

SIR:

The essay by Leonard Baskin, "Of Roots and Veins: A Testament," in the September *Atlantic* is one of the most magnificent pieces of writing I have ever read. It has a sonorous quality — similar to great organ music. While the discussion was of unusual interest, disturbing but thought-provoking, it was the quality of the writing which impressed me most.

LOIS S. SIDENBERG
Carpinteria, Calif.

SIR:

I was at home alone when I read Geoffrey Household's story, "The Battle of Mussolini," in the September *Atlantic*. I had good reason to regret my solitude because I kept wishing to read parts of it to someone. There were so many portions of it that I wanted to chuckle over with my husband. More power to Geoffrey Household!

E. L. WEINER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR:

I just read Christopher Isherwood's article in the September *Atlantic*, "Aldous Huxley in California." It is truly a study in perception. Even with Mr. Huxley's eye trouble, he never really had any trouble seeing people for what they were. I want to thank Mr. Isherwood for correcting some of the fallacies that were so blatantly attributed to him.

RICHARD S. WRIGHT
Fairfield, Calif.

SIR:

The poem by John Alexander Allen, "Pismire Agonistes," published in your September issue, deserves praise. Despite its pedantic title, it is very amusing, forceful, eloquent, and refreshing. Thank you for locating someone not obsessed with plants and sickening silken imagery.

RUSSEL SHURIG
Toronto, Ontario



*"...leave the bottle on the chimleypiece, and don't ask me to take none,
but let me put it to my lips when I am so disposed."*

— from Martin Chuzzlewit by Charles Dickens, eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks

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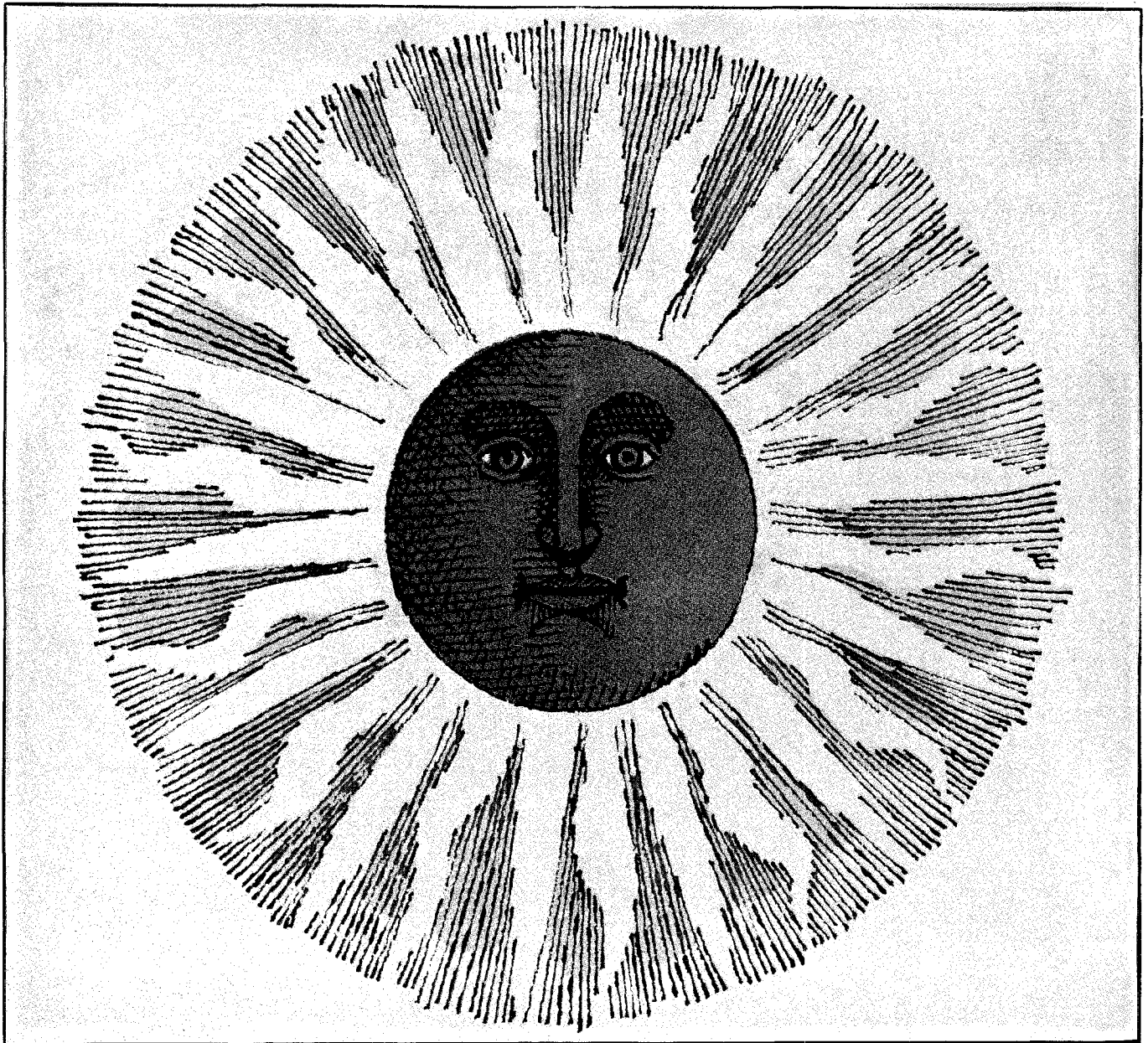
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HOW TO LYNCH A NEWSPAPER

BY ROY REED

ROY REED is a political reporter for the ARKANSAS GAZETTE and a recent Nieman Fellow. A fascinated and occasionally indignant observer of Arkansas politics during the Faubus regime, he reports here what happened to a small-town newspaper editor who fought the local political machine.

ARKANSANS who dispute at politics like to use the direct method if possible, and only when that fails do they turn to subtlety, which they mistrust. Thus it was natural that the Conway County courthouse gang, after being bearded by the new newspaper publisher for eight months, and tiring of it, responded straightforwardly. The new publisher was stopped on a downtown sidewalk one afternoon and thrashed. It was done not by a hired hand, in the Eastern fashion, but by the county tax assessor, W. O. ("Bus") Hice, who is a man of substance in the county government and who weighs 220 pounds.

Looking back, it is hard to see how Mr. Hice could have been misunderstood. He told the publisher as he turned him loose, "If you put anything more in that paper, I'll whip you every time I see you."

The publisher, a young man named Eugene Henry Wirges, mistook the warning for a challenge. Instead of laying off, he began bearding the gang in earnest, and before long it was clear that the best-run political machine in Arkansas had a fight on its hands.

That was in 1961. It would be a mistake to think of the tumult that ensued as a backwoods brawl between an impetuous cub and a crowd of unlettered courthouse toughs. After the direct con-

frontation on the sidewalk, both sides brought increasing sophistication to the contest, and as it wore on they brought an astonishing and persistent resourcefulness. It was the resourcefulness, the dalliance with subtlety, that finally turned this small-town political dispute into a memorable public controversy and brought it to the attention of newspapermen and politicians far and wide.

The fight is over now, at least temporarily. Wirges lost his newspaper in December. The courthouse gang is not bearded anymore, and peace, you might say, has been restored. It probably should be said at the same time that the First Amendment to the Constitution, along with Wirges, has taken a shellacking.

The county machine, driven to the wall, finally resorted to an instrument so antique it seemed new. Wirges was put out of business with the libel law.

Young Wirges had edited daily and weekly papers in other Arkansas towns before moving to Morrilton, the county seat of Conway County. He had learned much about small-town politics. He spent his first three years at Morrilton minding his own business, taking care of his family (he and his wife have five children), and watching.

Three well-known Arkansas political leaders, all friends of the administration of Governor Orval E.

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Faubus, are among the overseers of the Conway County machine. Loid Sadler, a Morrilton businessman, is Conway County's representative in the state legislature. Nathan Gordon of Morrilton is a lawyer, a World War II hero, and the lieutenant governor of the state. Paul Van Dalsem of Perryville represents neighboring Perry County in the state House of Representatives and is generally considered the boss of the legislature. He is connected with the Conway County machine through friendship and business.

Sheriff Marlin Hawkins is the administrative head of the Conway County machine. When Arkansas reformers need an unsightly example, they mention the sheriff of Conway County. However, it probably would have to be said that Sheriff Hawkins, like Shaw's Lucifer, is not so black as he is painted. Mr. Hawkins is fifty and slightly rotund. As politicians go, he is shy. His public statements usually are literate, sometimes sensitively so. He has a glass eye, which exaggerates the appearance of good humor in his face and now and then tempts strangers into familiarity. His enemies occasionally forget or underestimate his loyalty to the Conway County political organization. Maintaining his constancy at home has called for a certain flexibility abroad, earning the sheriff a reputation in the state that often is described to the accompaniment of grins and sidelong glances. In short, Sheriff Hawkins does what needs to be done to take care of his home organization. Since the county's chief export is votes, the sheriff has had to deal with first one and then another of the outside political forces that need votes. During one period, he pledged and faithfully delivered the vote of Conway County to a series of liberal causes, including the re-election of the famous moderate, former Congressman Brooks Hays. In those days, the liberals described the sheriff — with grins and sidelong glances — as good old Marlin. Eventually it became desirable for him to deliver the Conway County vote to the race-baiters and cotton-gin Babbitts of the Faubus organization. After that the liberals described Sheriff Hawkins as a threat to the democratic process.

Gene Wirges was among those who never saw any humor in Conway County politics. Instead of enjoying the spectacle, he spent his time studying it. He had the advantage at first of not being taken seriously, perhaps because of his appearance. He looks like a blue-eyed boy, even now, at age thirty-seven. His hair is blond, nearly white. He is friendly and easy to like. In the early days at Morrilton he exhibited almost everything that a weekly newspaper publisher needs — affability, good sense, energy. He had one shortcoming and it was, in the end, his undoing. Wirges was a born meddler. He had a compulsion to set things right. It is remarkable that he stayed out of trouble three years.

In the fall of 1960, eight months before Wirges' sidewalk encounter with "Bus" Hice, some angry patrons of one of Conway County's school districts petitioned for the recall of all members of their school board who were supported by the county machine. The insurgents asked Wirges for help. He responded with a series of front-page articles. To everybody's surprise, the irate patrons won the recall election and set back the machine.

He ignored the warnings of his friends that it was dangerous to "rock the boat" and began to speak out editorially on other public affairs. He was especially keen for a change in Morrilton's form of government from mayor-council to city-manager. The courthouse gang was keen against it. A special election was held, and when the votes were counted, change had been resisted rigorously.

It occurred to Wirges after that election that the organization had a miraculous way with the voters. He began studying its performance at the polls. After observing the results of several elections, all of which the machine won, Wirges made a discovery. The voters who were present on election day and went to the polls in person — the "live" voters, as Wirges came to call them — expressed varied opinions on the machine's candidates from one election to another; but those who were absent on election day and cast absentee ballots were unusually loyal to the machine. On scrutiny, Wirges found that if it were not for the reliability of the voters who were not there, the machine would be in difficult circumstances. In election after election, the absentees, who were as numerous as they were faithful, made the difference between victory and defeat for the courthouse candidates. Wirges found that the absentee vote of Conway County typically ran as high as 10 and 11 percent of the total vote. By contrast, the electorate of nearby Pulaski County, the home of Little Rock, regularly voted only about 2 percent in absentia.

IN ONE remarkable election in December, 1962, a school board candidate backed by the Wirges faction apparently won the election when the votes from the "live" boxes were counted. Those who had come to the polling place to cast their votes favored the Wirges candidate 200 to 132 — a margin of 68 votes. But when the absentee ballots were counted, the Wirges man was swamped. The absentee voters had favored his opponent 143 to 9.

The Conway County Grand Jury has taken the position that Conway County elections are conducted for better or worse by mere men. Last November, the Grand Jury reported that it had considered the latest batch of evidence presented by Wirges and his friends and had found "no willful

violations of election laws and no criminal intent present in the minds of election officials when they did engage in election irregularities." The Grand Jury scolded the accusers for making "unfair, wrongful and unwarranted" charges. It deplored the atmosphere of excitement and ill feeling that temporarily had displaced the county's "peaceful calm."

During the two and a half years after the city-manager election at Morrilton, the *Morrilton Democrat* printed hundreds of examples of questionable practices in Conway County elections, ranging from spectacular mistakes in certifying totals to the outright manufacture of votes.

Sheriff Hawkins' position through all this was unvarying: His success at the polls was due, not to violations of the election laws, but to "hard work and organization."

Election irregularities were the main complaint of Wirges but not the only one. The *Democrat* consistently attacked the county machine at other points: its selective distribution of political largess, its monopoly on public office, political favoritism in spending county money, its use of county equipment on private property.

The Conway County machine did not react timidly to Wirges' criticisms. Before encountering the tax assessor's fists, Wirges learned the machine had other weapons.

Word got around during June, 1961, that Wirges had been prying and was to publish a series of articles exposing the machine early in July. Wirges was interrupted one day by a telephone call from the district prosecuting attorney, who said he was going to have to file criminal charges against Wirges for double-mortgaging his property. Wirges, startled, finally persuaded the prosecutor that he had not double-mortgaged anything. No charges were filed. The prosecutor explained later that his call had been prompted by Wirges' creditors, and that he had not pursued it because the creditors had not pressed the matter. Wirges assumed that someone from the courthouse had stirred up his creditors.

Next, the state government paid a call, in the person of an Employment Security Division agent. The agent wanted to know why Wirges was \$600 behind on his unemployment insurance payments. Wirges turned the matter over to his wife, who handled the payroll, and went back to his exposé, thinking that the problem was being worked out.

On the day before the first of his series of articles was to appear, Wirges had another visitor, a deputy sheriff. The deputy said he was there to nail a notice on the door of the *Democrat*. "Notice of Public Auction," it said. His paper was being posted for a sheriff's sale.

A hurried telephone call got to the bottom of it.

Sheriff Hawkins was going to sell the *Democrat* to satisfy Wirges' back payments to the state Employment Security Division. Wirges went to work and within a few hours had the situation in hand, this time with a firm agreement with the state agency. The sheriff was called off.

As the campaign against the machine accelerated, so did the machine's response. An advertising boycott was attempted. The *Democrat's* correspondents — typically rural housewives trying to pick up a few extra dollars — were harassed and urged to resign.

From the beginning it must have been obvious to all but the dimmest courthouse whittler that the *Democrat* had an Achilles' heel as big as the side of a barn: debt. Wirges' financial weakness was the machine's main target once it became clear on both sides that the fight was to the finish.

On June 22, 1962, Wirges had another baleful visitor — Sheriff Hawkins himself, bearing a second Notice of Public Sale. The notice was nailed to the door, and for more than two weeks it appeared that despite Wirges' desperate efforts, the paper would be sold at auction at 9 A.M., July 5.

This time the problem was more considerable than \$600 in delinquent unemployment insurance contributions. To save his paper Wirges had to produce \$11,187.72. Sometime earlier, he had bought a weekly newspaper at Jacksonville, Arkansas, near Little Rock. He had gone into debt for it, of course. He kept the paper only a short time and sold it. Unfortunately for Wirges, the new buyer liquidated the business almost at once and stopped making payments. Wirges was stuck with the unpaid balance, \$11,187.72. The original owner got a court judgment for that amount, and it was to satisfy the judgment that the *Democrat* was being put on the auction block.

IT SEEMED to Wirges that there was a curious haste on the part of the authorities to get on with the administration of justice. He was not to learn the whole truth until sometime later.

Wirges petitioned the Conway County Circuit Court to stop the sale. The court, after a hearing on July 3, two days before the auction, declined.

Deliverance finally came — dramatically enough, on the Fourth of July. With less than a day remaining before the sheriff's sale, a stranger who had heard of Wirges' plight stepped in and bought the \$11,187.72 judgment. The stranger, Dr. Stanley C. Gutowski of Perryville, said he was born in Russia and did not like boss rule. Gutowski was a Republican candidate for the legislature in neighboring Perry County, opposing the boss of the legislature, Representative Paul Van Dalsem. The

doctor made it clear to Wirges that he need be in no hurry to repay the \$11,187.72

When they went to pay the judgment, Wirges and Gutowski learned why Wirges' creditor had become so anxious. Wirges no longer was indebted to the man he thought he was indebted to. Representative Van Dalsem, the ally of the Conway County courthouse gang and himself a victim of Wirges' barbs in the *Perry County News*, quietly had bought the judgment against Wirges from the original creditor a few days earlier.

Wirges no sooner was out of the hot hands of the home authorities than he was threatened from a new direction. He had fallen perilously behind in his federal income tax payments and owed the Internal Revenue Service about \$7000. To Wirges' worried queries the agency replied that it did indeed have a proposed solution to his problem. The IRS would sell the *Democrat* at public auction to get its money.

Once again, Wirges was saved at the last minute. The deliverer this time was Arkansas's most famous immigrant, Winthrop Rockefeller, the wealthy New Yorker who had moved to Arkansas in 1953 and established himself on a ranch in Conway County. As the top man in the Arkansas Republican Party, Rockefeller had been alarmed for some time by the condition of Conway County's politics.

Rockefeller staved off the IRS auction by establishing an escrow account as large as Wirges' tax bill and telling the IRS that if Wirges did not pay the debt, the escrow account would.

Rockefeller said, in what some took to be understatement, "It seemed to me there were political pressures being put on him that stifled freedom of the press."

From the winter of 1962 on, Wirges was not fighting merely for freedom of the press. He was fighting for survival. That might have been some comfort to the courthouse leaders if their own position had been better. Among the country people of Arkansas a man occasionally is uncovered who is so without fear that it is said of him, "That son of a bitch would fight a circle saw." Marlin Hawkins, whom no one ever called a coward, knew that he had encountered such a man. The Conway County machine was fighting for its life, too.

Morrilton witnessed one of the most unusual performances in the annals of Arkansas justice March 19, 1963. Wiley W. Bean, the circuit judge for Conway County, summoned Wirges to his courtroom. In the presence of forty or fifty local political figures — virtually everyone in town who had been stung by Wirges' writing — Judge Bean conducted an inquisition. Wirges asked for his lawyer. The judge turned him down, then began asking questions about articles Wirges had written on politics and court decisions. When he was finished with the questions, he dressed down the publisher

and turned him loose. No charges were filed, and Wirges was never told the purpose of the proceeding. Despite repeated efforts, Wirges has never been able to get a transcript of the session.

The first libel suit was filed in August, 1963. Almost at once, a second was filed.

The county clerk, Clyde C. Brewer, asked for \$100,000. He said Wirges had damaged him in an editorial column and a news article the previous December. Wirges had raised questions about aspects of two Conway County school elections.

The first trial began in October. Brewer's attorney contended that Wirges had damaged his client's reputation by suggesting that Conway County's absentee ballots had been handled irregularly, because everyone knew that Brewer was the man in charge of the absentee ballots. In questioning before the trial, none of the prospective jurors knew who handled the absentee ballots. Nevertheless, the same jurors agreed with Brewer that he had been libeled. They awarded him \$75,000. Of that amount, \$50,000 was in compensatory damages — the implication being that Brewer had suffered \$50,000 actual loss because of what Wirges had printed. The other \$25,000 was labeled punitive damages.

THE second libel trial began less than a week after the first ended. The plaintiff, County Judge Tom Scott, was asking \$200,000. Mr. Scott's title may be misleading; in Arkansas, the county judge is the chief administrative officer of the county government, and he has only a handful of judicial duties, such as settling the fatherhood of illegitimate children. One county judge has developed a famous system of determining paternity by comparing the ears of the accused with those of the offspring.

Judge Scott complained that he had been damaged by a line that appeared in an anonymous *Democrat* column entitled "The Birdtown Birdie." The Birdie wrote of an unnamed person whom the columnist chose to call the "King." The column said the King "shakes your hand with one hand and picks your pocket with the other."

In the context, it seemed that the Birdie was expressing a political criticism of the way a county official conducted his duties.

Judge Scott's lawyer, Lieutenant Governor Nathan Gordon — who said at one point during the trial that he was proud to claim Sheriff Hawkins as a close friend — argued that Wirges' newspaper had called Judge Scott a pickpocket and a thief.

The astonished Wirges replied that the column had criticized official conduct, not personal. But mainly, Wirges said, the line in question did not refer to Scott. It referred to Sheriff Hawkins.

Wirges produced a long series of "Birdtown Birdie" columns in which the writer consistently had given the pet name the "King" to Sheriff Hawkins. When Judge Scott had been mentioned at all, he had been given another derisive title, "His Majesty."

Wirges was hollering into the wind. The jury was so impressed with Lieutenant Governor Gordon's argument that it gave Judge Scott all he asked — the full \$200,000. Half was for actual damages, half punitive.

When Wirges routinely asked for a new trial a few days later, he produced in evidence a tidbit that he had turned up after the trial. One of the three jury commissioners appointed by Judge Bean to select jurors for that term of court was a defendant in a \$6500 lawsuit that was to be tried during that same term of court by jurors he had helped select. Five persons testified that the jury commissioner had told them that he had agreed to serve on the jury commission merely to approve a jury panel list already selected by others, and that he had agreed to do that because he had been promised help with his own lawsuit. The commissioner admitted talking to the five persons but denied making any deal.

Deal or not, Wirges complained, he had found himself faced with these coincidences in his second trial:

1. The jury foreman was a partner in a resort business in another county with Lieutenant Governor Gordon and his brother, Ed Gordon, both of whom were serving as attorneys for Judge Scott in the Wirges libel suit.

2. Another juror was the employer of one of the three jury commissioners.

3. This same juror was the director of the Morrilton Housing Authority, which was represented in legal matters by the Morrilton city attorney, Felver Rowell, Jr., who in turn was Judge Scott's third attorney in the Wirges libel suit.

4. A third juror, unidentified, had made the statement after the trial that the \$200,000 judgment had been fixed not with the idea that it reflected the actual damages to the plaintiff or that it would be paid but rather because "all they wanted to do was to close the paper."

So the jury was a bad break — what about the judge? Wirges had asked Judge Bean to disqualify himself at the beginning of the Brewer trial because of his inquisition in March. Bean refused. However, on the opening day of the Scott trial he suddenly announced that he was turning the bench over to a colleague from another town. He was not disqualifying himself, he said, but was stepping down because he was tired.

Judge Bean returned to the bench when he was rested, which happened to be immediately after the Wirges trial, and his first act was to summon Wirges

to court again. All through the second trial Wirges had refused to identify the author of the "Birdtown Birdie" column. Judge Bean now directed Wirges to name the author. Wirges refused. Judge Bean sentenced him to ten days in jail for contempt of court.

A few days after the second trial, an *Arkansas Gazette* editorial guessed at what was bound to come. It said,

We are not passing on the merits of these cases. We are not saying whether these two county officials were or were not entitled to judgments. We are saying with solemn earnestness that the law and the courts should not extinguish and exterminate a newspaper for publishing words that have offended county politicians — or anybody else.

The *Gazette* spoke with more than a little authority. It had paid thousands of dollars in libel judgments and settlements a short time earlier when the *Gazette* was a symbol of opposition to the prevailing sentiment in a racial crisis.

Brewer and Scott got a court order at 11 A.M., November 26, to sell the *Democrat* to satisfy their judgments. An hour earlier, unknown to them, one of Wirges' creditors, Transportation Properties Incorporated of Little Rock, had filed suit for possession of the paper to satisfy its lien. Sheriff Hawkins dutifully served the creditor's claim and turned the *Democrat* over to the new faceless owner. Wirges' enemies were denied the lagniappe of their triumph, but it did not matter. The new owner of the paper, although friendly to Wirges, could not allow him to continue to operate it. His crusade was over.

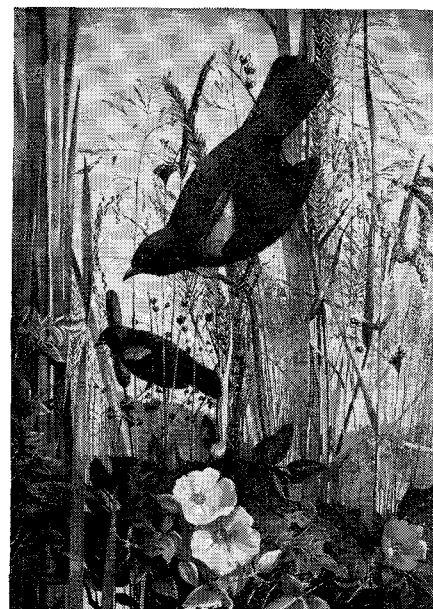
SINCE then, Wirges has spent his time writing a book and telling his story to civic clubs. The Wirgeses are subsisting on Mrs. Wirges' earnings from various jobs of writing and editing, while the head of the family fretfully watches the wheels of justice. His ten-day jail sentence and the \$75,000 libel judgment are on appeal to the state Supreme Court. He still is waiting for a ruling on his motion for a new trial in the Scott case.

Wirges' efforts have not gone unheeded. He won the Elijah Parish Lovejoy award for courage in journalism in 1963. The Conway County electoral process has aroused a statewide debate in Arkansas. Winthrop Rockefeller is running for governor against Mr. Faubus this year and is making Conway County an issue in his campaign. Some Arkansans undoubtedly view this reform campaign as carpetbaggery, just as some non-Arkansans may, in the same spirit, view the entire Conway County spectacle as un-American and out of harmony with the national morality. One view is probably as perceptive as the other.

A BIRD in the HOUSE

by MARGARET LAURENCE

A Canadian novelist, who was born in Manitoba in 1926, MARGARET LAURENCE went with her engineer husband first to Somaliland and then to Ghana. While he was employed in constructing public works, she studied the native Africans, translating their folk tales and writing about them in her short stories and novels. Two of her books, THE TOMORROW-TAMER and NEW WIND IN A DRY LAND, were published by Alfred Knopf last spring.



THE parade would be almost over by now, and I had not gone. My mother had said in a resigned voice, "All right, Vanessa, if that's the way you feel," making me suffer twice as many jabs of guilt as I would have done if she had lost her temper. She and Grandmother MacLeod had gone off, my mother pulling the low box sleigh with Roddie all dolled up in his new red snowsuit, just the sort of little kid anyone would want people to see. I sat on the lowest branch of the birch tree in our yard, not minding the snowy wind, even welcoming its punishment. I went over my reasons for not going, trying to believe they were good and sufficient, but in my heart I felt I was betraying my father. This was the first time I had stayed away from the Remembrance Day parade. I wondered if he would notice that I was not there, standing on the sidewalk at the corner of River and Main while the parade passed, and then following to the Courthouse grounds where the service was held.

I could see the whole thing in my mind. It was the same every year. The Manawaka Civic Band always led the way. They had never been able to afford full uniforms, but they had peaked navy-blue caps and sky-blue chest ribbons. They were joined on Remembrance Day by the Salvation Army band, whose uniforms seemed too ordinary for a parade, for they were the same ones the bandsmen wore every Saturday night when they played "Nearer, my God, to Thee" at the foot of River Street. The two

bands never managed to practice quite enough together, so they did not keep in time too well. The Salvation Army band invariably played faster, and afterward my father would say irritably, "They play those marches just like they do hymns, blast them, as though they wouldn't get to heaven if they didn't hustle up." And my mother, who had great respect for the Salvation Army because of the good work they did, would respond chidingly, "Now, now, Ewen —" I vowed I would never say "Now, now" to my husband or children, not that I ever intended having the latter, for I had been put off by my brother, Roderick, who was two years old, with wavy hair, and everyone said what a beautiful child. I was twelve, and no one in his right mind would have said what a beautiful child, for I was big-boned like my Grandfather Connor and had straight lanky black hair like a Blackfoot or Cree.

After the bands would come the veterans. Even thinking of them at this distance, in the white and withdrawn quiet of the birch tree, gave me a sense of painful embarrassment. I might not have minded so much if my father had not been among them. How could he go? How could he not see how they all looked? It must have been a long time since they were soldiers, for they had forgotten how to march in step. They were old — that was the thing. My father was bad enough, being almost forty, but he wasn't a patch on Howard Tully from the drug-store, who was completely gray-haired and also fat,

Lithograph by Stow Wengenroth. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

or Stewart MacMurchie, who was bald on the back of his head. They looked to me like imposters, plump or spindly caricatures of past warriors. I almost hated them for walking in that limping column down Main. At the Courthouse, everyone would sing "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget." Will Masterson would pick up his old army bugle and blow the "Last Post." Then it would be over, and everyone could start gabbling once more and go home.

I jumped down from the birch bough and ran to the house, yelling, making as much noise as I could.

I'm a poor lonesome cowboy
An' a long way from home

I stepped inside the front hall and kicked off my snow boots. I slammed the door behind me, making the dark ruby and emerald glass shake in the small leaded panes. I slid purposely on the hall rug, causing it to bunch and crinkle on the slippery polished oak of the floor. I seized the newel-post, round as a head, and spun myself to and fro on the bottom stair.

I ain't got no father
To buy the clothes I wear.
I'm a poor lonesome . . .

At this moment my shoulders were firmly seized and shaken by a pair of hands, white and delicate and old but strong as talons.

"Just what do you think you're doing, young lady?" Grandmother MacLeod inquired, in a voice like frost on a windowpane, infinitely cold and clearly etched.

I went limp, and in a moment she took her hands away. If you struggled, she would always hold on longer.

"Gee, I never knew you were home yet."

"I would have thought that on a day like this you might have shown a little respect and consideration," Grandmother MacLeod said, "even if you couldn't make the effort to get cleaned up enough to go to the parade."

I realized with surprise that she imagined this to be my reason for not going. I did not try to correct her impression. My real reason would have been even less acceptable.

"I'm sorry," I said quickly.

In some families, "please" is described as the magic word. In our house, however, it was "sorry."

"This isn't an easy day for any of us," she said.

Then I remembered that her younger son, my Uncle Roderick, had been killed in the Great War. When my father marched, and when the hymn was sung, and when that unbearably lonely tune was sounded by the one bugle and everyone forced themselves to keep absolutely still, it would be that boy of whom she was thinking. I felt the enormity of my own offense.

"Grandmother — I'm sorry."

"So you said."

I could not tell her I had not really said it before at all. I went into the den and found my father there. He was sitting in the leather-cushioned armchair beside the fireplace. He was not doing anything, just sitting and smoking. I stood beside him, wanting to touch the light brown hairs on his forearm, but thinking he might laugh at me or pull his arm away if I did.

"I'm sorry," I said, meaning it.

"What for, honey?"

"For not going."

"Oh, that. What was the matter?"

I did not want him to know, and yet I had to tell him, make him see.

"They look silly," I blurted. "Marching like that."

For a minute I thought he was going to be angry. It would have been a relief to me if he had been. Instead, he fixed his eyes above the mantelpiece where the sword hung, the handsome and evil-looking crescent in its carved bronze sheath that some ancestor had once brought from the northern frontier of India.

"Is that the way it looks to you?" he said.

I felt in his voice some hurt, something that was my fault. I wanted to make everything all right between us, to convince him that I understood, even if I did not. I prayed that Grandmother MacLeod would stay put in her room, and that my mother would take a long time in the kitchen giving Roddie his lunch. I wanted my father to myself, so I could prove to him that I cared more about him than any of the others did. I wanted to speak in some way that would be more poignant and comprehending than anything of which my mother could possibly be capable. But I did not know how.

"You were right there when Uncle Roderick got killed, weren't you?" I began uncertainly.

"Yes."

"How old was he, Dad?"

"Eighteen," my father said.

Unexpectedly, that day came into intense being for me. He had had to watch his own brother die, not in the antiseptic calm of some hospital, but out in the open, the stretches of mud I had seen in his snapshots. He would not have known what to do. He would just have had to stand there and look at it, whatever that might mean. I looked at my father with a kind of horrified awe, and then I began to cry. I had forgotten about impressing him with my perception. Now I needed him to console me for this unwanted glimpse of the pain he had once known.

"Hey, cut it out, honey," he said, embarrassed. "It was bad, but it wasn't all as bad as that part. There were a few other things."

"Like what?" I said, not believing him.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied evasively. "Most of us were pretty young, you know, I and the boys I joined up with. None of us had ever been away from Manawaka before. Those of us who came back mostly came back here, or else went no further away from town than Winnipeg. So when we were overseas, that was the only time most of us were ever a long way from home."

"Did you want to be?" I asked, shocked.

"Oh, well," my father said uncomfortably. "It was kind of interesting to see a few other places for a change, that's all."

Grandmother MacLeod was standing in the doorway.

"Beth's called you twice for lunch, Ewen. Are you deaf, you and Vanessa?"

"Sorry," my father and I said simultaneously.

Then we went upstairs to wash our hands.

THAT winter my mother returned to her old job as nurse in my father's medical practice. She was able to do this only because of Noreen.

"Grandmother MacLeod says we're getting a maid," I said to my father, accusingly, one morning. "We're not, are we?"

"Believe you me, on what I'm going to be paying her," my father growled, "she couldn't be called anything as classy as a maid. Hired girl would be more like it."

"Now, now, Ewen," my mother put in, "it's not as if we were cheating her or anything. You know she wants to live in town, and I can certainly see why, stuck out there on the farm, and her father hardly ever letting her come in. What kind of life is that for a girl?"

"I don't like the idea of your going back to work, Beth," my father said. "I know you're fine now, but you're not exactly the robust type."

"You can't afford to hire a nurse any longer. It's all very well to say the Depression won't last forever; probably it won't, but what else can we do for now?"

"I'm damned if I know," my father admitted. "Beth —"

"Yes?"

They both seemed to have forgotten about me. It was at breakfast, which we always ate in the kitchen, and I sat rigidly on my chair, pretending to ignore and thus snub their withdrawal from me. I glared at the window, but it was so thickly plumed and scrolled with frost that I could not see out. I glanced back to my parents. My father had not replied, and my mother was looking at him in that anxious and half-frowning way she had recently developed.

"What is it, Ewen?" Her voice had the same nervous sharpness it bore sometimes when she would say to me, "For mercy's sake, Vanessa, what is it *now*?" as though whatever was the matter, it was bound to be the last straw.

My father spun his sterling silver serviette ring, engraved with his initials, slowly around on the table.

"I never thought things would turn out like this, did you?"

"Please," my mother said in a low, strained voice, "please, Ewen, let's not start all this again. I can't take it."

"All right," my father said. "Only —"

"The MacLeods used to have money, and now they don't," my mother cried. "Well, they're not alone. Do you think all that matters to me, Ewen? What I can't bear is to see you forever reproaching yourself. As if it were your fault."

"I don't think it's the comedown," my father said. "If I were somewhere else, I don't think it would matter to me, either, except where you're concerned. But I suppose you'd work too hard wherever you were — it's bred into you. If you haven't got anything to slave away at, you'll sure as hell invent something."

"What do you think I should do, let the house go to wrack and ruin? That would go over well with your mother, wouldn't it?"

"That's just it," my father said. "It's the damned house all the time. I haven't only taken on my father's house, I've taken on everything that goes with it, apparently. Sometimes I really wonder —"

"Well, it's a good thing I've inherited some practicality even if you haven't," my mother said. "I'll say that for the Connors — they aren't given to brooding, thank the Lord. Do you want your egg poached or scrambled?"

"Scrambled," my father said. "All I hope is that this Noreen doesn't get married straightaway, that's all."

"She won't," my mother said. "Who's she going to meet who could afford to marry?"

"I marvel at you, Beth," my father said. "You look as though a puff of wind would blow you away. But underneath, by God, you're all hardwood."

"Don't talk stupidly," my mother said. "All I hope is that she won't object to taking your mother's breakfast up on a tray."

"That's right," my father said angrily. "Rub it in."

"Oh, Ewen, I'm sorry!" my mother cried, her face suddenly stricken. "I don't know why I say these things. I didn't mean to."

"I know," my father said. "Here, cut it out, honey. Just for God's sake, please don't cry."

"I'm sorry," my mother repeated, blowing her nose.

"We're both sorry," my father said. "Not that that changes anything."

After my father had gone, I got down from my chair and went to my mother.

"I don't want you to go back to the office. I don't want a hired girl here. I'll hate her."

My mother sighed, making me feel that I was placing an intolerable burden on her, and yet making me resent having to feel this weight. She looked tired, as she often did these days. Her tiredness bored me, made me want to attack her for it.

"Catch me getting along with a dumb old hired girl," I threatened.

"Do what you like," my mother said abruptly. "What can I do about it?"

And then, of course, I felt bereft, not knowing which way to turn.

MY FATHER need not have worried about Noreen's getting married. She was, as it turned out, interested not in boys but in God. My mother was relieved about the boys but alarmed about God.

"It isn't natural," she said, "for a girl of seventeen. Do you think she's all right mentally, Ewen?"

My parents, along with Grandmother MacLeod, went to the United Church every Sunday, and I was made to go to Sunday school in the church basement, where there were small red chairs which humiliatingly resembled kindergarten furniture, and pictures of Jesus wearing a white sheet and surrounded by a whole lot of well-dressed kids whose mothers obviously had not suffered them to come unto Him until every face and ear was properly scrubbed. Our religious observances also included grace at meals, when my father would mumble "For what we are about to receive the Lord make us truly thankful Amen," running the words together as though they were one long word. My mother approved of these rituals, which seemed decent and moderate to her. Noreen's religion, however, was a different matter. Noreen belonged to the Tabernacle of the Risen and Reborn, and she had got up to testify no less than seven times in the past two years, she told us. My mother, who could not imagine anyone voluntarily making a public spectacle of himself, was profoundly shocked by this revelation.

"Don't worry," my father soothed her. "She's all right. She's just had kind of a dull life, that's all."

My mother shrugged and went on worrying and trying to help Noreen without hurting her feelings, by tactful remarks about the advisability of modulating one's voice when singing hymns and about the fact that there was plenty of hot water so Noreen

really didn't need to hesitate about taking a bath. She even bought a razor and a packet of blades and whispered to Noreen that any girl who wore transparent blouses so much would probably like to shave under her arms. None of these suggestions had the slightest effect on Noreen. She did not cease belting out hymns at the top of her voice, she bathed once a fortnight, and the sorrel-colored hair continued to bloom like a thicket of Indian paintbrush in her armpits.

Grandmother MacLeod refused to speak to Noreen. This caused Noreen a certain amount of bewilderment until she finally hit on an answer.

"Your poor grandma," she said. "She is deaf as a post. These things are sent to try us here on earth, Vanessa. But if she makes it into heaven, I'll bet you anything she will hear clear as a bell."

Noreen and I talked about heaven quite a lot, and also hell. Noreen had an intimate and detailed knowledge of both places. She not only knew what they looked like, she even knew how big they were. Heaven was seventy-seven thousand miles square, and it had four gates, each one made out of a different kind of precious jewel. The Pearl Gate, the Topaz Gate, the Amethyst Gate, the Ruby Gate — Noreen would reel them off, all the gates of heaven. I told Noreen they sounded like poetry, but she was puzzled by my reaction, and said I shouldn't talk that way. If you said poetry, it sounded like it was just made up and not really so, Noreen said.

Hell was larger than heaven, and when I asked why, thinking of it as something of a comedown for God, Noreen said naturally it had to be bigger because there were a darn sight more people there than in heaven. Hell was one hundred and ninety million miles deep and was in perpetual darkness, like a cave or under the sea. Even the flames (this was the awful thing) did not give off any light.

I DID not actually believe in Noreen's doctrines, but the images which they conjured up began to inhabit my imagination. Noreen's fund of exotic knowledge was not limited to religion, although in a way it all seemed related. She could do many things which had a spooky tinge to them. Once when she was making a cake, she found we had run out of eggs. She went outside and gathered a bowl of fresh snow and used it instead. The cake rose like a charm, and I stared at Noreen as though she were a sorceress. In fact, I began to think of her as a sorceress, someone not quite of this earth. There was nothing unearthly about her broad shoulders and hips and her forest of dark red hair, but even these features took on a slightly sinister significance to me. I no longer saw her through the eyes or the expressed

opinions of my mother and father, as a girl who had quit school at grade eight and whose life on the farm had been endlessly drab. I knew the truth — Noreen's life had not been drab at all, for she dwelt in a world of violent splendors, a world filled with angels whose wings of delicate light bore real feathers, and saints shining like the dawn, and prophets who spoke in ancient tongues, and the ecstatic souls of the saved, as well as denizens of the lower regions: mean-eyed imps, and crooked cloven-hoofed monsters, and beasts with the bodies of swine and the human heads of murderers, and lovely depraved jezebels torn by dogs through all eternity.

The middle layer of creation, our earth, was equally full of grotesque presences, for Noreen believed strongly in the visitation of ghosts and the communication with spirits. She could prove this with her Ouija board. We would both place our fingers lightly on the indicator, and it would skim across the board and spell out answers to our questions. I did not believe wholeheartedly in the Ouija board either, but I was cautious about the kind of question I asked, in case the answer would turn out unfavorable and I would be unable to forget it.

One day Noreen told me she could also make a table talk. We used the small table in my bedroom, and sure enough, it lifted very slightly under our fingertips and tapped once for *yes*, twice for *no*. Noreen asked if her Aunt Ruthie would get better from the kidney operation, and the table replied *no*. I withdrew my hands.

"I don't want to do it anymore."

"Gee, what's the matter, Vanessa?" Noreen's plain, placid face creased in a frown. "We only just begun."

"I have to do my homework."

My heart lurched as I said this. I was certain Noreen would know I was lying, and that she would know not by any ordinary perception, either. But her attention had been caught by something else, and I was thankful, at least until I saw what it was.

My bedroom window was not opened in the coldest weather. The storm window, which was fitted outside as an extra wall against the winter, had three small circular holes in its frame so that some fresh air could seep into the house. The sparrow must have been floundering in the new snow on the roof, for it had crawled in through one of these holes and was now caught between the two layers of glass. I could not bear the panic of the trapped bird, and before I realized what I was doing, I had thrown open the bedroom window. I was not releasing the sparrow into any better situation, I soon saw, for instead of remaining quiet and allowing us to catch it in order to free it, it began flying blindly around the room, hitting the lampshade, brushing

against the walls, its wings seeming to spin faster and faster.

I was petrified. I thought I would pass out if those palpitating wings touched me. There was something in the bird's senseless movements that revolted me. I also thought it was going to damage itself, break one of those thin wing bones, perhaps, and then it would be lying on the floor, dying, like the pimpled and horribly featherless baby birds we saw sometimes on the sidewalks in the spring when they had fallen out of their nests. I was not any longer worried about the sparrow. I wanted only to avoid the sight of it lying broken on the floor. Viciously, I thought that if Noreen said, "God sees the little sparrow fall," I would kick her in the shins. She did not, however, say this.

"A bird in the house means a death in the house," Noreen remarked.

Shaken, I pulled my glance away from the whirling wings and looked at Noreen. "What?"

"That's what I've heard said, anyhow."

The sparrow had exhausted itself. It lay on the floor, spent and trembling. I could not bring myself to touch it. Noreen bent and picked it up. She cradled it with great gentleness between her cupped hands. Then we took it downstairs, and when I had opened the back door, Noreen set the bird free.

"Poor little scrap," she said, and I felt struck to the heart, knowing she had been concerned all along about the sparrow, while I, perfidiously, in the chaos of the moment, had been concerned only about myself.

"Wanna do some with the Ouija board, Vanessa?" Noreen asked.

I shivered a little, perhaps only because of the blast of cold air which had come into the kitchen when the door was opened.

"No thanks, Noreen. Like I said, I got my homework to do. But thanks all the same."

"That's OK," Noreen said in her guileless voice. "Anytime."

But whenever she mentioned the Ouija board or the talking table after that, I always found some excuse not to consult these oracles.

Do you want to come to church with me this evening, Vanessa?" my father asked.

"How come you're going to the evening service?" I inquired.

"Well, we didn't go this morning. We went snowshoeing instead, remember? I think your grandmother was a little bit put out about it. She went alone this morning. I guess it wouldn't hurt you and me to go now."

We walked through the dark, along the white streets, the snow squeaking dryly under our feet.

The streetlights were placed at long intervals along the sidewalks, and around each pole the circle of flimsy light created glistening points of blue and crystal on the crusted snow. I would have liked to take my father's hand, as I used to do, but I was too old for that now. I walked beside him, taking long steps so he would not have to walk more slowly on my account.

The sermon bored me, and I began leafing through the hymnary for entertainment. I must have drowsed, for the next thing I knew, my father was prodding me, and we were on our feet for the closing hymn.

Near the Cross, near the Cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my ransomed soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

I knew the tune well, so I sang loudly for the first verse. But the music to that hymn is somber, and all at once the words themselves seemed too dreadful to be sung. I stopped singing, my throat knotted. I thought I was going to cry, but I did not know why, except that the song recalled to me my Grandmother Connor, who had died the year before. She had been a very religious woman, but not in any sanctimonious way, and we had all loved her, even Grandfather Connor, who did not seem like the sort of person who would love anybody. I wondered why her soul needed to be ransomed. If God did not think she was good enough just as she was, then I did not have much use for His opinion. "Rest beyond the river" — was that what had happened to her? She had believed in heaven, but I did not think that rest beyond the river was quite what she had had in mind. To think of her in Noreen's flashy heaven, though — that was even worse. Someplace where nobody ever got annoyed or had to be smoothed down and placated, someplace where there were never any family scenes — that would have suited my Grandmother Connor. Maybe she wouldn't have minded a certain amount of rest beyond the river at that.

When we had the silent prayer, I looked at my father. He sat with his head bowed and his eyes closed. He was frowning deeply, and I could see the pulse in his temple. I wondered then what he believed. I did not have any real idea what it might be. When he raised his head, he did not look uplifted or anything like that. He merely looked tired. Then Reverend McKee pronounced the benediction, and we could go home.

"What do you think about all that stuff, Dad?" I asked hesitantly, as we walked.

"What stuff, honey?"

"Oh, heaven and hell, and like that."

My father laughed. "Have you been listening to Noreen too much? Well, I don't know. I don't think they're actual places. Maybe they stand for

something that happens all the time here, or else doesn't happen. It's kind of hard to explain. I guess I'm not so good at explanations."

Nothing seemed to have been made any clearer to me. I reached out and took his hand, not caring that he might think this a babyish gesture.

"I hate that hymn!"

"Good Lord," my father said in astonishment. "Why, Vanessa?"

But I did not know and so could not tell him.

MANY people in Manawaka had flu that winter, so my father and Doctor Cates were kept extremely busy. I had flu myself, and spent a week in bed, vomiting only the first day and after that enjoying poor health, as my mother put it, with Noreen bringing me ginger ale and orange juice, and each evening my father putting a wooden tongue depressor into my mouth and peering down my throat, then smiling and saying he thought I might live after all.

Then my father got sick himself and had to stay home and go to bed. This was such an unusual occurrence that it amused me.

"Doctors shouldn't get sick," I told him.

"You're right," he said. "That was pretty bad management."

"Run along now, dear," my mother said.

That night I woke and heard voices in the upstairs hall. When I went out, I found my mother and Grandmother MacLeod, both in their dressing gowns. With them was Doctor Cates. I did not go immediately to my mother, as I would have done only a year before. I stood in the doorway of my room, squinting against the sudden light.

"Mother, what is it?"

She turned, and momentarily I saw the look on her face before she erased it and put on a contrived calm.

"It's all right," she said. "Doctor Cates has just come to have a look at Daddy. You go on back to sleep."

The wind was high that night, and I lay and listened to it rattling the storm windows and making the dry and winter-stiffened vines of the Virginia creeper scratch like small persistent claws against the red brick. In the morning, my mother told me that my father had developed pneumonia.

Doctor Cates did not think it would be safe to move my father to the hospital. My mother began sleeping in the spare bedroom, and after she had been there for a few nights, I asked if I could sleep in there too. I thought she would be bound to ask me why, and I did not know what I would say, but she only nodded, and in some way her easy agreement upset me.

That night Doctor Cates came again, bringing with him one of the nurses from the hospital. My mother stayed upstairs with them. I sat with Grandmother MacLeod in the living room. That was the last place in the world I wanted to be, but I thought she would be offended if I went off. She sat as straight and rigid as a totem pole, and embroidered away at the needlepoint cushion cover she was doing. I perched on the edge of the chesterfield and kept my eyes fixed on *The White Company* by Conan Doyle, and from time to time I turned a page. I had already read it three times, but luckily Grandmother MacLeod did not know that. At nine o'clock she looked at her gold brooch watch, which she always wore pinned to her dress, and told me to go to bed, so I did that.

I awakened in darkness. At first, it seemed to me that I was in my own bed, and everything was as usual, with my parents in their room, and Roddie curled up in the crib in his room, and Grandmother MacLeod sleeping with her mouth open in her enormous spool bed, surrounded by half a dozen framed photos of Uncle Roderick and only one of my father, and Noreen snoring fitfully in the room next to mine, with the dark flames of her hair spreading out across the pillow, and the pink and silver motto cards from the Tabernacle stuck with adhesive tape onto the wall beside her bed: *Lean on Him, Emmanuel Is My Refuge, Rock of Ages Cleft for Me*.

Then in the total night around me, I heard a sound. It was my mother, and she was crying, not loudly at all but from somewhere very deep inside her. I sat up in bed. Everything seemed to have stopped, not only time but my own heart and blood as well. Then my mother noticed that I was awake.

I did not ask her, and she did not tell me anything. There was no need. She held me in her arms, or I held her, I am not certain which. And after a while the first mourning stopped, too, as everything does sooner or later, for when the limits of endurance have been reached, then people must sleep.

IN THE days following my father's death, I stayed close beside my mother, and this was only partly for my own consoling. I also had the feeling that she needed my protection. I did not know from what, or what I could possibly do, but something held me there. Reverend McKee called, and I sat with my grandmother and my mother in the living room. My mother told me I did not need to stay unless I wanted to, but I refused to go. What I thought chiefly was that he would speak of the healing power of prayer and all that, and it would be bound to make my mother cry again. And, in

fact, it happened in just that way, but when it actually came, I could not protect her from this assault. I could only sit there and pray my own prayer, which was that he would go away quickly.

My mother tried not to cry unless she was alone or with me. I also tried, but neither of us was entirely successful. Grandmother MacLeod, on the other hand, was never seen crying, not even the day of my father's funeral. But that day, when we had returned to the house and she had taken off her black velvet overshoes and her heavy sealskin coat with its black fur that was the softest thing I had ever touched, she stood in the hallway and for the first time she looked unsteady. When I reached out instinctively toward her, she sighed.

"That's right," she said. "You might just take my arm while I go upstairs, Vanessa."

That was the most my Grandmother MacLeod ever gave in, to anyone's sight. I left her in her bedroom, sitting on the straight chair beside her bed and looking at the picture of my father that had been taken when he graduated from medical college. Maybe she was sorry now that she had only the one photograph of him, but whatever she felt, she did not say.

I went down into the kitchen. I had scarcely spoken to Noreen since my father's death. This had not been done on purpose. I simply had not seen her. I had not really seen anyone except my mother. Looking at Noreen now, I suddenly recalled the sparrow. I felt physically sick, remembering the fearful darting and plunging of those wings, and the fact that it was I who had opened the window and let it in. Then an inexplicable fury took hold of me, some terrifying need to hurt, burn, destroy. Absolutely without warning, either to her or to myself, I hit Noreen as hard as I could. When she swung around, appalled, I hit out at her once more, my arms and legs flailing. Her hands snatched at my wrists, and she held me, but I continued to struggle, fighting blindly, my eyes tightly closed, as though she were a prison all around me and I was battling to get out. Finally, too shocked at myself to go on, I went limp in her grasp, and she let me drop to the floor.

"Vanessa! I never done one single solitary thing to you, and here you go hitting and scratching me like that! What in the world has got into you?"

I began to say I was sorry, which was certainly true, but I did not say it. I could not say anything.

"You're not yourself, what with your dad and everything," she excused me. "I been praying every night that your dad is with God, Vanessa. I know he wasn't actually saved in the regular way, but still and all —"

"Shut up," I said.

Something in my voice made her stop talking. I rose from the floor and stood in the doorway.

"He didn't need to be saved," I went on coldly, distinctly. "And he is not in heaven, because there is no heaven. And it doesn't matter, see? *It doesn't matter!*"

Noreen's face looked peculiarly vulnerable now, her high, wide cheekbones and puzzled childish eyes, and the thick russet tangle of her hair. I had not hurt her much before, when I hit her. But I had hurt her now, hurt her in some inexcusable way. Yet I sensed, too, that already she was gaining some satisfaction out of feeling sorrowful about my disbelief.

I went upstairs to my room. Momentarily I felt a sense of calm, almost of acceptance. *Rest beyond the river.* I knew now what that meant. It meant Nothing. It meant only silence, forever.

Then I lay down on my bed and spent the last of my tears, or what seemed then to be the last. Because, despite what I had said to Noreen, it did matter. It mattered, but there was no help for it.

EVERYTHING changed after my father's death. The MacLeod house could not be kept up any longer. My mother sold it to a local merchant who subsequently covered over with yellow stucco the deep red of the brick. Something about the house had always made me uneasy — its tower room, where Grandmother MacLeod's potted plants drooped in a lethargic and lime-green confusion, its long stairways and hidden places, the attic, which I had always imagined to be dwelt in by the spirits of the family dead, the gigantic portrait of the Duke of Wellington that hung at the top of the stairs. It was never an endearing house. And yet when it was no longer ours, and when the Virginia creeper had been torn down and the dark walls turned to a light marigold, I went out of my way to avoid walking past, for it seemed to me that the house had lost the stern dignity that was its very heart.

Noreen went back to the farm. My mother and brother and I moved into Grandfather Connor's house. Grandmother MacLeod went to live with Aunt Morag in Winnipeg. It was harder for her than for anyone else, because so much of her life was bound up with the MacLeod house. She was fond of Aunt Morag, but that hardly counted. Her men were gone, her husband and her sons, and a family whose men are gone is no family at all. The day she left, my mother and I did not know what to say. Grandmother MacLeod looked even smaller than usual in her fur coat and her black velvet toque. She became extremely agitated about trivialities, and fussed about the possibility of the taxi

not arriving on time. She had forbidden us to accompany her to the station. About my father, or the house, or anything important, she did not say a word. Then, when the taxi had finally arrived, she turned to my mother.

"Roddie will have Ewen's seal ring, of course, with the MacLeod crest on it," she said. "But there is another seal as well, don't forget, the larger one with the crest and motto. It's meant to be worn on a watch chain. I keep it in my jewel box. It was Roderick's. Roddie's to have that, too, when I die. Don't let Morag talk you out of it."

During World War II, when I was seventeen years old and in love with an airman who did not love me, and desperately anxious to get away from Manawaka and from my grandfather's house, I happened one day to be going through the old mahogany desk that had belonged to my father. It had a number of small drawers inside, and I accidentally pulled one of these all the way out. Behind it there was another drawer, one I had not known about. Curious, I opened it. Inside, there was a letter written on almost transparent paper in a cramped, angular handwriting. It began, *Cher Monsieur Ewen*. . . . That was all I could make out, for the writing was nearly impossible to read and my French was not good. It was dated 1919. With it, there was a picture of a girl, looking absurdly old-fashioned to my eyes, like the faces on long-discarded calendars or chocolate boxes. But beneath the dated quality of the photograph, she seemed neither expensive nor cheap. She looked like what she probably had been — an ordinary, middle-class girl, but in another country. She wore her hair in long ringlets, and her mouth was shaped into a sweetly sad posed smile like Mary Pickford's. That was all. There was nothing else in the drawer.

I looked for a long time at the girl, and hoped she had meant some momentary and unexpected freedom. I remembered what he had said to me after I hadn't gone to the Remembrance Day parade.

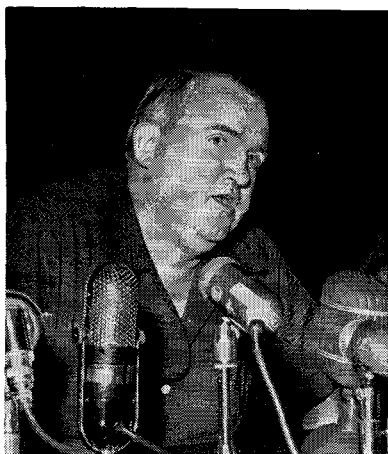
"What are you doing, Vanessa?" my mother called from the kitchen.

"Nothing," I replied.

I took the letter and picture outside and burned them. That was all I could do for him. Now that we might have talked together, it was many years too late. Perhaps it would not have been possible anyway. I did not know. All I knew was that I understood at last what the bird in the house had really been.

As I watched the smile of the girl turn into scorched paper, I grieved for my father as though he had just died now.

PAUL HALL



LABOR'S MUTINOUS MARINERS

BY A. H. RASKIN

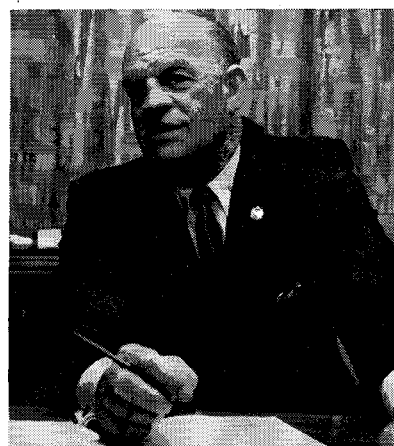
On shipboard as well as on the waterfront, the powerful unions of seamen and dockworkers manage to dominate the American merchant marine and control the commerce on our docks. The rivalry between Joseph Curran of the National Maritime Union and Paul Hall of the Seafarers International Union, which has often resulted in strikes, is here revealed by A. H. RASKIN of the New York TIMES.

ON THE teak-paneled wall of one of New York's most sumptuous executive suites hang the wheel and brass nameplate of the old cruise ship *California*. In an equally posh conference room a few yards away is a laminated copy of a letter from the Panama Pacific Line notifying its agents that the March 21, 1936, sailing of the *California* was being canceled because of a mutiny by some of its seamen in San Pedro Harbor. "With all the efforts that are being made by the shipowners and the United States Government in the interest of safety at sea, we cannot entrust our passengers and ships to men guilty of mutinous conduct," the notice said. Chief among the men blacklisted as mutineers was the man in whose office the wheel and letter now repose, Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union.

He was a boatswain on the *California* then, a giant with iron fists and a nose scalloped by repeated fractures. When the head of the corrupt old International Seamen's Union telephoned an order to the crew to go back to work, it was Curran's flinty voice that snapped the reply, "Go to hell; you sold us out."

How far Curran and his union have come in the twenty-eight years since the N.M.U. was born out of penury and revolt is reflected in the glistening new headquarters building on Seventh Avenue, where the mementos of its early privations are now displayed in such proud incongruity. Built at a

Courtesy of Wide World Photos.



JOSEPH CURRAN

cost of \$6.5 million and designed by a disciple of Frank Lloyd Wright, the structure dwarfs in spectacularness and price even the Taj Mahal that houses the International Brotherhood of Teamsters in Washington.

The N.M.U. is the whale among the unions whose members man the American merchant marine and control the flow of commerce across the nation's docks. These unions of ship and shore are a strange lot, fascinatingly diverse in a period when blandness and conformity are melding most other labor organizations into homogenized sameness. Their feuds and the willfulness with which they apply their great power are a constant torture to the government, the shipping industry, and the merged labor federation. They use strikes to record their dislike of foreign governments or to force changes in official United States policy. The State Department ranks as excess cargo in their evaluation of world affairs. They can match the smuggest of the old-line building trades in self-idolatry. Yet there is in all of them a restlessness that immunizes them against total surrender to the torpor that afflicts labor generally.

Two unions of unlicensed seamen, each with its own constellation of satellites among unionized ships' officers, dominate the merchant marine. They are the N.M.U., led by Curran, and the Seafarers International Union (S.I.U.), under the leadership of Paul Hall, who slugged his way up from an engine wiper's job in the black gang of a freighter. Both Curran and Hall are vice presidents of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations, but their interpersonal relations range from coolness to active hostility.

Curran's union — and the completeness with which it is his union is symbolized by the decision of its members, by referendum vote, to name the new headquarters for him — vastly exceeds the S.I.U. in strength. The N.M.U. has most of the subsidized shipping lines and thus can count on a cushion of government cash to help its employers underwrite their wage and benefit agreements. The S.I.U. job empire has shrunk under the impact of low-wage foreign competition and the resulting preference of many American companies to operate runaway fleets under foreign flags.

Yet, for all the N.M.U.'s dominance afloat, there exists, even in the inner councils of the Curran union, a sense that the Triton who will eventually rule all ship and dock labor is the imaginative and aggressive Hall. At fifty, he is eight years younger than Curran, just as strong-willed, and much more skillful in building alliances in the federation's power structure. There is no chance that he will dislodge Curran in a direct contest, but the expectation is that he would move in to take over whenever death or ill health should force Curran out.

On the waterfront the two dominant unions are as dissimilar as those on shipboard. They are the International Longshoremen's Association (I.L.A.), with a stranglehold on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and the Great Lakes, and the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (I.L.W.U.), colossus of the West Coast, Alaska, and Hawaii. The I.L.A. is back inside the House of Labor after six years of exile on charges of domination by corrupt elements. The I.L.W.U., headed by Harry Bridges, is still outside, fourteen years after having been cut adrift for subservience to Communism.

Given this background, the approach each union has taken to automation might seem paradoxical if it were not for the contradictory character of almost everything that affects union policy on the docks. Bridges, the erstwhile engineer of general strikes, target of repeated government deportation attempts, and still a partisan of pro-Communist causes, has signed a pioneering agreement to facilitate the introduction of more efficient shiploading equipment. The five-and-one-half-year pact, which gives the employers a free hand in exchange for a share of the profits to purchase job security, wage

guarantees, and more generous pensions for the longshoremen, is widely regarded as a model of labor-management statesmanship in an industry little noted for its contributions to responsibility.

The I.L.A., once ready to surrender any interest of its members if the employers paid a high enough price to its satraps under the bargaining table, has been adamant against any reduction in gang size or other concession that would permit the shipping companies to install new loading devices and derive benefits comparable with those made possible by Bridges' contract for the West Coast. This was the central issue in the five-week strike that paralyzed Atlantic and Gulf ports two years ago, and the employers lost. In this year's negotiations a federal manpower study provided a key to modernizing East Coast practices and chipping away some of the encrusted waste. But even with that government assist and a willingness by the employers to provide ironclad job assurances and a guaranteed annual wage, the automation talks could not avert a strike, and once again the President had to go through the dreary routine of invoking the Taft-Hartley Act.

Aboard ship, too, automation is creating new contract problems, but with few signs of major union holdback. New cargo vessels now under construction will be like floating warehouses, with electronic controls governing all operations belowdecks, from the stowing of cargo to the running of the engines. Union leaders insist that they have no intention of seeking to featherbed the manning schedules for these ships; they already have worked out arrangements for advance training of union seamen in the techniques necessary to sail them. But manning scales are not subject to arbitration under the union agreements, and the industry has its fingers crossed about what difficulties it may run into when terms must be fixed for whatever crew is needed to staff the ghost ships of tomorrow.

A few complaints have already been made in cases where the unions have accused the operators of using automation as an excuse for cutting out old work rules without cutting out any of the old work. "One company wanted to take away relief time for its deck watches," an N.M.U. official reports. "The only automation involved was that the line had given the man on the forepeak a thermos bottle of coffee; they said that meant he didn't need the usual relief man so he could leave his post for a coffee break."

LIFE has changed for the seaman in ways that go beyond coffee breaks. When Curran and his fellow rebels struck on the *California* in 1936, they were seeking a \$5.00 increase in a contract calling for a basic wage of \$57.50 a month. The seaman's stan-

dard work week was seven days — fifty-six hours — and there were no employer-financed pension or welfare benefits. Sailors slept in the glory hole, a long open dormitory, not too different from the flophouses where they went to sober up after a shoreside bender. Their bunks had straw mattresses and blue linen that was unchanged from one end of a voyage to the other. The food, in Curran's words, "was not fit for the rats that used to race us for it."

Today's N.M.U. contract calls for base pay of \$389 a month for five days — forty hours — and overtime normally adds at least \$200. Union members are eligible for a pension of \$125 a month after twenty years at sea, no matter how young they are. Next June 15 the retirement payment will go up to \$150. Paid vacations come to sixty days a year, and welfare benefits range from free eyeglasses to a maximum allowance of \$1420 for hospital and surgical payments.

Even more startling have been the improvements in food and quarters aboard ship. The union's aim has been to end the "two pot system," and it has largely succeeded. The food is now the same for officers and for seamen, the quarters only slightly different. On most ships two crewmen share a cabin, but on the newest each has a room to himself. The N.M.U. menu guides specify meat twice a day, and at least once a week a good cut of steak, with quality and thickness prescribed. The union is just as demanding about ice cream, fruit, and vegetables. The bedding must be changed weekly, the pillowcases twice a week in the tropics. If the ship's laundry doesn't supply the changes, the crew gets two hours' overtime pay each week for washing its own linen.

The N.M.U. not only has transformed the lives of its members afloat and ashore; it has also taken good care of its president. "Plumber-machinist or President, N.M.U. men go first-class," boasts a picture caption in the *Pilot*, the union's biweekly paper. The picture shows Curran's outer office on the top floor of the Joseph Curran Building. No shipping tycoon can boast a more impressive penthouse, from the verdant plants and flowers that grow out of an indoor stream to the pebbled terrace outside the glass walls of the executive suite. Barrel-shaped chairs of green leather, broadloom carpeting in sea-green, a huge circular desk, all add to the sense of opulence that marks every part of the building.

You feel it in the two huge hiring halls, with their electronic posting arrangements and a closed-circuit television system that links this heartland of the union with the command posts on the top deck. Checkerboards of paneled lights glow throughout the building; the office equipment is the ultimate in automation; modernistic chairs and tables bespeak good taste and high cost.

The council room is almost as oppressively judicial as the Supreme Court. Among the portraits on its rounded wall, there is one which seems to stare quizzically at the richness all about. It is the picture of Andrew Furuseth, the tall, gaunt Norseman who founded the Sailors Union of the Pacific nearly eighty years ago. When they came to tell him in the early years of heartbreak that he might have to go to jail for violating a no-strike injunction, Furuseth looked around the roach-ridden hall bedroom that was his home. "You can put me in jail," he said. "But you cannot give me narrower quarters than as a seaman I have always had. You cannot give me coarser food than I have always eaten. You cannot make me lonelier than I have always been."

Austerity is well wrapped in nostalgia at the N.M.U. now. "Remember the days of Eleventh Avenue, Joe?" an old-timer asked at the building dedication in May. That was where the N.M.U. had its first offices, near the Hudson River piers — a shambles of a place, always waist-deep in paper, with a couple of battered typewriters and a mimeograph machine as lineal forebears of the vast panoply of cybernetic equipment that fills the new headquarters.

In those days the N.M.U. subscribed to the theory that the wages of the union officers should not be higher than those of its members. Even in 1946, when war-risk payments and other extras had accustomed merchant seamen to earnings much higher than any they knew before World War II, the N.M.U. executive pay scales were among the lowest in labor. Curran himself was getting only \$5000 a year in that immediate post-war period.

As recently as 1956, after the merger of the AFL and CIO, Curran was even more vocally scornful than Walter Reuther of the AFL's old practice of holding its midwinter executive council meetings in Miami Beach. He lost no opportunity to announce that he was staying at a modest motel because he found the official convention hotel too palatial. But somewhere along the line this dislike for luxury seemed to desert him. His salary — fixed by referendum vote of the membership — is now a net of \$40,000 a year after the union has paid all his taxes. He travels about in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac and has accepted many other badges of affluence he once derided.

But good living has not softened Joe Curran, nor has a severe heart attack that immobilized him for many weeks in 1953. He remains as bellicose as he was when a black knit cap and spray-stained dungarees were his go-to-meeting clothes. He took on the Communists, who had been even more influential than he in creating the N.M.U., and drove them out when he became convinced after World War II that they were more interested in serving the Party than the membership. The inheritors of the old

Wobbly tradition of permanent revolution, chafing under the dull comfort of "pork chop" unionism, walked the plank behind the agents of Moscow. Today Curran stands watch alone; all the rest of the union's founding fathers, the nonideological as well as the ideological, are out of positions of leadership.

Curran fought them all down in open debate on the floor of membership meetings. He never pulled back, even when bottles flew around his head or when insurgents seized the national headquarters in a brief putsch in 1949. His margin of victory in rank-and-file referendums has kept growing until now there is no effective opposition to combat. He does most of his battling these days with the leaders of other unions, with the shipowners, and with government officials of all ranks. His refusal to comply with no-raiding decisions under the AFL-CIO internal disputes machinery has caused the federation to pronounce the N.M.U. a persistent violator not entitled to the machinery's protection if raids are made against it.

AT THE root of much of this bickering is the rivalry between Curran and Hall, a 245-pounder, whose speech is a curious blend of sewer and seminary. Hall uses four-letter words with the abandon of a beat poet, but he is capable of imagery that does not rely on scatology for its vividness. Still given to wearing black sweater-shirts of the kind he once wore at sea, he is as fond of battle as Curran is and as slow to surrender.

His S.I.U. used to be a main source of militant manpower for other unions engaged in strikes. When an infant union of AFL brokerage clerks sought to shut down the New York Stock Exchange a dozen years ago, Hall sent a brigade of white-hatted seamen to man the picket lines and tangle in fierce combat with the police. When David Dubinsky's garment workers found themselves powerless to contend with the terror tactics that gangsters were using to keep the union out of their protectorate on Seventh Avenue, it was the S.I.U. that supplied the muscle to defend the sewing-machine girls and shipping clerks. And in 1953, when the AFL ousted the International Longshoremen's Association for underworld control, Hall became the spearhead of the federation's attempt to supplant the I.L.A. on the docks with a union dedicated to higher standards of morality. The attempt failed, but it did come within 150 votes, out of a total of 18,500, of winning in a government-supervised election.

The S.I.U. headquarters is a few blocks from the Brooklyn waterfront in an old public school building that dates back to the Civil War. Its central feature is the rotary hiring hall, from which men are dis-

patched in strictest order of priority to fill open crew jobs. For both unions the hiring hall is the organization's chief reason for being, its most substantial contribution toward emancipating seamen from the degradation of the old crimp system in which flophouse keepers, saloon owners, and other land sharks acted as shipping masters and in which sailors found themselves shanghaied aboard ship with pockets empty and a mortgage on their future earnings.

In the S.I.U. building, the union runs its own Port o' Call bar to help keep down the cost of liquor for its members ashore. There is a cafeteria and what amounts to a seamen's post exchange, but it all looks a little down at the heels by contrast with the N.M.U. The offices overflow into a half-dozen converted garages and stores on the blocks nearby. One of the outbuildings houses the Andrew Furuseth Training School, where neophytes get lifeboat drill or toughen themselves up by instruction in judo and boxing. "It keeps them out of gin mills," an S.I.U. official explains. It also gives Hall a fresh phalanx of hard-muscled young men he can call on whenever it seems important to send out flying squads to fight the Seafarers' battles, or someone else's.

The last such occasion was in 1961 — at the very moment of John F. Kennedy's inauguration as President — when a strike by 633 members of Hall's union on railroad tugs and ferries in New York Harbor had cut off all main-line service on the New York Central and the New Haven and was threatening to shut down the Pennsylvania as well. The whole blockade was enforced by a handful of Hall's bullyboys spread thin over the vast rail network. Hall sent special heating units, Arctic underwear, and mobile canteens to guard his pickets against the January blizzard, then negotiated a peace settlement with Secretary of Labor Goldberg, Governor Rockefeller, and Mayor Wagner.

Neither Hall nor Curran is overawed by government. Quite the reverse; both are openly contemptuous of most of the federal agencies with which they deal. Indeed, they often seem to treat them as representatives of a hostile power. Hall warns his colleagues in labor's high command to beware of "seduction by luncheon at the White House." He fears that most unions are yielding to the complacency of "coupon clipping and too frequent visits to the White House," and he calls labor's underuse of its ability to put pressure on government "probably the greatest waste of power in the history of mankind."

Curran is just as forthright. When President Johnson sought to end marine labor's embargo of Soviet wheat shipments last winter by giving his personal assurance that half the grain would move in American ships, Curran told George Meany

the unions ought to get the pledge in writing. Meany's reply was that no one did business with the President that way, and the boycott was called off. Two years earlier, when the White House Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy recommended that the President be given greater authority to halt national emergency strikes, Curran denounced the committee's labor members for going along with what he termed a "death warrant" for free unionism.

Complications in the Canadian branch of Hall's union brought relations between the United States and its northern neighbor to the explosion point earlier this year. The storm center was Hal C. Banks, the high-living, tough-talking head of the S.I.U. in Canada, whose rule of the organization prompted an official government report that declared: "Banks is the stuff of the Capones and the Hoffas, of whom the dictators throughout history, from the earliest times to the totalitarian Hitler and Stalin, are prototypes." Out of the report came parliamentary legislation, backed by the rest of Canadian labor, to put the S.I.U. and other maritime unions under government trusteeship.

The stringency of the legislation brought protests from Hall and Meany which were backed up by Secretary of Labor Wirtz. The resulting indignation in Canada necessitated a peace conference between President Kennedy and Prime Minister Pearson. In the end the danger of a diplomatic rift between the two governments and of a severing by Canadian labor of its bonds with the AFL-CIO was averted by Hall's unexpectedly docile acceptance of a *modus vivendi* with the trustees. The parent union acquiesced in Banks's removal from active control, and some skeptics suggested that Hall was not unhappy to see his imperious aide pushed aside as a possible future rival. Hall denies any such concern; he insists the S.I.U. "fought like tigers" to upset the receivership but got too little help from anyone else in labor. Banks has since been sentenced to five years in jail for conspiring to beat up a union foe in 1957, but he continues to draw \$20,000 in pay from the international while he appeals the sentence. Hall himself gets no salary from the S.I.U.; his pay as head of its Atlantic and Gulf district is \$27,000 a year.

On the United States labor front the warfare between Hall and Curran has repeatedly resulted in crippling strikes and in headaches for George Meany. Once, when Curran felt Meany was too partial to Hall in a particular dispute, the exchange grew so heated that he told Meany he would climb across the table and push his teeth down his throat if he were ten years younger. In 1959 Meany thought he had arranged a permanent accord between the contentious sea chiefs. An arrangement under which they would work together in the fed-

eration's Maritime Trades Department, of which Hall is president, was proudly announced. But it was shipwrecked before it ever got off the ways. The tie-ups for extended periods last year of the nuclear ship *Savannah* and the liner *America* were among the many devious expressions of the interunion feuding that has stemmed from the Curran-Hall estrangement.

Both leaders acknowledge that there ought to be only one union for seamen. The problem is how to put them together, or, more accurately, who would be on top. Eight years ago Curran sent an emissary to explore with Hall the idea of his coming into the N.M.U. as executive vice president. Nothing ever came of the project. Curran associates say Hall can still have the number two spot whenever he wants to arrange a merger. Hall's response is that the problem is not one of jobs. A single union for seamen is the desired end, he says, but a strong Maritime Trades Department embracing all the ship and dock unions from masters to longshoremen is an essential first step. He blames Curran for the impossibility of accord on that point.

However, there have been some recent signs of a lessening of intransigence on both sides. Part of this is Meany's doing. Hall has always been a staunch admirer of the AFL-CIO president; Curran has been just as ardent a nonadmirer. Some of the chill vanished, though, when Meany showed a proper appreciation of the new N.M.U. building. He made a glowing speech at the formal opening, then gave an even more enthusiastic account to the AFL-CIO council at a meeting in Washington a few weeks later. Meany called the structure a fine example of labor's progress in community uplift. The atmosphere of good feeling grew so warm after his report that Meany offered Curran a lift in his Cadillac when the council went to Attorney General Kennedy's home in Virginia for lunch. The fact that Curran had been publicly denouncing the continued attacks on Jimmy Hoffa by Meany and Kennedy as a "vendetta" did nothing to diminish the cordiality of the lawn party.

THE chances of a rapport and even an alliance between Hall and Curran derive principally from the identity of their interest in a larger merchant marine and in having more American cargo move in American bottoms. Less than one tenth of United States foreign commerce is shipped under the American flag, one third the ratio that prevailed in 1936 when the Merchant Marine Act was passed with the explicit purpose of raising the share of goods that sailed American.

It is no secret to either Hall or Curran that one explanation for the shrinkage is the disparity be-

tween American labor costs and those on foreign-flag ships. Even among nations with relatively advanced labor standards, the contrast is startling. A Maritime Administration survey in 1962 showed a base wage of \$384 a month for American seamen, as against \$127 on Danish ships, \$108 on British, \$93 on Italian, \$81 on West German, and \$31 on Japanese. Operating subsidies neutralize these differences for the fifteen American lines that share in such federal payments. About eighty cents out of every subsidy dollar goes to ship crews. Lines without subsidy have had to rely on such special protective legislation as the requirement that 50 percent of foreign aid cargo go in American ships, regardless of cost differences.

What has now brought Hall and Curran into at least temporary harmony is their joint desire to see such preferential arrangements extended as a means of safeguarding jobs for their members. The shutdown of Russian wheat shipments — a rebellion in which Curran and Hall formed a united front with the I.L.A. — grew out of union charges that the government was not fulfilling a White House commitment for a fifty-fifty split of grain movement between United States and foreign-flag ships.

At President Johnson's instigation a Cabinet-level committee was set up to work with the union heads in adjusting this and all other cargo preference problems. The first meeting gave both Hall and Curran an opportunity to tell off everyone on the government side of the table; that left them feeling so good they forgot how little they liked one another. In June the President appointed both of them, along with Thomas W. ("Teddy") Gleason, president of the I.L.A., and Lane Kirkland, Meany's executive assistant, to a tripartite committee that will survey all the problems of the merchant marine and make recommendations for revised government policy.

Hall promptly announced that he thought it was "terrible" to include among the committee's management members the head of a Standard Oil subsidiary with a hundred tankers operating under flags of convenience. Curran contented himself with an expression of happiness and hope that the committee could provide helpful answers to the industry's chronic problems. The shipowners have the same hope. They are further encouraged by the fact that the N.M.U. signed last year a master agreement designed to ban strikes until the middle of 1969. It also joined with the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, long an S.I.U. ally, in signing an arbitration pact that may contribute materially to reducing the damage done to the industry by interunion conflicts. Out of all these recent developments has come a glimmer of optimism that a new era of cooperation may be approaching.

The big area of apprehension at the moment is

the Atlantic and Gulf waterfront, where the I.L.A. has been engaged in another pivotal round of contract talks. The question this year, as it has been every two years for the last decade, is whether the union will stop dragging its heels against the onrush of new technology. The eighty-day federal injunction, which will expire just before Christmas, provides a last chance for sanity on this issue.

In many respects the difficulty is that the I.L.A. is now learning how to be a union after many years of being an instrument of extortion and exploitation. In 1952 a scabby crew of latter-day pirates shuffled before the New York State Crime Commission and gave an account of conditions in the Port of New York that made such legendary hell-holes as Calcutta and Marseilles sound like Newport on Regatta Day.

I.L.A. officials used to call strikes as frequently as a corner grocer opened his cash register, and for the same purpose — taking in money. Shipping tycoons blandly paid for the "goodwill" of union bigwigs; racketeers levied a tax on every ton of cargo that moved across the wharves; the shape-up system of hiring forced longshoremen to kick back two or three dollars from their daily wages or go without work; professional gamblers allied with union mobsters ran crooked dice games on the piers; bookmakers, policy collectors, and loan sharks operated under union license; pilferage mushroomed into a five-million-dollar-a-year business; public loading — the charging of special fees for getting goods on or off trucks — became a racket so rich that rival gangs turned the docks into battlegrounds for control of the loading privilege.

The disclosure of these abuses and a thousand others prompted the AFL to expel the I.L.A. It also impelled the states of New York and New Jersey to set up a Waterfront Commission to decontaminate the docks. There was no overnight transformation of the I.L.A., but one message did come through to both union and employers: the I.L.A. would have to start acting like a union or perish. The experience has been a painful one, and it is far from certain that the pain is over. Contracts are no longer for sale; they must be negotiated in good faith. And the I.L.A., still living down its sordid past, feels that the best way to demonstrate its incorruptibility is to set its demands high and give up nothing.

Gleason, its president, is a carry-over from the gang-ridden early days. A diamond sparkles in the French cuff of his custom-tailored shirt, but he is still as hard as he was when he followed his father down to the Chelsea docks to go to work for the first time at the age of fifteen. He helped engineer the I.L.A.'s return to the merged labor federation in 1960, and yet no one in the federation believed the union was coming back totally sanitized. Gang

influence is still strong in many of its locals. But a hopeful new breed is emerging. In Brooklyn, once the domain of Anthony ("Tough Tony") Anastasia, a new administration headed by his college-trained son-in-law, Anthony Scotto, is trying to install a brand of welfare unionism in the Walter Reuther tradition. In the old "pistol local" on the luxury-line piers of Manhattan's West Side, Johnny Bowers is making a similar attempt.

The hard line is still dominant at the bargaining table and even more in the I.L.A.'s frequent brushes with the State Department. The dock union is aggressively anti-Communist, a policy that it adopted under its old potentate "King Joe" Ryan, when he was unsuccessfully fighting to keep Harry Bridges from leading West Coast longshoremen out of the I.L.A.

In those days there was a price on the I.L.A.'s patriotism. It would refuse to unload cargoes of Soviet goods because of its abhorrence of Russian slave labor. However, this antipathy had a strange way of vanishing when the shippers passed bundles of cash to the I.L.A. dock boss or someone higher up the union ladder. In recent years most of the I.L.A. excursions into unilateral determination of foreign policy have been in connection with unwillingness to load or unload ships blacklisted for trading with Castro's Cuba. The National Labor Relations Board sought to enjoin such boycotts as illegal under the Taft-Hartley Act, but the United States Court of Appeals in Baltimore has upheld their legality.

The other big recent expression of the I.L.A.'s fervor for curbing the Kremlin was the refusal of its members to load American wheat for Russia, the maneuver that led to presidential intervention and the setting up of the committee to study the whole merchant marine. The government also was heavily involved in this year's negotiations to end manpower waste on the docks and to establish a formula under which the fruits of greater efficiency could be equitably shared among the shipping companies, the workers, and the public.

The pattern, as has already been noted, was ready at hand on the West Coast, where Bridges is enjoying a respectability no one would have expected in the days when he was excoriated as "Harry the Hook" and considered Moscow's most effective instrument for undermining the American way of life.

His agreement permits the shipping companies to install more efficient machinery and to abolish archaic work rules in return for the payment into a special trust fund of \$29 million over a five-and-one-half-year period. The pact guarantees that no regular worker will lose his job, even if it means he must be transferred to another pier or another port. He is also assured of at least thirty-five hours' pay every week, early retirement benefits that may run

as high as \$320 a month at age sixty-two, and protection against speedup or overloads.

The Bridges formula is not, of course, a total answer to the job problem. It solves the displacement problem for those already in the union at the expense of those who want to get in. As automation proceeds, there will be a smaller and smaller total number of jobs on the piers. But members will be protected until they die, retire, or quit of their own accord. The employers, too, find the plan a protection against the upward spiral of costs that has complicated the problems of the merchant marine. The larger social problem of creating enough jobs for the millions of newcomers flooding into the labor market is not one either Bridges or the West Coast shippers think they can solve.

Bridges, at sixty-three, has become essentially a conservator. He is scornful of the rest of the labor movement for its docile acceptance of the easy life; his sole current enthusiasm seems to be for Jimmy Hoffa, whose tribulations he ascribes to the same militancy that used to get Bridges in trouble. Yet it is plain that Bridges himself has lost any real belief that he can do much to change the system. His automation plan is in the mainstream of welfare capitalism, closer in philosophy to the spirit of Henry Ford than of Karl Marx. It is probable that the story of his life will be very much that of all the rest of the dissimilar crew that leads maritime labor. For all the difference in their beginnings and in their upward roads, their final concern is with the protection of their members. And that means the protection of their industry as well.

HYMN TO THE SEAL

BY STEVIE SMITH

(To the tune of "Soldiers of Christ, arise")

Creature of God, thy coat
That lies all black and fine
I do admire, as on a sunny
Rock to see thee climb.

When thou wast young thy coat
Was pale with spots upon it
But now in Single black it lies
And thou, Seal, liest on it.

What bliss abounds to view
God's creatures in their prime
Climb in full coat upon a rock
To breathe and to recline.

POETRY

and the MIND of MODERN MAN

BY CONRAD AIKEN *One of America's leading poets, CONRAD AIKEN here describes the coming of age of American poetry and its inextricable relationship with man's consciousness. This essay was the first in the Voice of America Forum series on American Poetry, coordinated by Howard Nemerov.*

As a regular and pretty energetic critic of American poetry from 1915 on, contributing editor of the *Dial*, American correspondent for the *Athenaeum* in London and the *London Mercury*, and editor of three anthologies of American poetry, it will be clear that from very early in this century I had to take sides, and to make up my mind not only where poetry should go, but where I, too, as a poet, should go.

In my first volume of criticism, *Scepticisms*, published in 1919, I discussed this involvement with considerable candor in a preface called *Apologia Pro Specie Sua*. In sum, I argued that each of us was trying to urge poetry in a direction favorable to himself, and that dispassionate judgment was a chimera. This was, of course, the period when the so-called New American Poetry was emerging in the persons of Frost, Robinson, Masters, the Imagists, Pound, Eliot, the Vorticists, and the group in New York known as the Others. My own position in this melee was, I would say, a shade to the left of center, if we take Robinson as the center. I was opposed to the extremes of fragmentation advocated by the Imagists and the Others, and argued, in my review of *Prufrock and Other Observations*, in 1917, that Eliot's rhymed free verse, which was not really free verse at all, but a highly controlled and subtly modulated medium, was probably the best signpost available as to the direction in which the form and tone of poetry might most adventurously go.

This precocious judgment has, I think, been proved true by time. A great deal of the "newest" of the so-called new poetry has now either become dated or disappeared, and in the perspective we have since gained we can see that there was never any real revolution in American poetry, in the true sense of an overturning, but rather an orderly and quite logical development from the past, both American and European. It is true that, as James said in his study of Hawthorne, we were aware of a meagerness in our past, or, at any rate, a lack of richness in it, or at least some of us thought so; and this accounts, but only partly, for the remarkable

exodus of young American writers to Europe after World War I. It accounts, too, for the fact that Eliot and myself, who were friends at Harvard College from 1908 on, discussed this need for a richer chemical solution in which to swim and breathe, a more sustaining *ambiente*, than our own then appeared to be. What could be done about it? Eliot elected France and what was then "modern" French poetry, and got this creative venom into his veins before the fortunes of the First War settled him in England. I preferred the English tradition, and lived there many years, because that seemed to me what I needed. Later, the fortunes of another war sent me back to America, where I found that my ancestral roots claimed me — I should have remained there all the time.

And the truth is that James was wrong, and so were Eliot and myself, and all the others, in thinking that there was an insufficient cultural inheritance in this country: it was there, but neither our teachers nor ourselves were yet aware of it. In Whitman, Melville, Dickinson, Mark Twain, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Poe, and James, what more could the ripening consciousness of this country, which in a curious way was both old and young, demand? It was enough, if only someone had pointed it out to us; but it remained for ourselves to make the discovery. As it was left for me, for example, to make the "discovery" of Emily Dickinson — which was disapproved of by both Pound and Eliot — in an essay on her, and a selection of her poems, published in England in 1924.

Anyway, there it all was, waiting for us; and I think we can now see that at about this point, in the early twenties, we can be said to have first taken possession of it, and that this possession began to be manifest in our work. We could see our roots, in Whitman and Emerson and Dickinson; and then, in the forgotten figure of Trumbull Stickney, the link between them and us, the first sounding of the "modern" note, the abandonment of the oratorical or grandiose for a more flexible and colloquial tone

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of voice, which, nevertheless, when occasion demanded, could rise to the full *vox humana* of the highest poetic speech. We were quite conscious of our search for this medium. Eliot found it in Vildrac and Laforgue, even in Henley's "Sunday Up the River," while I found it in Stickney, John Masefield, and in some of Francis Thompson. As early as 1911, in a composition course at Harvard, I produced a longish narrative poem called "The Clerk's Journal," which deliberately eschewed "poetic" words and tried to emphasize the telephone wires and cobblestones, not to mention the lunch counters and coffee cups.

This was one side of the poetic experiment in which we were all engaged, the linguistic and tonal side; but in my own case it was made more complicated by the fact that at this time two other influences were brought to bear on me. Music was one of these, in particular that of Richard Strauss, in the tone poems, and the symphonies and quartets of Beethoven; and this was to lead me pretty far afield. An early poem of this period was subtitled "A Tone-Poem." It was followed by a group of sonatas and nocturnes, very bad indeed, and then by the group of "symphonies" which now compose the book called *The Divine Pilgrim*. Admittedly, this preoccupation led to considerable diffuseness, which I was the first to acknowledge; but I defended it, too, and not without ingenuity, and I think these poems still have their virtues.

But if they have, it is largely because of the *other* influence — both had really begun at Harvard — and this was my interest in the then "new" psychology of Freud, and in the notion, learned from Santayana in his lectures on "Three Philosophical Poets" — Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe — that poetry at its best and broadest must be philosophical, must have at its center some sort of world view, or *Weltanschauung*. But how, in the fragmented world of the psychologists — not only Freud, but Jung, Adler, Ferenczi, Holt, and all the rest — was one to shape this? The symphonies of *The Divine Pilgrim* sought it in an overall solipsism, but with increasing accent on the disintegration of the ego, the disappearance of the self into series, in the manner of the vaudeville actors who come and go on the stage. The two interests do, I think, hold the book together and give it an aim. If it is no Faust, it at least belongs to that category. And its final section, "Changing Mind," written a little later than the others, which takes as its theme the complete breakdown of personality into its components of heredity and sex, signals, I think, the moment of change-over from the earlier and more deliberately musical style to the later, which is more condensed, analytic, and even, at times, preceptual.

But before I go into that, let us pause at this moment, which is 1925, and look around at what

the other poets were up to. As a matter of fact, it was one of the most brilliant moments for poetry in the century. Stevens had just published *Harmonium*, probably his best book, with all his characteristics fully developed, but with the form in tight and delicious control and the humor and metaphysics going hand in hand. Eliot had stunned us all with *The Waste Land*. Robinson was at his apogee, in that extraordinary sequence of Arthurian romances, *Merlin* and the others, which can only be likened, psychologically, to Henry James. And if Masters had come and gone, leaving behind him little more than *Spoon River*, Frost was at the top of his form, and Cummings, Marianne Moore, and William Carlos Williams were coming importantly on stage. Sandburg was having his greatest success; Jeffers and MacLeish were emerging. On the whole, I think it can be said that at this point, and for the next thirty years, the best poetry written in English was American. In fact, I think it has remained so since. English poetry, in a sense, had moved to America.

But with complications. For this galaxy of poets were seldom agreed on anything. Each had to go his own way. It was in some respects a kind of quiet — and sometimes not so quiet — gang warfare. And I think we all realized this. It was kill or be killed; it was the normal evolutionary process, and involved, quite rightly, the survival of the fittest; it was poetry, as the vanguard of man's consciousness — as it always has been — once again, by trial and loss, finding out its own way — or trying to — to bring into consciousness every scrap of knowledge, from whatever field, and no matter how uncompromisingly unpoetic or antipoetic it might seem to be.

And it was toward this concept of poetry that I began more and more deliberately to move, and in this I think it can be said that although my later poetry *looks* different, or *sounds* different, nevertheless this basic direction can be seen in it all. What begins with the musical fragmentation of *The Jig of Forslin* and *The House of Dust*, or the animist dissociations and reassociations of the consciousness of Senlin in *Senlin: A Biography*, turns more and more, by degrees, into a preoccupation with the very nature of consciousness itself, that evanescent bubble of awareness which is all that we know of ourselves. This, of course, is my answer to the question whether the change in man's world, during this century, has preoccupied me. And how could it not? With Darwin, Nietzsche, and Freud behind us, where were the comfortable values to which we had been born? Perhaps this fact was brought home to me earlier than to most of my generation; for I inherited a sort of liberalism and agnosticism from my grandfather, William James Potter, who was one of the great liberal Unitarians of the nineteenth

century, had adapted himself by midcentury to *The Origin of Species*, studied with Humboldt, and was one of the founders, and then president, of the Free Religious Association. I was brought up with no beliefs, or none of a dogmatic sort. Wasn't it enough that the world was beautiful, terrible, astonishing, even incredible? One could, if one liked, call it divine, or conceive of a god in various forms, as my Festus does, to amuse himself, in *The Pilgrimage of Festus*. But more important, it seemed to me, was to take the *next* step, and analyze the world in the only terms we had any genuine knowledge of, to wit, ourselves. One must be as conscious of this as possible, if only as a preliminary step to anything else; and this endeavor seemed to involve another concept, that in the *evolution of consciousness* man was already embarked, willy-nilly, on a perhaps divine pilgrimage of his own.

I do not want to be, and cannot be, too precise about all this, or the timing of it — who of us can possibly remember the exact point at which he became finally conscious of the compass of his mind, and the relation of this compass to his body, the whole psychosomatic machine? Like everything else, this knowledge comes in fractions, is a series, an accretion. One observes, as a child, the wasp stinging the locust to death, then dragging away the locust to its underground nest. And to bring this observation into association with the small boy's experience of urinating into a bowl, and there, by himself, creating an entire cosmos of bubbles, and of an extraordinary beauty, is to realize how early in life one begins this attempt at a correlation of the mysteries, apparently inexplicable, with one's own unexplainable existence at the very center of it. Who am I? We inevitably get back to that fundamental question. And how did I come by it? And what should I do with it?

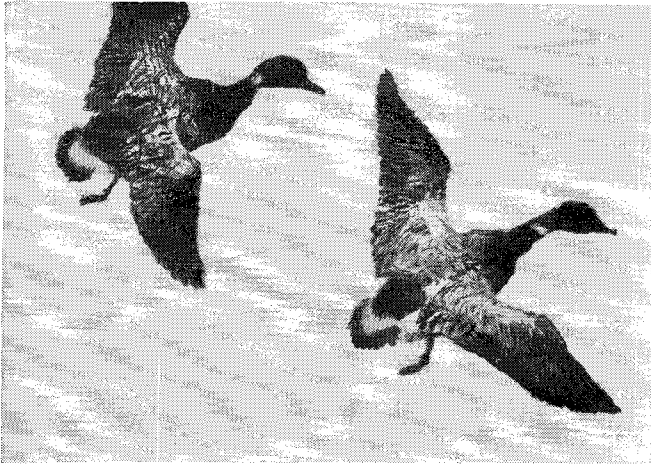
Well, those have been my preoccupations, and they have allowed me a quite considerable range. As for form, here again I have always maintained that as poetry is an art, and perhaps the highest, it should use every prosodic and linguistic device at its disposal — I cannot subscribe to the theory that a mere counting of syllables can be substituted for verse. And the form must be suited to the theme. In the two series of "Preludes," which I think are the center of my work, I did not hesitate to mix a sort of organic free verse with the most formal of lyrics. As for another poem, *The Kid*, a poem that deals with the pioneers of America, those of the mind as well as of the broadax, I did not hesitate to use a kind of ballad form, a folk doggerel, in couplets, which nevertheless, when necessary, could become pure seventeenth-century severity. And again, for such longer philosophical meditations as "A Letter From Li Po," or "The Crystal," I found a free blank verse most suitable. In short, the theme

will almost invariably, left to itself, call the tune. The poet is only the medium.

Finally, I would like to repeat something I said thirty years ago about poetry and its function. Poetry has always kept easily abreast with the utmost man can do in extending the horizon of his consciousness, whether outward or inward. It has always been the most flexible, the most comprehensive, the most farseeing, and hence the most successful, of the modes by which he has accepted the new in experience, realized it, and adjusted himself to it. Whether it is a change in his conception of the heavens, or of the law of gravity, or of morality, or of the nature of consciousness, it has always at last been in poetry that man has given his thought its supreme expression — which is to say that most of all, in this, he succeeds in making real for himself the profound myth of personal existence and experience.

But if poetry is to accomplish this in any age, it must think: it must embody the full consciousness of man at that given moment. It cannot afford to lag behind the explorations of knowledge, whether of the inner or outer worlds: these it is its business to absorb and transmute. What made Elizabethan poetry great, above all, was the fearlessness with which it plunged into the problem of consciousness itself. No item of man's awareness was too trivial to be noted, too terrifying to be plumbed. Shakespeare's poetry is everywhere vascular with this rich consciousness of self, thought being carried boldly into the realm of feeling, and feeling as boldly carried into the realm of thought. This was no mere decorative toy, no amusement or anodyne for women; it was the advance guard in man's conquest of the knowable. It was a portrait of man with the sweat on his brow, the blood on his hands, the agony in his heart; with his gaieties, his absurdities, his obscenities; his beliefs and his doubts. No poetry since has been so great, for none has been either so comprehensive or so truthful. The fashions changed, the "idea" of poetry changed, the novel absorbed a part of its province — one could multiply indefinitely the reasons for it. But today the signs are not wanting that poetry may again occupy its own province, may again speak with full-voiced gusto of the horrors and subtleties and magnificences of the great myth in which we find ourselves the bewildered actors.

And I would like to say again what I said in 1948 in one of the prefaces to my collection of symphonies, that in the evolution of man's consciousness, ever widening and deepening and subtilizing his awareness, and in the dedication of himself to this supreme task, man possesses all that he could possibly require in the way of a religious credo: when the half gods go, the gods arrive; he can, if he only will, become divine.



A Story by
JESSE HILL FORD

TO THE OPEN WATER

JESSE HILL FORD is a Southern writer whose first story appeared in the pages of the *ATLANTIC* five years ago. He received his B.A. from Vanderbilt University, and his CBS television play, *THE CONVERSION OF BUSTER DRUMWRIGHT*, has just been published by Vanderbilt University Press.

WHEN the teal leaped from the grass it flew up so swiftly that it was already out of range by the time he fired. At the sound of the shotgun a few black-jacks put up. They rose reluctantly in the cold air and circled a moment before flying straight up channel toward the neck of the bottoms.

He quickly climbed the embankment to the road and ran to the bridge to watch the ducks. Slicing through the sky like arrows, they flew almost out of sight before they veered left, folded suddenly into a soft spiral, and went down beyond the trees.

The open water would be there, where they went down. He knew the place, a logjam island. It would be, perhaps, the only open water to be found on such a day when even the coves along the Tennessee River were frozen solid. Ice was skimming the main channel itself in places.

Even where the pale afternoon sun had shone on the windless side of the levee the air was pinching cold. Since early morning he had scouted the banks about the bottoms without venturing on the ice. Until he saw the teal he had seen only two snipe. He had killed one of them and missed the other.

He left the bridge and walked about seventy yards up the levee, then down the embankment through dead briars and dormant honeysuckle vines. The johnboat lay where he had left it, bottom upward on the bank. He stepped out on the ice.

He stamped his foot. The ice held, solid as concrete, hard as glass it seemed, too thick to break a

way through it for the boat. Besides, the boat was small and of light-gauge aluminum, not meant to take the punishment of jagged, broken ice. It was made to be sculled through the bottoms on warmer days, to be ghosted along like a feather by the merest dip and twitch of the paddle, to go more quietly than man could walk or duck could fly.

He looked up. By hauling the little boat up the levee to the road he could carry it on his shoulders to the channel and put in at the bridge. He was a stout man of two hundred pounds, well used to work. Had it been morning he wouldn't have hesitated. Time, however, was against him now. Walk fast though he might, carrying the boat, and once in the channel with it, paddle swiftly though he would, there was small chance he could reach the logjam island before sundown. By that time it would be too late to shoot, and he would have labored for nothing.

His only chance was to slide the little johnboat over the ice straight out toward the logjam island, to sled along swiftly directly to his destination, pushing the little craft ahead of him and, for safety, leaning forward over the stern as he went. In that way, should he run upon rotten ice, he would fall in the boat as it cracked through.

He had gone over the ice this way many times before, but never this late in the afternoon, never with the bottoms so silent. The freeze kept other hunters close at home or sitting beside stoves in

Drypoint by Frank W. Benson. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

crossroads country stores. None but the most determined, not even professional guides, would try to find open water in weather such as this, even though once it was found and reached, the shooting was beyond compare. With no other place to land, the ducks would leave when jumped, only to return again and again.

The desire to be where they were this very instant made his throat ache. Once before as he slid over the ice he had cracked through in a bad place several hundred yards out and had been forced to stay where he was until after midnight, when the bottoms froze sufficiently solid for him to walk out and drag the little boat after him. Every other time, though, he had made it to the open water. There was a line of trees marking the grave of an old road buried by the winter flood. By leaping into the boat just there, it was possible to coast off the edge of the ice into the water. He had done it with never an accident, a dozen times perhaps, all before he married. Since his marriage six years ago, he had never attempted the trick.

From the time he was ten until the day of his marriage, he had hunted every day of every duck season, every day after school, even Sundays after church, though Sunday hunting was frowned upon. He had hunted them because he loved them then with the same passionate ache in his throat that he felt now for those creatures settled there on the open water by the thousands, their wild hearts calling his own, it seemed.

Marriage had pinched him down. His wife had ambitions for the farm. It wasn't enough to spend spring, summer, and fall riding a tractor, driving a cotton picker, loading and unloading his truck, working at times until long after nightfall, waiting five hours to get his cotton trailer under the suck at the gin. A wife had to have chickens and geese and cattle. Coonhounds and mules weren't creatures enough to care for, not in a wife's estimation. There must be winter duties too — even, finally, a dairy barn. God help him if he once failed to be home in time to milk.

He hadn't gone over the ice in six long years because there had been too many creatures dependent on him, nearly all of them female. First a wife, then infant daughters, and finally the wife's gentle-eyed Jerseys with their slender hips and heavy udders.

A MALLARD susie quacked in the distance. He turned the johnboat right side up and laid his heavy parka in it next to his gun. Besides two extra boxes of shells in the pockets of the parka, he carried twenty-three magnum loads in a shooting vest which he wore buttoned snugly about his chest

for warmth. He opened his half-pint and took a drink of white moonshine whiskey. Over the bottoms the air was still.

With a practiced heave he pushed the boat out ahead of him on the ice, keeping his weight forward, ready to leap in the boat if the ice failed. As he gathered speed, his legs moving in a regular rhythm, running easily, the boat set up a screeching, thundering racket, scraping past trees and cracking through thickets. Mallards rose from the red oak thickets and flew toward the channel. Now in an open space he paused and watched them a moment. Then he pushed on, going even faster now as the open spaces between thickets got wider and wider. He began sweating a little and slowed down.

Farther out, he stopped to rest. He sat on the stern of the little boat, boots on the ice, elbows on knees, looking down at the hard, slick, olive-drab surface. He looked up at the levee, about six hundred yards away now, a long, straight elevated outline. The road was desolate in both directions. Only hunters, trappers, fishermen, or an occasional logger used it. Far down to the left, he saw the black outline of his pickup truck. He had parked it that morning before starting along the north edge of the bottoms where he had killed the snipe.

He leaned back and got the bird from the game pocket of his parka. The little body was frozen. Strangest of all were the eyes; black with life's memory, they seemed, in the instant after death, before the cold seeped into them and did its work.

He stood up and tossed the snipe into the front of the boat, turning at the same time and leaning forward. The ice cracked. The crack ran under him and on ahead of the boat through the dark-green ice. Though a crack it most surely was, it didn't seem to be a very serious one. He held the sides of the boat, leaning forward to distribute his weight, braced like an athlete preparing to do push-ups. He waited. The ice held.

Fifty yards to the right stood a duck blind. The decoys in front of it were frozen solid into the ice and glazed with white frost. Red oak saplings shaded the ice in that direction. There the ice looked pale, almost white. It would be thicker. He could turn back now in that direction and reach the levee.

Far away to his left over the long open stretches he saw the line of trees marking the lost road. Beyond the flat glare he saw the logjam island, and around it the still blue gulf of the open water, reflecting the sky. In ten minutes he could reach the trees for the final, sliding rush.

He skidded the boat left and made straight for the trees, getting up speed first and then making only so much effort with his legs as would keep the boat sliding. Now and again the ice cracked, but

the boat outran the cracks, one after the other as he pushed on, keeping his weight carefully distributed forward, over the boat.

Suddenly, with no warning the ice gave under him, and he fell into the boat just in time, just before it cracked through, and not an instant too soon, for the icy water had bitten him almost to mid-thigh, wetting him well above his insulated rubber knee boots. It had happened this way before. It was like being burned, like the sting of flames licking about his legs. He lay face down and still, waiting for his trousers to freeze. It needed only a little patience. When he sat up at last, remembering to wiggle his toes and flex his calf muscles to keep the circulation going, even the splashes had frozen. They looked like drops of candle wax.

Flared by the commotion of his fall, the ducks had flown up. Now they flocked and circled low around the edge of the open water. He slipped a magnum shell into the magazine of the automatic to replace the one fired at the teal. Then he put the parka over his head and shoulders and sat very still. He quacked with his mouth. A susie answered. He quacked again. He patted his lips, making the intimate, stuttering feed call. He tried the raucous call of the wise old susie. It all proved a false hope. The entire drove splashed in beside the island with a brisk rush of sound that set his heart beating faster.

When he put the gun down and took off the parka, his toes were numb. He moved them and rubbed his legs and finally admitted it to himself. He had cracked through; maybe the ice *was* rotten. Very well, but he had broken through only one time in several hundred yards of running, after all. He *had* managed to fall very neatly into the john-boat, hadn't he?

Though it was a ticklish sort of job, there was still a chance that he could get the boat back up on the ice. He moved back cautiously and sat on the stern, balancing his weight until the bow rose high out of the water and less than four inches of free-board remained beneath him. Then he dipped the paddle and drove the boat hard against the edge, and moving at once, fast, before it could slide off again, he went quickly forward on all fours. The ice cracked, the long, brittle sound of a marble rolling over a glass tabletop. Crouched in the bow, he waited, holding his breath, a dull pain beating in his throat just under the Adam's apple. The ice held. Cautiously, slowly, he leaned far out over the prow and caught a willow limb in his gloved hand and pulled. The boat eased forward with him. He caught another limb and then another, getting farther and farther up on firm ice, hauling the boat painfully hand over hand until at last his arms gave out and he turned carefully and

lay on his back breathing the cold, clean air through his mouth, cupping his hands and breathing into them. Lying thus, looking straight up, the depth of the clear sky was blue and magnificent. When he held his breath there was not a stir of sound anywhere to be heard. He might have been the last creature left alive on earth. A feeling of independence entered him like the slow onset of sleep.

WHEN it was time to move again he found he was tired. He moved awkwardly, stiff in his joints, his shoulders aching in the sockets, his toes numb because he had neglected to keep moving them. He took the flat, half-pint bottle from his parka and drank it empty in three long swigs and flung the bottle away. It smashed. The clear little shards of glass slid on for several yards before they finally stopped, gleaming at rest in the waning sunlight like white jewels.

The levee had never before seemed so far away. The slanting sun perhaps added to the illusion. When he stood up he could not see the truck. Willow thickets blocked the way. In the other direction, just ahead, the island loomed from the open water, a tangled mass of roots and black tree trunks. Low in the water all around it the ducks rested, very still, as though waiting for him.

Although they were out of range, he was tempted to fire at them anyway, to put them up for the joy of seeing them fly, for the satisfaction, knowing that though they might circle the whole bottoms, they would come back. The cold air would drive them down again, here, in the last of the open water, perhaps the last open water to be found anywhere about, except in the mid-river channel.

The liquor's warmth caught hold. He hadn't eaten since before daylight. It didn't matter. He had taught himself not to want food. He had taught himself not to want anything but the beautiful joy of killing. He had always hunted this way.

Now he took the bow line, and without hesitating, stepped out on the ice and put it over his shoulder and towed the boat after him. Once started, it seemed to follow him willingly, coming after him across the patch of firm, white ice like a docile beast. When the ice shaded into olive green again, he stopped and fended his way around to the stern to rest a moment before making the final dash for trees at the edge of the open water.

Once the boat slid free he would be in range. The ducks would come up and circle, dipping their dark wings to his call, and he would lovingly kill them. He would scull coaxingly after the cripples one by one, coming so slowly on them that they would hardly know the boat was moving at all. While they flirted in that final, zigzag hesitation, he

would suddenly raise the gun and shoot their heads off clean. Their blood would boil below them like a cloud into the dark, clear water.

A whistling flight of teal drove in, wings already set, and pitched in beyond the island. A susie quacked. He drew a deep breath and shoved. The boat groaned against the willows and slid forward. Faster and faster, he pushed on. Exhilaration shook him like a sudden wind among dead leaves. With less than fifty yards to go, speed was in his favor. Instinctively, at the right instant, he would leap lightly forward.

As though struck suddenly blind, however, he was groping, wet to the armpits, his breath coming so fast that his chest seemed about to burst. He saw the johnboat beside him. It had cracked through. He caught its side. Water spilled in, so he pushed back, trying to swim, his hands already so numb he could hardly feel them.

"Still, be still!" he commanded aloud, using words he spoke to the restless cows at milking. The cold drove in from every direction like nails, driving and driving in, searching his vitals.

He must think! Of course, only keep a clear head! Make every move carefully! Sound judgment, no wasted time or motion. "*Easy, careful,*" he said, speaking to the fiery grip of the cold, which now became more powerful than anything he had ever before imagined, for it was taking him over.

In the place of the strong, obedient body he had so long been accustomed to command, he felt a strange and foolish despair at this heaving, disquieted thing that would no longer obey.

In spite of every caution to the contrary, his body suddenly fought like a cat snared on a string. Thrashing and fighting like a dying fish, he fended himself clumsily around to the prow and threw himself hard upon it. Short of seeing it, he could never have believed such an utterly foolish panic to be possible. Already, almost in the wink of an eye, he had destroyed his best hope. The incredible, the *impossible* thing happened. The boat filled almost as quickly as he had moved, and rolled down from under him.

Water covered his face. When he had fought to the surface and taken breath, he felt his hair and his eyebrows freezing.

Bottom up now and barely afloat, the boat was another creature entirely, as though it too, the docile beast of a moment before, had now lost all notion of what it was logically supposed to be, and do.

When he touched it, it rolled. When he caught at it, the weird creature shook him off; it threw him a second time, and he gentled cautiously against it, the cold biting clean through his shoulders now, like teeth. His body's least twitch made the boat heave and swing. Holding the boat, huddling on

it and fighting its strange movements, he realized for the first time that the shooting vest with its cargo of magnum shells was his enemy now, the perfect weight to sink a man and kill him. Propping a hand and both knees against the boat, he tried the vest's buttons. Briefly his fingers stung back to life, but they were useless against buttons.

He tried to balance himself on the boat and rip the vest apart with both hands, no trick for a strong man in his early prime, yet each time he tried it the other creature, the rebellious animal self, seized him. His arms failed. They disobeyed. His hands groped warily forward like burned stumps, to rest against the boat and balance him.

He remained thus awhile, motionless, not even shivering, such was the marvel of it, his head just above the surface of the freezing water. The thin winter sunlight and the desolate, utter silence of the bottoms, great spanning miles of it, dinned and drummed at him.

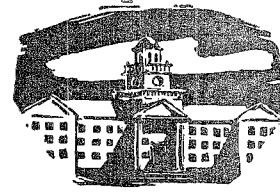
He knew he must shout soon. It would be no use, of course. No earthly man would hear. Yet soon he would begin screaming. The body would have that too; the body would have it, though he knew shouting must only exhaust him the sooner and hasten the end. Screams began gathering in his throat like a queer nausea.

If he had only thought to take off the vest before his fingers numbed, to get out of his boots, even kick off his trousers. Then he might have gotten back in the boat. He would have wrung out his clothes and put them back on and huddled under the parka until night froze the bottoms in, and then he would have walked out to the road and gotten in the truck. He would have driven it home and tottered into the house and asked his wife to draw him a hot bath. Once he was warm and rested he would have gotten a friend or two and come back after his boat and the gun.

If they ever found it, anytime within a week or two, the gun would be all right. He kept it oiled, and with the water so cold the oil would stick. The gun wouldn't rust quickly. Perhaps they would find it. He hoped they would.

Finding the gun shouldn't be hard with the boat frozen in the ice right over it. A sudden ruthless pain in his back, above the beltline, jerked his head forward. For the first time he began shuddering. He heard himself shouting, screaming for help, the cries already hoarse though hardly even well begun. The ducks came up and began wheeling and circling above him. Their curved wings were more beautiful than any he had seen before, cupping as gently as a kiss, skimming like a long caress, each pair shaped like the touch of a woman's hands in love.

He stopped yelling and slid peacefully down into the white darkness under the surface.



OUR BEST HIGH SCHOOLS

An Answer to Dropouts

The Nongraded High School

by B. FRANK BROWN

The following article by B. FRANK BROWN, principal of Melbourne High School in Florida, is the second of the ATLANTIC's series on the public high schools. Mr. Brown serves on the Panel for Research and Education of the President's Science Advisory Committee, on the Advanced Placement Committee of the College Entrance Examination Board, and on the Educational Advisory Committee of the Aerospace Foundation.

IN THE not too distant past, the only path for a school to follow was the well-worn and repeatedly traveled road of conventional education. The idea of a school going any other route was inconceivable heresy. The change at Melbourne High School actually preceded the technological revolution by several years. Our program of experimentation was launched in 1957, shortly after the Russians slammed the first man-made hardware into orbit around the earth. An important side effect of the Russian breakthrough was the creation of a national climate conducive to educational innovation and change in America. To a school operating in the shadow of what was then Cape Canaveral the launching of Sputnik was most provocative indeed.

Melbourne High School is a fifteen-hundred-pupil senior high school located in the Cape Kennedy complex. The proximity to the Cape gives rise to the myth that the students are all sons and daughters of space scientists. While there is a modicum of scientific personnel in the area, the vast majority of students are the children of technicians and laborers. What most of America does not realize is that the creative genius behind the missile industry is concentrated at missile design and space centers in California and Huntsville, Alabama. The chief function of the John F. Kennedy Missile

Test Center is to provide a firing range where the efficiency of missiles can be tested.

While the impact of Cape activity on the school has been conspicuous, its contribution is far more apparent in the quantity than in the quality of students. The school has been literally clobbered by the explosion in population created by the teeming influx of Cape workers. Each of the past five years has brought four hundred new students. Twice the school has been split to form new high schools in order to accommodate the deluge of incoming students.

While the enterprise at the Cape has brought an agglomeration of people to the area, it has also succeeded in bringing about a compensating community coalescence. The unifying element is the extensive support for space activities which has been generated in the area. This bond of like-mindedness has led indirectly to a profound community appreciation for the value of a good education.

Within less than a month after the first hole had been punched in space, the faculty at Melbourne High School had begun to debate the question whether we dare attempt to make advances in education comparable with the achievements in space. When a school develops heretical notions, the first obstacle which must be surmounted is the

problem of how to bypass the trip wires that keep schools conventional. Our move to overcome this barrier was to develop a strategy for change. The mechanics of this maneuver were based upon a process which we have since dubbed the "spin out," a technique whereby, instead of replacing an old practice with a new one, a new practice is introduced alongside the old. The cataclysm of the new tends to obscure or "spin out" the older course of action. This operation comprises a kind of innovative test boring. Its effect is to give the entire school program an innovative tug.

Since the immediate impetus of Sputnik kindled a national concern for the education of the gifted, our first "spin out" was designed to break the grade lockstep which has for so long restrained bright students. We simply removed all grade barriers and let the school's talented students pursue any course that they were capable of passing without reference to the grade to which they had been promoted.

The outcome exceeded all expectations. Increasing numbers of students eloquently met the challenge, and their parents were enormously pleased. Community approbation was so swift and convincing that in an unbelievably short time the whole process of grouping students into grades had "spun out" of existence. Once the stumbling block of the grade had been removed, we were able to concentrate in earnest on the development of a new brand of education.

What we were after was to reorganize learning on a radically different basis from the conventional plan which classifies youngsters into grades largely on the basis of age. The idea of grouping students by age into grades has never been more than a poor piece of technology. For this reason the most urgent problem facing education has for a long time been the issue of how to gear the curriculum to what the students actually know rather than to the grade to which they have been promoted. Only after this is accomplished can youngsters be taught to learn for the right reasons — for devotion to learning rather than for marks and promotion.

The new anxiety which Sputnik generated gave us a blank check to realign the curriculum in a manner best suited to the needs of students. Using the task-force approach, we probed a number of possibilities. We concluded that what was needed was a reorganization of the school around the knowledge and past accomplishments of the students. Subsequently, every student was rescheduled according to the degree of his past learning as measured by nationally standardized achievement tests.

We named this revolutionary new organization a "phased" rather than a "graded" curriculum. The word "phase" was carefully chosen since it fit our intent to make all learning situations tem-

porary and to allow students to move up the ladder of learning continuously without being restricted by the limitations of the grade.

IN THE plan for phased learning, the curriculum of each student is linked to his personal achievement rather than to his chronological age, as is customary in the graded school. The notion of phasing deposes and refutes both the graded organization and the concept of annual promotion. The purpose is to replace stops and starts with continuous learning and constant advance.

The class situations created by the new phased structure for learning are as follows:

Phase 1. Subjects are provided for students who perform from 0 to the 20th percentile on nationally standardized achievement tests, indicating that they need special assistance in small classes.

Phase 2. Subjects are organized for students who range between the 20th and 40th percentile in achievement and who need more emphasis on fundamentals.

Phase 3. Courses are arranged for students who score between the 40th and 60th percentile on standardized achievement tests, indicating that they have an average background of accomplishment.

Phase 4. Subject matter is planned for extremely well prepared students who achieve between the 60th and 80th percentiles and who desire education in depth.

Phase 5. Courses are available for students who attain above the 80th percentile and who are willing to assume responsibility for their own learning, pursuing college-level courses while still in high school.

Phase Q. Students whose creative talents are well developed should give consideration to the Quest phase of the curriculum. This is an important dimension of the phased organization in that it gives thrust in the direction of individual fulfillment. In the Q phase, a student may register for independent study in any area in which he is deeply and sincerely interested.

The underlying philosophy of the phased curriculum calls for student learning to be deliberately variegated in accordance with the response of the individual. For example, a particular student may be programmed into Phase 1 for social studies (achievement below the 20th percentile), Phase 2 for language arts (achievement between the 20th and 40th percentiles), Phase 3 for science (achievement between the 40th and 60th percentiles), and Phase 4 for mathematics (achievement between the 60th and 80th percentiles).

Professor Jerome Bruner, director of the Center

for Cognitive Studies at Harvard, reports his impressions of the program in his forthcoming book, *Education for the Space Age*.

In the multiphased school, courses have been reorganized into a system of phases that reflect not the grade in which they are taught but the student's ability to grasp the subject and his willingness to throw his weight into the task. Phase 1 is the remedial section and it is designed for students who need special assistance in small classes. When a student feels ready to try something more advanced, he is encouraged to set forth to the next "phase." His willingness is a major criterion. Phase 2 is for students who need more emphasis on the basic skills of a subject. Phase 3 is for those who are ready to have a go at the major substance of the curriculum in the field. Phase 4 is the subject in depth and with concentration. Phase 5 is independent study for the exceptional student willing to assume responsibility for his own learning and ready to use all available resources in doing so. He is supervised by a teacher with whom (as in any tutorial system) the student makes an appointment when he has finished a stint of work. The phase system operates in the four basic intellectual disciplines: mathematics, science, English, and history. They are the core of the process.

Virtually every one of the major curriculum efforts of the last decade has been incorporated and fitted to the needs of Melbourne's multiphased school — the Physical Science Study Committee course, the Chemical Bond course, the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, several experimental mathematics programs, and some homegrown innovations in social studies and humanities. These courses can and are being adapted to different phase levels. There is no reason why the new curricula cannot be adapted to this broader use more generally.

But the realignment of students on the basis of achievement changes course content in the nongraded school in subtle ways. The school perforce resorts to a much wider range of materials than those used in the graded school. Standard textbooks aimed at a grade level are inappropriate and have been abolished. A multiplicity of materials has replaced the rigid text.

Professor Bruner's statement that the school teaches the new subject matter at different phase levels is worthy of further comment. It is to the nation's discredit that every one of the new curriculum projects sponsored by the National Science Foundation has been designed for the above-average student. Since no new curriculum has been devised to appeal to the lower group of America's students, our own teaching staff has taken on the task of adapting subject matter, designed for the gifted, to the various levels of ability with which the school must cope. The approach has been to tease out the major principles from the new material and to focus on the big themes which tie the subject together. When great emphasis is placed on the large ideas, the basic skills and principles become more interesting.

In effect, fundamental knowledge has been re-

tooled around important new concepts, and these considerations are presented at multiple phase levels through the discovery method. When a youngster discovers a new concept by himself, it whets his curiosity and makes it easier for him to make a discovery the next time. Subject matter learned in this fashion is more realistic and meaningful to students.

A certain amount of anarchy has been deliberately introduced into the curriculum. This agitation-of-learning situation makes it possible for learning to be approached in violently different ways. Subject matter for some students is no more complex than the mastery of basic skills; for others subject matter becomes so intensively a problem-solving process that it acquires the sophistication of a Rorschach test. The ancient shibboleth that all students are equal and should study the same phenomena and learn the same details has been thoroughly dissipated. The intent of a nongraded brand of education is to provide a curriculum with differing clefs and keys. We are convinced that the only way to organize a school is on the basis of student achievement.

While in the past one of our major problems has been how to persuade talented teachers to work with the less talented students, the effect of a multiphased curriculum on this problem has been striking. As learning became more variegated and individualized we found teachers stepping forward to say, Give me the ungifted, for I am a professional and I can teach students of varying ability.

The forward projection of education can only be in the direction of a nongraded model. There is simply no other place to go. The major function of nongraded education is to give students a liteness of attitude and a suppleness of mind. Prognosticators forecast that the rapidly changing technology will require that students now in school be retrained three times. The intent of our curriculum is to equip students with "built-in" second-chance mechanisms. In the age of automation, each individual must possess a kind of expertise which will enable him to shift quickly when new skills are developed and old skills become outmoded. Such an environment demands a groundswell in the direction of flexible education. Because we operate in the Cape Kennedy area, we are convinced that an important function of the school is to develop individuals who are adaptable. Unless we succeed, our society will be too rigid to deal with the future.

ANY discussion of changes in the curriculum must eventually come to the point of what is being done about reading. This is the central intellectual obligation of the educated person and the most im-

portant subject in the curriculum, yet educators are unable to agree upon how it should be taught. While we in Melbourne do not claim to have all the answers to the reading debacle, we are deeply committed to the notion that reading is a high school problem. The high schools of the country are literally overrun with students who are unable to read above the third- or fourth-grade level. Training in this subject should not be relegated solely to the elementary school. It is a matter of extreme urgency for high school students with reading handicaps to receive particular attention. When students are phased instead of graded, those who do not read competently are scheduled for two or more hours a day in a reading laboratory. Here an intensive effort is made to increase reading efficiency.

Second in importance among the needs of high school students is a thorough understanding of the principles of mathematics. In the phased curriculum, students with a poor background in mathematics are scheduled for increased time in this subject. This extra time is provided in small classes where students receive as much personal attention as is needed in order to learn the subject effectively.

The phased curriculum, bracketed by a non-graded organization, denotes a big push in a new direction for the educational enterprise. But much more is needed. We found that the role of the teacher must also change to meet the dynamics of a changed establishment. The need for a new breed of teacher is as urgent as the need for a revolutionized curriculum.

Our teachers have been compelled to abandon the mass of trivia which directs the way conventional classes are taught. I am referring to the monotonous practice whereby the teacher conducts a class by asking questions to which he has pat answers. Over the years this technique has become so thoroughly ingrained as a method of pedagogy in the public schools that the publishers of many school materials prepare canned questions for teachers to ask. These trite questions are supplied in teacher manuals accompanying textbooks. It is a prescriptive kind of learning, which we found to be too ineffective to be useful in the classroom of a school with a phased curriculum.

Another major stumbling block to learning which we had to overcome was the extreme and exaggerated overuse of the lecture as a style of teaching. The lecture as a teaching technique was introduced into the secondary schools in the nineteenth century at a time when the public schools were educating only the intellectually elite. Its effectiveness has receded as a result of compulsory education laws, which have brought into the schools the general population with their exceedingly wide range of abilities.

Lectures are unprofitable in dealing with the mass population unless they are delivered in very small quantities. As a matter of fact, this method of teaching would have vanished a decade ago had it not been for the shot in the arm given by the team-teaching fad.

The lecture as a manner of presentation is far more appropriate to the setting of the college, where students usually have no more than two or three classes a day. High school students must face from five to eight classes a day. There is a decided limit to the amount of learning which can be absorbed through the process of being "talked to." Furthermore, many high school teachers are dull and uninteresting, while colleges attract the best and the most creative minds in the teaching field.

Another factor making the lecture more appropriate to college learning is the makeup of the college population, which is highly selective. The epitome of the matter is that the students in colleges differ vastly, both in intellect and sophistication, from the general population which comes within the province of the high school, where only a third of the students are going to college and where another one third of the students often are handicapped by cultural disadvantages. Since high school learning activities must deal with the general population, we found it expedient to organize instruction around shirt-sleeve types of activities in which students are personally involved.

While it is extremely important to allow the individual teacher flexibility of method in attaining the goals of the course, there are several basic principles which buttress viable learning in the classroom of the phased program.

1. Teacher presentation of materials generally may not occupy more than 20 percent of the time in the course. (This includes time spent in viewing films as well as lecturing.)

2. Discussion in analysis groups constitutes approximately 40 percent of the class time.

3. Individual work and reading encompass roughly 40 percent of the class time.

Now what can we say about the differences which these changes have wrought?

The most reassuring result has been the complete disappearance of discipline problems. The act of placing students in learning situations closely linked to their achievement has resulted in a remarkable improvement in their attitudes and behavior. Certainly the reading laboratory, where many students spend several hours of the day receiving personal attention, has made a tremendous difference to the youngsters in the low socioeconomic bracket.

At the other end of the spectrum, the achievement of the more able students has been spectacular. Such subjects as Greek and differential equa-

tions have been added to a curriculum which has become rich in variety. In each of the last five years the school has won first-place honors in the Florida State Science Fair. In national competition, students have twice won the Westinghouse Talent Search. Last year we produced a Presidential Scholar. The number of students enrolling in college has jumped from 30 to 70 percent. There is an ever increasing flow of able students to the high-prestige colleges. Alumni are presently enrolled at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst, and Smith. Reports from colleges reveal that most of the school's graduates are making creditable college records.

In addition to the intellectual changes which have taken place among the students since the establishment of the nongraded pattern, there are several important plant changes which are worthy of note. With students taking more responsibility for their own learning, we found that the conventional high school library was no longer appropriate. It became necessary for us to construct a

new library which, in the words of the faculty, had to be "as large as the gymnasium." This new facility was built deliberately on the lawn of the school. The purpose was to make it available to students in the afternoon and evening after the school is closed. We have also found it necessary to construct new science laboratories in such a way that they could be made accessible after school and in the evening. When we took the limits off learning, many students began to ask for longer school hours. The school under the nongraded program has indeed undergone some revolutionary changes.

In conclusion, I feel compelled to mention one distinct drawback to a serious commitment to the notion of innovation and change. When a school ventures to undertake new programs, it can expect to be ostracized from its neighbors. Most schools are so tethered by the fetters of convention that they "would rather fight than switch." Through its adherence to a concept of heresy, Melbourne High School has indeed suffered the loneliness of the long-distance runner.

CRAB CATCHERS

BY SHIRLEY KAUFMAN

The Sunday fishermen
bait their expectations, shifting
their weight along the slack and draw.
Swinging long poles across the sky,
they slice a dozen new horizons,
stare out of narrow eyes, and wait
like disciplined beagles for the crabs.

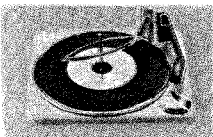
They bring their separation with them,
deliver themselves to the mineral curve
of bay, making all distances
seem possible, and time the letting
out of lines.

And whether they look
above their weaving higher, where gulls
fold thin legs flat beneath their tails
and splash through air; or feel the looseness
of the wind around their wrists —
water trembles, air shakes
when the tug comes from hook to hand —
a burst of fountains. And the whole world
flies, untangled, into their faces.



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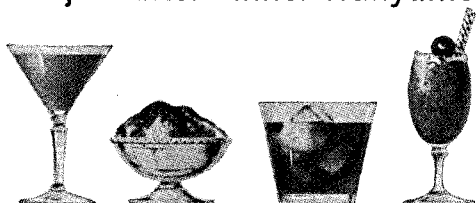
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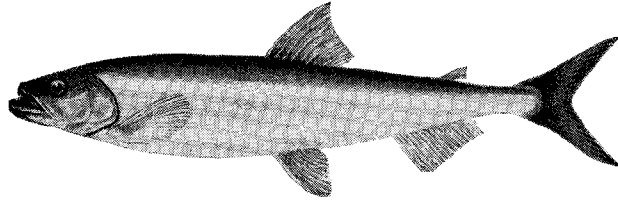
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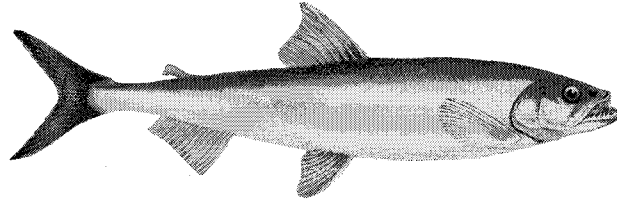


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THE GENTLE ART OF CATCHING SMELTS



BY ELIZABETH R. CHOATE

ELIZABETH R. CHOATE has taken the Atlantic salmon on a dry fly, golden trout in the High Sierras, and bull stripers off Cullyhunk, but, as she is about to relate, she met her match when she went after smelts in Manchester Harbor. This is the third in a series of her articles.

I HAVE always known that the harbor at Manchester-by-the-Sea was a haven for hundreds of craft, but it was not until we moored our own boat there that I discovered it was full of smelts in the autumn.

One evening in late August I went up on deck to enjoy the reflection of pines and rocks mirrored in the calm water, but for me there was no peace at all; for right under my nose there were a number of small fish rising. At first I suspected that these were tinker mackerel, but soon discovered them to be smelts. They were coming in from the sea with the flooding tide and congregating in a small basin where a brook splashed down across the rocks into a cove.

I have done a lot of fishing all my life but never thought very much about smelts other than to eat them with pleasure. Immediately I threw a line over the side and was much disappointed when I caught nothing. This aggravated me, and I vowed to solve the problem at once.

The following day brought two boatloads of crusty old fishermen who had obviously been smelting there for the past sixty years. These boys were not the chatty type; in fact, they barely spoke to each other at all. For hours at a time they sat silently, raising and lowering their rods in constant rhythm, swinging the little silver fish into their boats. Once in a while one would noisily spit out his quid and take a long swig from a fat brown jug.

I armed myself with a rod and rowed to what

seemed to be the magic spot. Again I drew a blank. This really infuriated me, so I asked one of the mossbacks what was the right kind of bait to use, and got the laconic answer, "Worms." I tried the usual sea worms but caught only an eel. Then I thought that perhaps he had meant garden worms, so I dug some of those and caught a tommycod.

Finally a nice young man came along who took pity on me. I asked him, "What in the world sort of worms should I use?" He replied, "Only the tail of a very small sea worm." He saved me from a nervous breakdown, I am sure, for what is more frustrating than to sit empty-handed while those about you are catching fish?

It seems to take a few good cold nights to start the smelts running in the late summer, and from then on through the autumn is the real season for smelting. There are no set rules for any kind of fishing, but it is well to start off with an accepted procedure, and after considerable trial and error, I learned the traditional way to fish for smelts in a tidal basin.

First, the rods are important; they should be made of rigid light bamboo, at least eight feet long so they will lie evenly athwart a skiff. If you like things lively, you will need five of these, four across the boat and one in hand. The rods should be fitted with tips and guides; the twenty-five feet of fine line is wound not on a reel but on a small cleat seated eight inches above the butt of the rod. Second, each line is equipped with a leader and a small

spreader, plus a little sinker if the tide is strong. The spreaders are rigged with a pair of number six snelled hooks, which have a slight bend in the shank. Of course, if you are a duffer, you may use a horrid fifty-cent bendy bamboo pole and wind the line around the tip.

Third, the bait, as before mentioned, is only the tail of a small sea worm. The business of the bait is fussy because smelts are capricious fish; one day they regard tiny shrimp as ice cream, and the following day they will scorn shrimp and relish seaworm tails as though they were beluga caviar. I tried fishing with shrimp, but soon abandoned them as being too chancy and stuck to worms.

On reaching the magic spot, one should drop a bow anchor, leaving plenty of slack rope. The boat is then sculled a short distance, and a second anchor is lowered from the stern. The ropes are tightened; in this fashion the boat is held taut, thus preventing it from swinging with the tide and mussing up the ten dainty hooks that are so temptingly lowered to within approximately eighteen inches of the bottom.

When one starts collecting the equipment to go smelting, there are several musts to take along: a good sharp knife, a piece of burlap with which to deal with an eel, a bucket for the fish, and a flat bait box to keep between one's knees. The sea worms being what they are, I like a towel for wiping my hands, and since I may be out five hours, some sandwiches, for I am always hungry.

After getting the boat set, the rods in place, and the hooks baited, there is the important question of the depth at which one must fish on that particular day, and then of changing the length of the lines proportionately as the tide rises.

It is no good to fish for smelts until the tide is at quarter flood; from then until two hours after it has begun to ebb, the fishing can be very fast indeed. If the smelts are biting, there is never a dull moment. It is rather like playing the xylophone; just steady attention to the sticks, here, there, and everywhere.

I became addicted to this pleasant pastime and spent many lively hours in that pretty cove. The curmudgeons obviously resented my intrusion and continued to snub me. One day when they had taken hundreds of smelts, I admiringly asked one of them, "How many have you caught?" The answer was "Couple dozen." He could just as easily have said "Couple bushel," which would have been nearer the truth, for I am sure that not one of them would have bothered to take his feet out of the oven for just one bushel.

The old stagers continued to sit silently, catching smelts day after day. The only time I noticed a flurry in their vicinity was when one of them hooked an eel. Then there was a big confusion and slam-banging around, punctuated by a lot of rugged

New England cussing as the eel wound itself backward up his arm. I watched this struggle with spiteful pleasure and was delighted when he ended up by having to cut his line to get rid of it.

By the end of the smelting season our freezer was full to overflowing with these delicate fish, and that winter we feasted on them in many forms. Some we split and broiled, garnishing them with lemon butter and freshly chopped parsley. The tiny ones we dipped in beaten egg and bread crumbs, then fried them in deep fat for one minute; these we ate with tartar sauce. Others we poached in Chablis and herbs and then gratinéed. Few people have tried smelts à la meunière, but they are delicious.

One stormy afternoon there was a big run of king-size smelts; eight to the pound, in the vernacular. They were so handsome that I took some as a present to a friend who is neither a fisherwoman nor a cook. I arranged them on a flat basket, cushioned in green moss and garlanded with ferns. The previous day I had gathered cranberries, so I put a big red one in each smelt's mouth. They looked temptingly fresh and colorful, and my bosom swelled with pride as I offered my gift. All I got for my pains was an unenthusiastic "Thank you," as my friend rang for her maid and banished the whole business as fast as possible to the kitchen. I venture to say that my gourmet offering was, as likely as not, served up four days later, tasteless, and dry as a baby's unused diaper.

Another day I mistakenly invited two guests, who professed envy at my pastime, to go with me. Practically no smelts were caught, and I became deafened by their "Did you hears" and "Oh, my dears." Since then I have had no guests on my fishing trips, nor have I given away any more smelts.

There are other ways of catching smelts: dipping them with nets as they come up the brooks to spawn, and the outlawed jacking with flares. Of these I know nothing.

The business of fishing through the ice in the dead of winter has never appealed to me, although there are many followers of this sport. When the Great Bay near Exeter, New Hampshire, freezes over, dozens of huts are hauled out over the ice on sledges, and suddenly a whole village mushrooms overnight. I imagine that these cabins can be made pretty cosy and the community camaraderie runs high. The only time I tried it I nearly froze to death. I just sat on a hard plank and stared at the motionless little trigger which holds the line over a hole in the ice, wishing that I were back at home in front of my warm hearth.

Fishing is balm to my soul, and I enjoy every minute of it when I am alone. Someday, if I keep at it another twenty years, I will start chewing tobacco and take a brown jug with me. I may even be snippy to greenhorns.

BOOKS and MEN *One of America's brightest young university critics, ROBERT ADAMS is chairman of Cornell University's department of literature and a close student of the works of Milton, Stendahl, James Joyce, and others. Mr. Adams examines here the writings of C. P. SNOW, with emphasis on Sir Charles' contribution to the two-cultures dialogue.*

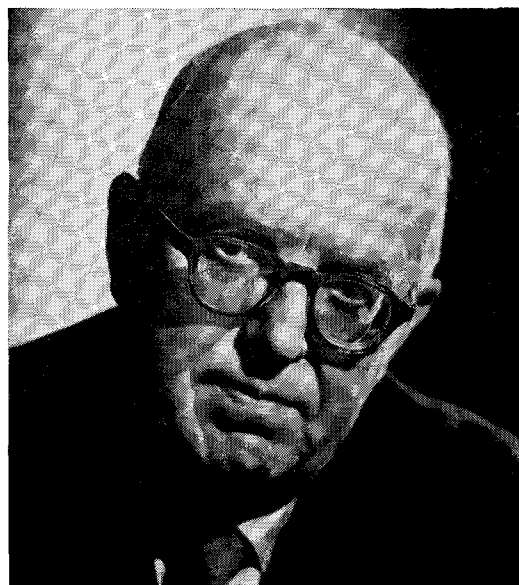
Pomp and Circumstance: C. P. Snow

by ROBERT ADAMS

THE latest addition to C.P. Snow's saga of Lewis Eliot, *Corridors of Power* (Scribner's, \$5.95), is number nine in a sequence destined to comprise either ten or a dozen novels, and it settles a question which had been in the air since *The Affair* (1960). Previous books in the sequence have moved with a short, uneasy motion, often involving considerable overlay and repetition, from Lewis Eliot's early Georgian youth (*Time of Hope, Strangers and Brothers*), through World War II (*The New Men, Homecomings, The Masters*), to a terminal date about 1947. *The Affair* skipped six crucial years, to concentrate on the period 1952-1953, and there was a question whether this gaping hole in time would ever be, as it were, backfilled. *Corridors of Power* seems to ensure that it will not, for the book moves majestically forward into 1955-1958. Taking place on the ministerial level, the novel emphasizes a social advance by Lewis Eliot rather like that of the late Midshipman-Captain-Admiral-National Hero Hornblower. The next volume may well give us Lewis Eliot making his bow at St. James's, with a dukedom in the offing.

For those who have faithfully followed the sequence, *Corridors of Power* will hold few surprises. What the trial of Jack Cotery and George Passant was to the first two novels, what the trials of Eric Strawbridge and Donald Howard were to *The New Men* and *The Affair*, what the struggle of Jagoe and Crawford was to *The Masters*, the parliamentary career of Roger Quaife is to *Corridors of Power*. As usual, the issues of the novel culminate in a vote. Indifference to dramatic setting seems to be growing on Sir Charles, and in this latest novel, almost all the scenes take place either in nondescript government offices or at the dining table. As the latter setting is a bit more picturesque, and therefore makes a stronger impression than the former, an unintended comic weight is laid on

Photograph by Walter Bird, courtesy of Scribner's.



affairs of the stomach. I counted no fewer than thirty-one serious sittings-down-to-table in the book, though little is actually savored at any of them beyond warmed-over political phrases.

For the central thesis of the book is political. Roger Quaife stakes his fate on a liberal, semi-ban-the-bomb nuclear policy, and he is brought down by an imagined group of what Americans must perforce think of as British McCarthyites. Behind the blackest of the book's villains, Brodzinski, it is possible to recognize the saturnine features of Dr. Edward Teller, with perhaps a compounded touch of Herman Kahn. This paranoid monster plays on the fears and prejudices of backward irresponsibles, and so destroys the career of the enlightened Quaife, already weakened by an extramarital affair. This alignment of Goods and Bads is, perhaps, a bit mechanical. Historically minded readers may feel that Quaife's high-minded liberalism is rendered a little too easy by the total omission of such ugly history as the Budapest up-

rising and the Korean War. It is not hard to portray liberals as wise and prudent men when one systematically ignores the problems which liberalism cannot solve. But ideology has been a controlling element of Snow's sequence.

Strangers and Brothers had a consistent tendency to take up one topic at a time, sometimes covering the same time background twice over, but bringing different characters forward or pushing them into the shadows as the program of a particular novel required. Thus Lewis Eliot, though supposed to be having a frightful time with psychotic Sheila all through the period of *The Light and the Dark*, *The New Men*, and *The Masters*, said in these novels almost nothing about her — in effect, segregating her agonies and his own into *Time of Hope*, toward the end, and *Homecomings*, toward the beginning. There is intended to be a "resonance," Sir Charles has said, "between what Lewis Eliot sees and what he feels," but a good deal of this resonance is bound to be damped and muffled by the novelist's extraordinary ability to switch people and ideas on and off. Long before Lewis Eliot began forgetting about Budapest, he was good at bidding brothers wait in the wings until needed, dropping aged fathers into oblivion, and keeping wretched Sheila in Chelsea cold storage while he trotted about Mentone observing the amours of Roy Calvert. Apart from the untidy narrative aspects, these mental sound curtains deprive Lewis Eliot of any real chance for resonance within himself, let alone with his time.

Yet, in one of the novels, poor old Lewis does come momentarily out of the numb encapsulation which has been imposed on him. The moment of emergence is in *Homecomings*; it rises out of a situation in which Lewis, who has been Margaret's lover, has rejected her and allowed her to marry Geoffrey, by whom she has had a child. Then, slowly but inexorably, it becomes clear to both of them that they want, need, and are still in love with one another. Sir Charles is not at his best in rendering this storm of Wagnerian yearning. Margaret, though a nice girl, is about as passionate in ordinary discourse as the average dean of women; and Lewis Eliot as a lover seems chiefly inclined to mope. But, granted the characters are in love — it isn't supposed to be a young, sensual affair, but the slow culmination of an inarticulate and only half-dramatizable attraction — the fact is that they have got themselves into a frightful mess. They try to find a way out which will not hurt someone's feelings. They are both decent people, and it is actually the depth of their civilized decency which landed them in this mess in the first place. But there is no easy way out, and in the end, Lewis Eliot does what, so far as I know, he does nowhere else in the sequence. He acts on instinct, without

regard for fairness or propriety or other people's desires. He wants Margaret, and at last, reaching down under those layers of kindness and niceness which make him a "dear old boy" — odious phrase — to his friends, he finds something which entitles him to be a man with the woman of his choice. Whether or not it was worth waiting through six novels for, it certainly makes *Homecomings* the most authentic novel of the series.

To a degree that has not been altogether appreciated, the novels of Sir Charles Snow are studies in the accumulation of evidence. Whether the central action is an election or an examination or a trial, one accumulates evidence to support a position; amid distractions and irrelevancies, it piles up. Fair-minded, limited men scrutinize it while Lewis Eliot scrutinizes it and them. Everyone is anxious. Then a decision is reached, sometimes right, sometimes wrong; but most of the time it turns out that the decision didn't matter much anyway. By the time George Passant and Jack Cotery have been declared innocent, Lewis Eliot knows that they are, in a certain sense, guilty. But no matter, they are decent chaps and probably will not do it again. After all the fuss which is made in *The Affair* over the guilt or innocence of Donald Howard, he reveals himself in the last pages as an incorrigible malcontent, so lightweight that not even his supporters think him worth the trouble he has caused. Like Roy Calvert's disappointment at not finding God — and this is presented so much from the outside as to seem a symptom of unaccountable temperamental eccentricity — Lewis Eliot's bid for Margaret is an exceptional appeal to something resembling instinct or passion or need, a layer of existence which lies under and untouched by rationality or culture. It is something that cannot be submitted to a vote.

The shift of moral gravity is the more moving because it is made deliberately and in the teeth of something which Margaret has explicitly rejected — Lewis Eliot's nagging, corrupting sense of moral responsibility. It is his nature, it is his sickness, to be a helping, considerate companion; it was this role which he played to his own satisfaction with despairing, unrewarding Sheila. Margaret isn't having any of this; and it is, in fact, only by acting ruthlessly, for himself, in the teeth of his "responsibilities," that Lewis Eliot gets her at all. What must be her disappointment to find him, in *The Affair* (ten years after their marriage), exercising that same twitchy moral responsibility on the compulsive counting-up of some more evidence?

Apart from its deficiencies of construction, verbal inventiveness, episodic variety, and atmospheric

depth, the *Strangers and Brothers* sequence has aroused irritation through its obsessive, slow-paced concern with the sort of limited judgment which legislative bodies make and which we think literary artists ought to transcend. Like Lewis Eliot himself, the sequence of which he is the narrator is extraordinarily culture-bound. At his best, Eliot can briefly rise above his fate, can protest with blunt but authentic energy against it; these muffled cries render all the more oppressive the grinding, automatic quality of the writing at its routine level. This quality not only limits Sir Charles as a novelist, leaving both tragedy and comedy outside his chosen scope; it also lends a certain perspective to his extra-novelistic pronouncements on culture.

WHAT Sir Charles actually said in that Rede Lecture of 1959 (which in good part merely restated theses put forward earlier) does not now look as if it ought to have stirred up as much enduring controversy as it has done. He said, in effect, that scientists as he had observed them knew so little of the "polite" culture, that many of them considered a novel by Dickens a dangerous literary adventure; and that, contrariwise, most literary and artistic people (those people who claimed for themselves the title of "intellectuals") knew remarkably little of modern science. As a statement of fact, this one covers such an amount of territory that everyone can, could, and did think of exceptions in goodly numbers; yet, as sweeping generalizations go, it is obviously right. But it does not go far enough. Communication does not take place between the two disciplines, but it does not take place very freely within them either. This point needs little laboring. Literary people are often painfully out of touch with the plastic arts; sculptors do not as a rule talk shop with musicians. Even within a specific field, say English literature, the weight of current book production makes it impossible for any reader, however devoted, to keep up with the day-to-day output. A sort of communication does take place through the mass media, ranging from the macabre simplicities that go out over the wire services or the television cables to some occasionally interesting and complex work in the movies. But too often the price of communication is the dismissal of those nuances which were the only thing worth communicating in the first place. As for the sciences, they are producing so much new material every day, of such density and complexity, that no one man can possibly maintain even superficial acquaintance with more than a tiny fraction of it.

Thus, though Sir Charles was right enough in calling attention to a gap between the major branches of our culture, it appears that the more

crucial gap is between the culture as a whole and the people within it who are being crushed and oppressed by a heritage which for the individual has become more a burden than a support. Naturally the supremely gifted and confident student still responds to the challenge. He may even learn how to appreciate the sort of approach which is customary in a field other than his own. But increasingly, the young men of the future, brought up against the demands of the culture, are turning back as bewildered and directionless children. The grind which faces them is frightful; the big rewards are for a supremely talented few; the new society offers, in the way of motivation, neither the fearful stick of abject poverty nor the luscious carrot of great wealth. Is it any wonder that the students, entering on their advanced acculturation, murmur in increasing numbers and with increasing emphasis, "No, thanks"?

Perhaps the most questionable aspect of Sir Charles' lecture was his suggestion that the Russians seem to have made a proper start at reconciling the "two cultures." The idea that in "socialist realism" the engineer and the artist find a satisfactory cultural meeting ground was distressing in its political simplicity; as if it were not common knowledge that this excuse for a style has been imposed by political edict upon most Russian writers and artists, that they are restive under it and would throw it off in a minute if they were allowed to. But quite apart from the political argument, it seems that the scale of the question has shrunk remarkably if it can be satisfied by a romance in which Masha and Mitya fall in love while overfulfilling their quota of lag bolts. We are not really talking about culture at all if what we want is a higher percentage of engineers as the heroes of our novels and movies; we are talking about stage props. There are several specific troubles with duress in matters of culture, one of which is that the things that can be required are all superficial. A deeper trouble lies in the basic notion of attacking a disease by suppressing symptoms; one recalls the basic Navy solution to mechanical malfunctions: "Hit it with a bigger hammer."

For in every matter of culture, the voice of obligation, persuasion, or duress is only one of the voices making up the dialogue. There is also the voice which responds to society's recurrent "You ought" with a quiet, yet no less insistent "But I must"; it is the voice which Lewis Eliot heard just once in his life and which liberated him on that brief occasion from his routine treadmill of worried muddle. It is the voice of instinct, the voice of tragic need, the voice which says the whole prudential world is important only as it provides me with the raw materials to make my own creative soul.

Truth lies here, not in the middle, not in a com-

promise or reconciliation, but in the continuing dialogue of extremes. If socialist realism implies almost automatically the solving of a problem by reducing it to its stage props, so do our petty academic palliatives. Nobody has much confidence in little courses called "Western Culture for Engineers" or "Modern Science for the Aesthetic." Any student worth a lick knows that what he learns in such courses is a laughable oversimplification — better than nothing, maybe, but perhaps worse. Serious intellectual work is just not done in a spirit of "Gosh, we really ought to know something about sand sharks"; quite literally, modern man must specialize or die. The culture presses on us, huge, intricate, and demanding: most of it we shall have to ignore; of some small part we can be peripherally aware; and within a tiny area of their choice a few men in each generation have a bare chance of knowing what they are talking about. The period when they know enough to operate and are still flexible enough to seek out new ideas is, for most, pitifully brief; I do not think they ought to be nagged about the narrowness of their interests unless that narrowness interferes in some way with their chosen ends.

No individual is responsible for everything, or for any one thing, in a culture; no man should be asked to feel guilty because he doesn't know some particular piece of information; it is the structure he is making that counts, not the presence or absence of one particular brick. For, the pressure of holding men responsible for too many things leads directly to compromise and muddle, a classic instance of which is the present state of popular opinion in America, where we are forever being hurried by the news media from one emergency to another. We are told to feel responsible for Cyprus, for the Congo, for Vietnam, for Cuba, for the cold war generally, for juvenile delinquency, for the deplorable state of race relations in Mississippi and elsewhere. Each of these concerns may be legitimate in itself; with regard to all of them, our sense of obligation vastly outweighs our power of positive action, and in effect, when we divide our attention so radically we neither know anything worth acting on nor are entitled to an opinion about anything. The proposal that intellectuals should divide their attention between widely disparate disciplines is so clearly open to this criticism that one can hardly impute its serious advocacy to Sir Charles.

And, in fact, the Rede lecture veers off rather oddly after its bold diagnosis of the "two culture" dilemma into a plea for more support for one of these "cultures." "More jam" was Sir Charles' way

of putting it; however homey the phrasing, its sense was clear, and in view of the recently publicized drain of British scientific personnel overseas, one can scarcely think the warning uncalled for. How serious the losses are in terms of the national welfare is another matter. Nobody seems to keep scientific secrets very long nowadays. The whole concept of keeping up in this race or that race implies an inconceivably wasteful duplication of labor, talent, and facilities which probably will not be possible on a major scale for very long; we shall then see, as we are already starting to see, a growth of co-operative ventures among the have nations and an attempt to limit access to the monopoly by the have nots.

Under the circumstances, it will probably matter less and less whether British scientists are working at Harwell or elsewhere. But in any event, the example of contemporary America is excellent evidence that giving the scientists more federal jam doesn't solve or minimize problems of interdisciplinary communication. Quite the contrary. Jam in large amounts is necessary for some scientific research, and a welcome perquisite of intellectual activity generally; but when federal jam tries to control and direct, as in the current expansion of the superuniversities, it tends inexorably to reduce scientists and humanists alike to bureaucrats. Poets work best to the judgment of their fellow poets, historians with an eye to the criticism of their brother historians, mathematicians for their own occult fraternity, and every craftsman worth his salt to the measure of men skilled in the mystery. Robert Graves tells us that the Scilly Islanders live by taking in each other's laundry; and nowhere in the world do the clothes come out whiter.

It is an old but wise prescription: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." For contemporary culture, though inevitably burdensome, becomes bitterly restrictive only when seen through the distorting lenses of muddle and indiscriminate responsibility. A clear eye to our own advantage will tell us how widely or narrowly to invest our energies in the culture. If we do something, I do not think we shall be much blamed for not doing everything. Whatever we invest, and however we distribute it, I believe we shall do well to hold something in reserve, a private and quiet negation, a provincialism of the heart. Read with this point in mind, the story of Lewis Eliot is pretty good evidence that a moment of concentrated, heartfelt authenticity is worth several thousand pages of drab responsibility.



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AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

WHAT IS CANADA?

BY JOHN CONWAY

A native of British Columbia, JOHN CONWAY served for four years in the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada. He went through rugged fighting in Sicily and Italy, and it was in Italy that he was wounded and decorated with the Military Cross. After the war he "emigrated" to Harvard University, won affection and wide respect as Master of Leverett House, and now, after sixteen years, has returned to the division of humanities at York University in Toronto.

ON JULY 1, 1967, Canada will celebrate its one-hundredth birthday. In many parts of the country the form of the celebration has yet to be decided. This is not surprising since a great many Canadians are not sure what we are supposed to be celebrating. Is it the foundation of a great bicultural nation united in a common purpose? A glance at the headlines in any newspaper from Halifax to Vancouver will show the absurdity of the idea. We cannot even decide on a national flag. Is it the maintenance in Quebec of the French language and culture against the encroachments of the Anglo-Saxon majority? If so, the Anglo-Saxon majority can hardly be expected to take part with enthusiasm. Is it the maintenance of the sovereignty of the Crown and the British connection against French-Canadian particularism? The province of Quebec can hardly be expected to rejoice. And for the four million Canadians of neither French nor British origin, either achievement is irrelevant. Is it then simply the fact that we have maintained our political independence against the usually friendly but always staggering pressures from the United States? Possibly. But so negative an achievement will not, three years hence, bring about an emotional response in any way comparable with the response on an ordinary American Fourth of July. If our centenary cele-

bration is to mean anything, it must be about what we are, rather than about what we are not. And this problem of our identity we have yet to solve.

After a century of effort we are more seriously divided than we have ever been since Queen Victoria created the country by signing the British North America Act in 1867. A sizable minority in Quebec is committed to bringing about quasi or total independence for French Canada. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon majority is still reluctant to accept the idea that Canada must become in fact what she is in theory, bilingual and bicultural. Nor is the drive toward provincial autonomy confined to Quebec. At the other end of the country the Social Credit premier of British Columbia, W.A.C. Bennett, seems to view his province almost as an independent principality. The three prairie provinces, with their agricultural and oil-producing economy, constitute a distinctive territory of their own. The Maritime Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, poor in resources and a geographical extension of New England rather than of the rest of Canada, were reluctant to come into Confederation in the first place and are dubious to this day of the wisdom of their decision. In the absence of a unifying idea the provinces tend to assert the

identity which emerges from their own geography and circumstances. We have so far failed at Ottawa to agree about the nature of our country and its people. If our citizens cannot define themselves in terms of Canada, they will define themselves in terms of British Columbia, or Nova Scotia, or Alberta, or Quebec. French-Canadian particularism is only the most dramatic expression of a particularism that afflicts the whole of our country.

The question for Canada today is this: Are we simply a variant of the American republic, shaped by the same forces, governed by the same beliefs, based upon a political philosophy which is all but the same? If we are, we should use up no more energy on squabbles between French and English. We should not spend money in a vain attempt to foster Canadian literature, Canadian art, a Canadian theater. We should not try to maintain armed forces of our own or endeavor to construct an independent foreign policy. We should stop worrying about American ownership of our resources and our industries. We should stop wasting our time in arguments about a Canadian flag. Instead, we should admit that our honorable century-old experiment has been a failure, and we should direct our best efforts toward coming to a political and economic accommodation with Washington. If as a people we have nothing distinctive of value to contribute to the world, we should be prepared to throw in our lot, if we are permitted, with those who have. We live in too desperate a century to indulge in the frivolity of false independence. We may be a confused people. We are not an emerging, underdeveloped nation.

However, I do not believe that Canada is a variant of the United States. Had such been the case, economic and geographic forces would long ago have brought about the absorption of the Dominion into the Union. There were many on both sides of the border who would have tolerated or welcomed such a development. The French-Canadian *habitants* were neutral when the armies of the Continental Congress invaded Canada in 1776. The Anglo-Scots merchants of Montreal in 1849 signed a manifesto urging annexation with the United States. Later in the century Goldwin Smith, who had resigned the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford to settle in Toronto, spent his distinguished career urging the futility and foolishness of Canadian insistence on independence. American leaders expressed themselves even more forcefully. It seemed to them only common sense that Canada should be ceded to settle the *Alabama* claims. Theodore Roosevelt believed that American demands in the Oregon boundary dispute had been too modest. The whole of British Columbia and the prairie provinces should have been taken. "We were the people who could have used it

best and we should have taken it all." During the Venezuelan crisis in 1895 Richard Olney informed Whitehall that three thousand miles of ocean "make any permanent union between an European and an American state unnatural and inexpedient." Whitehall itself, until the imperialist wave struck in the 1880s, showed little interest in the North American dependency and hoped that Canada would either go out on its own or join the United States.

This, contrary to all the laws of determinism, did not happen. It did not happen precisely because the Canadian people were different from the Americans and they knew it. Official oratory about the undefended frontier is misleading. The frontier has been undefended in large part because it is undefendable, not because of any profound similarity between the two peoples, who are, in fact, different in their historical experience, their political philosophy, and their view of the world outside North America. They are complementary to each other, but they are not identical. Both may legitimately claim to be the legatees of British notions of free government, but the legacy is not a unified one. The American people entered into their legacy by a revolutionary act in 1776. By that act they defined their identity and released the energies that would during the next century and a half create a great nation and a great literature, a new vision of the nature and destiny of man.

WE CANADIANS have so far failed to enter fully into our legacy, and this is our one great, over-reaching problem as our centennial approaches. On its solution everything else depends. We have failed to vest sovereignty where it properly belongs—in the Canadian people. Instead, we have allowed it to remain in the British monarchy, and in doing so we have divided our country and inhibited our emotional and creative development as a people. A nation, like an individual, can achieve integrity and identity only out of its own experience and not derivatively from a parent. This, and not French-Canadian particularism, is at the root of our present difficulties. Our internal dissensions are intrinsically less serious than those that plagued the thirteen colonies when their leaders were laboring to create the American Union, but because of our failure to recognize a national identity distinct from that of Great Britain, they have been allowed to assume proportions that have come close to paralyzing our parliamentary machinery. Our identity cannot emerge clear and dominant until sovereignty, both real and symbolic, is brought to rest in ourselves.

As it is now, the Crown as a symbol of sovereignty

encourages British Canadians to ignore their own failure to build a united nation by allowing them an illusory participation in a history and a greatness not properly theirs. They feel free therefore to indulge in that xenophobia toward the French which is one of the most unpleasant and uncivilized traits of the English middle class. Because of this the French can avoid responsibility for their own intellectual stultification and their unreasonable contentiousness by pointing out, correctly enough, that the British have an overriding loyalty outside Canada and that they, the French, are the only true Canadians. And the 20 percent of our population which are of neither British nor French ancestry are left in a patriotic vacuum, ready only too often, particularly if they are greatly gifted, to leave the country in search of an environment charged with affirmative rather than negative concerns. When we take the long-overdue step and transfer sovereignty to where it properly belongs, it will become clear that Canadians — British, French, and European alike — have been and are engaged in a common enterprise which is of far greater concern than the separate concerns of each group; and just as the United States has given classic expression in literature, philosophy, and political theory to its interpretation of the New World, so will we begin to give classic expression to ours.

Our development as a people has for many years been overshadowed in our own eyes and in the eyes of the world by the remarkable growth and achievements of the American Union. It was clear when Tocqueville wrote that something entirely new was taking place in the United States, something without precedent in the history of the Western world. The small group of colonies established in the seventeenth century along the Atlantic seaboard had, decade by decade, advanced westward, across the Alleghenies, across the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific. Each step into the wilderness served only to confirm the sense of mission that lay at the beginning of the American experience. In the course of its extraordinary expansion the country had survived three great crises. In the War for Independence the thirteen colonies had challenged the might of the British Empire. Between 1861 and 1865 the republic had been torn apart by civil war. Finally, in the decades after the Civil War the United States had had to absorb millions of immigrants whose languages, religions, and cultures were, for the most part, alien to the descendants of the British Protestants who had founded the thirteen colonies and created the republic. These three crises had each been successfully surmounted, and it would have been strange had Americans not considered themselves singularly blessed and possessed of a new and sufficient truth not vouchsafed to Europe.

This American world had been shaped and directed by ideas and forces peculiarly its own: a deep sense of mission, a distinctive notion of individualism, a distinctive attitude toward authority, and a belief in the perfectibility of man. Implicit in the sense of mission was the rejection of Europe. The Church in England had been corrupted. To escape this corruption the pure remnant came to America. However secularized in its formulation during succeeding generations, this sense of a corrupt Europe and a pure New World dominated the American outlook for three centuries. To a very considerable extent it still does. The millions of Europeans who came to the United States between the founding of the republic and the outbreak of World War I only reinforced it. The Irishman, the Pole, the Jew, the refugee from the Austro-Hungarian empire, the Italian, all of them, however much they differed in other ways, held one conviction in common: Europe and what it stood for were corrupt and unjust. America was more than a new opportunity. It was the expression of a new belief about the nature and destiny of man.

The Canadian experience has been of a very different order. The break with and the rejection of Europe, decisive in the making of the American people, did not take place in Canada. In the formative period of Canadian history the immigrant's arrival in North America represented not a rejection of Europe and its values but an affirmation of them. This is the deepest and most meaningful difference between Canada and the United States.

THE French, from the arrival of Champlain in the first decade of the seventeenth century to the capture of Quebec in 1759, sought to reproduce in the New World the feudalism and royal absolutism of the France of Louis XIV. They were not Huguenot refugees. They were devout Roman Catholics for whom their religion meant, and, for the great majority, still means, more than anything in the world. Feudalism and royal absolutism underwent many changes in the course of transplantation, and what emerged in New France was a kind of authoritarian democracy. But it was an organic democracy in which the community mattered more than the individual. The individualism of the thirteen colonies, based, as Burke said, on "the dissidence of dissent, the protestantism of the protestant religion," was not there.

Neither was it in the British settlers who followed after the defeat of France. The first substantial body of English-speaking settlers were the more than fifty thousand Tories of the thirteen colonies who refused to accept the outcome of the War for Independence. They left their homes and their

possessions in New England, New York, and Virginia to settle in what was to become the province of New Brunswick, in the eastern townships of Quebec, and along the northern shores of Lake Ontario. Their strength in molding Canadian attitudes cannot be overestimated. It remains alive and influential today.

However much they differed in race and religion from the French, the newcomers held certain convictions in common with them. They believed in monarchical government, not in monarchical absolutism; they believed in a hierarchical, episcopal Christianity, in their case the Church of England as established by law; and in the equation between freedom and duly constituted authority, their emphasis tended to be on the side of duly constituted authority. If these similarities between French and English had not effectively existed beneath the endless surface ethnic and religious bickering, confederation would not only have been impossible but inconceivable. The Canadian nation could not have taken shape.

Subsequent immigration to Canada in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries did not shake or notably modify these settled patterns. The Scots, who, with the French, have been by far the most influential group in the making of Canada — as the list of names in any federal cabinet from 1867 to the present day will show — had by the time of their arrival reconciled themselves with London, and became more ardent imperialists than the English themselves. Nor did the immigration from Ireland and continental Europe alter the foundations that had already been laid by the first French and English settlers. Coming to Canada rather than to the United States involved a deliberate choice either in the home country or after arrival. Once arrived, there was nothing to prevent the immigrant from going south of the forty-ninth parallel; and in fact, according to a recent study, about eight million Canadians have chosen to exercise this option in the past hundred years. Those who remained did so because the Canadian New World was congenial to them.

Theodore Roosevelt and his contemporaries did not realize — how could they? — that a different people had grown up beside them, a people highly dubious of the advantages that might accrue to them from annexation. The French were distrustful of what seemed to them a philosophy of secularism and materialism flourishing to the south. Eternally committed to the idea of the family, to ancient roots, an ancient faith, and an ancient tongue, they wished to remain themselves. The British cherished the continuity with England, its institutions and traditions. Hundreds of thousands of them had been born and raised in Great Britain. They had left it physically, but spiritually

and emotionally it remained home to them for the rest of their lives. They had not shaken the dust of Europe from their feet or undertaken an errand into the wilderness. Their mission was a different one. It was to vindicate and not to deny their origins that they had crossed the Atlantic, just as the earlier British settlers had turned away from the triumphs of 1776 and 1784 to start life again in North America, but life under the Crown.

BOTH founding groups, therefore, had in common an acceptance of Europe rather than a revolution from it. For the strength and conviction necessary to open up the continent Canadians looked to the traditions and authority of the past, Americans to their vision of the future. There are, in fact, two separate and distinct experiences of the New World in North America, the American and the Canadian. The one is based upon the rejection of Europe, the other on continuity from it. Both are devoted to the idea of democracy, but their theories of democracy differ.

This contrast in perspectives is the key to understanding the difference between the two countries. It is why the Canadian observer, despite so many commonly shared problems and objectives, despite an all but identical economy and the same mass media of communications, finds himself not an American. He does not react the same way. He does not have in his bones the historical experience and the resulting political and social philosophy which the American mistakenly assumes to exist in every English-speaking North American.

For, to the Canadian, the American is an absolutist in his political philosophy. His history from the beginning has made him so. The first Puritan settlers had crossed the ocean to found their city set upon a hill, an example to other nations, a chosen people, the grain that God had sifted from a whole nation to plant in the empty continent. This sense of special selection, of possession of a new and higher truth, became secularized, but it did not diminish. Instead, it grew stronger. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson agreed that the principles upon which the republic rested had a universal significance. Charles Eliot Norton, at the close of the Civil War, confronting the first great waves of the European immigration that would engulf the patrician serenity of his cherished New England, could still write:

I believe we have really made an advance in civilization, that the principles on which our political and social order rest are in harmony with the laws of the universe, that we have set up an ideal which may never be perfectly attained but which is of such a nature that the mere effort to attain it makes progress in virtue and

in genuine happiness certain. . . . We are getting rid of old world things and becoming accustomed to the new. We are forming new creeds, new judgments, new manners; we are becoming a new race of men.

This continuing faith, applied to the problems and opportunities of the country, goes far to explain the greatness of the American achievement in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The belief that "we are becoming a new race of men" helped to produce such a race in the American melting pot. The belief that "We are forming . . . new judgments" was the dynamic that began the great growth of higher education and critical scholarship toward the end of the nineteenth century. The belief that the American world was in harmony with the laws of the universe led Emerson and the transcendentalists to speculate about the nature of those laws. Without the belief neither affirmation nor questioning would have been expressed in the prose and poetry which form a major part of the corpus of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature. And without the belief it is unlikely that the American people could have withstood the shocks to which the nation was exposed as it moved reluctantly from isolation to world leadership.

It is only today that the limitations of such a faith begin to be apparent. It has been a splendid instrument for molding and building the American nation. It is less well suited to dealing with the problems of the twentieth century. We live in a world in which there are only relative answers to political, social, and economic problems. The innate distrust of government and centralized control, the rugged individualism and complete self-reliance illustrated so thoroughly in American folklore and still the popular theoretical foundation of the American economic system, cannot be exported to underdeveloped countries, where the role of government must be positive rather than negative and where a certain measure of socialism is essential.

CANADA is the product of the pragmatic nineteenth century rather than of the ideological eighteenth. We are not children of the age of revolution. In our formative period our metaphysics was provided by the dominant Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian theologies. We had no occasion to construct a metaphysics of politics. We too have become secularized, but the habit of mind persists. Our history has not conditioned us to vest any one political doctrine with universality. On the contrary, absolutes were not to be found in temporal things. Political and social forms could be no more than relative, all touched with imper-

fection, even though in varying degrees. Nor were we obliged by an act of revolution to set up a polarity between the individual and the state. We are indebted to our continuity with Europe and in particular with Great Britain for our natural assumption that authority complements and is necessary to freedom. We would, I think, agree with Burke that the limitations upon our liberties are to be counted among our rights. We accept diversity despite our present quarrels, for on the principle of diversity our country rests and must continue to rest. As their history has made Americans primarily individualists and absolutists, so a different history has made Canadians primarily organicists and relativists in national and international politics.

This is most strikingly seen in the contrast between the Canadian and the American views of the outside world and their views of the nature and purpose of diplomacy. It was not in the Canadian temper to view the U.S.S.R. in 1941 or the years that followed as a people's or any other kind of democracy. Russia was a valuable ally governed by a Marxist tyranny. On the other hand, it is not in the Canadian temper to view the People's Republic of China as an embodiment of pure evil with which no relations are possible. At a time when McCarthyism was still a force, Mr. St. Laurent, the Roman Catholic French-Canadian Prime Minister, was working with Nehru to obtain recognition for the Peiping government. Quite apart from the advantages accruing to Canada from trade with Cuba, it is not in the Canadian temper to view the Castro government other than pragmatically. This reluctance, amounting to a psychological incapacity, to define politics in ideological terms is the area in which Canadians differ most markedly with Americans and where they show most markedly their continuity with Europe. In their view of Russia they were at one with Winston Churchill. In their attitude toward Peiping they anticipated General de Gaulle.

The first and second world wars brought many problems to Canada, but dealing with the forces of isolationism was not one of them. French Canada overwhelmingly endorsed the declaration of war in 1914, and French regiments had their full complement of volunteers. It was only in 1917 when conscription became an issue that trouble broke out. In 1939, in spite of the bitter memories of 1917, the impact of the Depression, and the sympathy of the Quebec right with Mussolini, Ernest Lapointe rallied the province behind him. Again it was the issue of conscription in 1943 that aroused resentment. And this time the resentment spread across the whole of Canada. Our failure in the interwar period to establish a national identity had induced elsewhere as well as in

French Canada an ambiguity about our national purpose. Nevertheless, the idea of our participation in the war was accepted in 1939 as it had been in 1914. It has not been part of the public policy to avoid entangling alliances. As part of the British Empire and as a chief architect of the Commonwealth that succeeded it, Canada from the beginning has thought of itself as part of a broader system that embraced other nations of different colors, creeds, and cultures. Cosmopolitanism and internationalism rather than isolationism have directed Canada's foreign policy.

An administration in Ottawa has substantially more freedom of action in foreign affairs than has an administration in Washington. This freedom of action extends to domestic affairs as well, for the Canadian view of the state differs from the American view. The controversy over TVA which persists even today puzzles Canadians. It could not have happened in Canada. The definition of the state as a positive force rather than as a simple adjudicator of disputes is at the foundation of Canadian political thought in the two main parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, and in the fringe parties, Social Credit, representing the radicalism of the right, and the New Democratic Party, representing the radicalism of the left. The most extreme "conservative" on the Canadian political scene, W. A. C. Bennett of British Columbia, has recently taken into public ownership the production and distribution of electric power in the province. Our view of the state has been modified by the conditions of life in North America and by the passage of time, but it is the first fact of politics in Canada. The social, political, and economic mechanism is not and never has been assumed to be fully self-operating. From the efforts of Jean Talon in seventeenth-century Quebec to establish a diversified economy for New France, to the efforts of John A. MacDonald in nineteenth-century Ottawa to establish a transcontinental railway for the Dominion, the role of the state has always been initiating.

Canada has not returned to an older view of man, politics, and society. She has never left it. As the American republic has woven one of the main strands of European thought with the experience of the New World pioneer to produce a distinctive pattern of dogma and institutions, so Canada has woven another to produce a different pattern. In the relative quiet provided by Canada's slower development the task has been to find definitions of the state and of freedom suited to the democratic and collectivist societies of our age. It is an

urgent task, and it must be completed. No other country is equally qualified to discharge it.

The nineteenth and the first part of the twentieth century belonged to the United States of America and to the beliefs and the philosophy upon which the Union rested. Canada was preoccupied with her own problems and not yet ready to articulate what she stood for. She had first to keep her independence, and in order to do so in the face of American expansionism, it was essential that she be part of a larger, more powerful unity. The Conservative Party, with its emphasis on the imperial connection and the sovereignty of the Crown, was the custodian of Canadian independence. On the other hand, to preserve her identity it was essential that she should not be submerged in the kind of imperial federation which Joseph Chamberlain and the romantic imperialists were determined to create. The Liberal Party, with its emphasis on the country's North Americanism, was the custodian of Canadian identity.

This long crisis which lasted from the British North America Act of 1867, which founded the nation, to the Statute of Westminster of 1931, which recognized its complete autonomy, is now over, although apparently we Canadians do not fully realize this fact and its implications. The Great Depression, World War II and its aftermath have preoccupied us. There is little likelihood of absorption into the American Union. Even on the unlikely chance that both countries should desire such an outcome, it would be supremely unwise to mix such different elements into a gigantic super-state that would be next to impossible to govern. Similarly, there is no point in being concerned about the symbols of our traditionalism. We are traditionalists with an unbroken continuity with Europe, and that is what we will continue to be. But we must cease to live in a state of psychological and emotional dependence on a structure of symbols that no longer express our common experience. Our overriding duty is to enter fully into our inheritance, to state what and who we are, to assume freely the risks that are inevitable, if we are to realize whatever potentiality for greatness we have in us.

There is only one way to celebrate properly the centenary of Confederation. It is to call a constitutional conference, transfer sovereignty to the Canadian people — where it belongs — and on the basis of a new understanding between our differing groups, assume the responsibilities of a fully adult nation. Only in this way will the problem of Canadian identity be resolved.

John W. Holmes

THE DIPLOMACY



OF A MIDDLE POWER

JOHN W. HOLMES, president of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, received his early training in diplomacy as a member of the Department of External Affairs and was Assistant Undersecretary of State from 1953 to 1960. Prior to that he was Acting Permanent Representative of Canada to the United Nations.

IN AN age impatient of the nation-state, bewitched by the idea that multinational agglomerations are the way to salvation, a country of Canada's size must justify its existence. Why should it not abandon nationalism and sovereignty, the begetters of war, give up the struggle of three and a half centuries, and bask in the advantages of continental union? The reason for existence could be the simple attachment of Canada's citizens to its traditions, institutions, and the rough beauty of its landscape. There are, too, the enormous advantages of not being a great power in a nuclear age. These are not enough, however, for a moralistic people whose heritage is rich and whose relatives — the Commonwealth, France, the United States — all believed they had missions. Canadians yearn for an identity and a purpose, modest but unique, in the community of states.

One purpose Canada can serve a world threatened by tribal anarchy is to prove that state and nation are not necessarily conterminous, that people of different cultures and languages can co-

exist within a single sovereignty. It is not the same lesson as that of the United States, that divers peoples can be melted into a successful nation with one official language. Noble as that example has been, it is less applicable than the Canadian experience to new countries which must embrace distinct tribes and clans as founding members within the framework of one effective state. It is a mission of which Canadians themselves are inadequately aware, although they are groping toward awareness in the present debate over how they themselves can, after two centuries, continue to make a go of it. In the meantime it is a question whether the figure they cut in the world encourages or discourages other multicultural states.

Another mission, of which there is greater awareness, is that of being a constructive middle power with its own function in the world community. It is a role to which Canadians have been aspiring since they emerged during the last war as the strongest of the lesser powers in the alliance. They had rid themselves of their colonial timidity, and their classic international function as a bridge between Britain and the United States, always more apparent to rhetoricians than historians, had been exposed as gratuitous by the wartime partnership between London and Washington. In casting off their inhibitions, they have become bored with being regarded as a eunuch state. They were realistic enough at San Francisco in 1945 to accept the priority of the great powers in security, but they insisted that the relationship between capacity and status be extended as a principle to differentiate between middle and small powers as well. For the status of middle power they were prepared to pay with their particular capabilities. They threw themselves into the manifold activities

Photograph of Mr. Holmes by Gilbert A. Milne, Toronto.

of the United Nations, inspired by idealism and by a shrewd realization that this was the arena in which a middle power could show its mettle and come out from the shadow of the great powers in whose reflection it did not wish to bask exclusively.

The role Canada found was sought after; it was also thrust upon the country. Canadians needed it for their own fulfillment; fortunately, it made sense. It turned out in the nuclear age, paradoxically, that although the authority of superpowers was enhanced, there was also a greater-than-ever requirement for countries whose influence rested less on military strength than on intelligence, diplomatic skill, access to powerful friends, flexibility, diversity of association, and international sex appeal. Paradoxically also, it was the lack of interests beyond their region which involved Canadians, once they had served on the UN Security Council and had established themselves in high diplomacy, as dispensers of good offices between Jews and Arabs, Dutch and Indonesians, Laotians and Laotians. Remoteness from the scene of trouble, which had been an argument for isolation in the days of Mackenzie King and the League of Nations, led Canada, in the world of the United Nations, into duties onerous but not unwelcome.

In times when virtue had come to be associated with weakness, a country with more square miles per citizen than almost any other in the world was given credit for having no imperialistic aims and considered worthy, therefore, to be trusted by those new countries whose dissensions among themselves and with the great powers caused most breaches of the peace. Canadian political leaders and diplomats have had a touch in dealing with anticolonialists; the good opinion is not unmerited. The experience of growing up happily within a benevolent empire and commonwealth, long exposure at close hand to both the insensitivities and the benignities of great powers, and an incapacity to do much harm have helped Canadians to get along with Arabs, Asians, and Africans — whose regard can make or break a middle power.

Of course, the middle power cannot afford to forfeit its influence on the decisive powers. The major Western powers recognize in principle the value of middle-power diplomacy, although they are often exasperated by the waywardness of its practitioners. They resent an implication that they are less pure in heart than those powerless enough to act as intermediaries — and rightly so. Canadians, despite occasional flights of sanctimonious fancy, see their function as complementary to that of their great allies and compatible with loyalty to the Western alliance. They are quick to bridle at arrogance in NATO or the UN but less dedicated in principle than they once were to challenging the pretensions

of great powers. The great powers, they know, are often excluded from the role of honest broker by their power and their global involvement, as well as by the tacitly recognized requirement to prevent their direct military involvement in places like the Congo, Gaza, or Cambodia lest controversies escalate. Furthermore, it is the pressure of the great powers in the background which provides the final suasion.

Many so-called middle-power operations, the UN peacekeeping forces for example, could have neither beginning nor end if larger powers did not provide transport and facilities in the first place and then keep threatening to do more if things should get out of hand. These are cooperative enterprises in which each country has its function, some because they are powerful, some because they are not, some because they have special influence over the disputants, and others because, whatever their commitments elsewhere, they can be neutral in the affair under consideration. This concept of functionalism of nations, developed by Canadian diplomats when the new world order was being shaped at the end of World War II, is at the core of Canada's view both of its own place in the world and of the variegated pattern which should obtain in relations among states. It clashes with the views of those who see the pattern in simpler terms of great powers and small powers, committed and uncommitted, East and West, black and white. It is an approach not always congenial to Washington, London, or Paris, hardly ever to Moscow.

A REPUTATION for intermediary diplomacy was acquired by Canada, and in particular by Lester Pearson, a diplomat now turned Prime Minister, at San Francisco over the Palestine issue in 1947 and, later, on other subjects which even involved negotiations affecting the United States and China. This experience led to specific obligations in international peacekeeping. Since 1954 Canada has had a serious and irksome responsibility as a member of the tripartite Control Commission set up by the great powers at Geneva to supervise the truces in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. Canada was selected as the most acceptable Western middle power to balance the Poles, with the Indians as chairmen. It was an early recognition of the paradox that Canada, though closest of the allies to the United States in geography and culture, has a record of more independent thought and action than more distant allies. So unquestioned is the mutual commitment of the North American partners that Canadians often feel more assured in their diplomacy than, say, Australia or Germany.

The fact that the United States would not sign

the Geneva agreements of 1954 on Indochina — Mr. Dulles' policy of innocence by nonassociation — has cast Canada for a decade in a position in which its solemn obligation to be a judicious international agent has been difficult to coordinate with its national interest in the maintenance of United States strength and influence. The present crisis in Vietnam illuminates the dilemma of a conscientious middle power. Not to embrace enthusiastically the American cause is to risk the displeasure of an aroused neighbor. On the other hand, to abandon discretion would be of less positive value to the United States than to continue the frustrating task of maintaining agreements which, however much they have been violated, the United States itself wants to reaffirm rather than abandon. This is not only thankless diplomacy, it is also professional, sophisticated diplomacy, and not easy to explain to a warm-blooded electorate which feels more comfortable taking sides. It is less exhausting to be a middle than a great power, but it is ticklish.

The climax of this middle-power diplomacy came in 1956 when Lester Pearson was in the best tactical position to propose a solution for the Suez crisis. Typically, it was put forward without condemning any parties to the dispute. Aside from Canada's reluctance to accuse its two mother countries of aggression, it had learned that a requirement for the intermediary role is a minimum of rhetoric and a maximum of energetic diplomacy, most of it quiet — a habit which has sometimes led allies to suspect laxity in the faith. Canadian forces played a leading part in the first United Nations Emergency Force, which was led by a Canadian general, and since that time Canadians have been included in every United Nations operation of the kind — in Lebanon, the Congo, West Irian, Yemen, and Cyprus. This military obligation, considered marginal ten years ago when Canadians were called to Indochina, is looked upon now as major in significance although not in the numbers involved. It confirmed certain directions in Canadian diplomacy and has assisted Canadian military planners toward the new concept of the country's strategic role adumbrated in a historic white paper in the spring of 1964. The white paper, while reaffirming the priority of NATO and continental defense, foresees wider functions for which there must be greater mobility.

To accord with Canada's worldwide diplomacy, its military forces must be equipped to move swiftly into situations where they are required by NATO, for United Nations purposes, or, if the occasion requires, in association with the United States or members of the Commonwealth. Despite this increasing interest in international peacekeeping, Canadians are not happy with the improvisations required when the UN moves into a crisis. The

uncertainties and inadequacies of the mandate given the force in Cyprus have induced a more critical attitude in Parliament to obligations cheerfully accepted in the past. There is no disposition to withdraw. However, Canada is engaged in initiatives to work out, in collaboration with other countries which provide standby forces for the UN, more effective procedures and authority for UN operations. It is characteristic of Canadian diplomacy that the government is seeking to do this by consolidating and building on what has been achieved within the terms of the Charter and practices sanctioned by the UN rather than by challenging the Russians in a hopeless effort to set up the philosopher's dream of an international force.

CANADA has never accepted the theory, advanced by some of its own citizens among others, that an effective middle power must be nonaligned. Canada was a founding member of NATO and has fulfilled its modest obligations to that organization. NATO provides for the more effective defense of Canada, and by maintaining troops in Europe, Canada is entitled to some voice in the affairs of a continent that has twice drawn it into bloody sacrifice. It is also enabled to play its part in a multilateral organization where there is, or seems to be, more room for maneuver than in a simple bilateral relationship with a giant.

Canada accepts, with some uneasiness, the strategic implications — more favorable than unfavorable — of sharing a continent with the most powerful nation on earth. It collaborates in continental defense because it wants to play its part in a mutual enterprise. It is aware also of the risks of being a weak flank of the United States. Its share in continental defense as well as in decision-making is far from equal to that of the United States. It engages in arrangements which are supposed to provide for joint decisions, both bilateral and through NATO, recognizing that since the United States controls the military machine, Canadian influence is bound to be limited, but that, the process of decision-making being indefinable and unpredictable, it is better to be an insider than an outsider. However little Canada expects to sway United States intentions in moments of crises, it can hope for some participation in formulating the directions of allied policy. It cannot abandon its right to be consulted.

At the time of the Cuban missiles crisis, there was a tempest over the failure of the United States to consult Ottawa, but majority opinion was appeased by Ottawa's approval of the action taken by President Kennedy, in spite of Canadian reservations about the wisdom of United States policy toward Cuba. The present anxieties of Europeans over the



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decisive role of the United States in the alliance affect Canadians only indirectly. Situated as they are, they have little need to worry lest the United States disengage itself from their defense, and they have a trust in the ultimate soundness of American policy that is not shared in Europe. Their attitude, nevertheless, is conditioned by the quality of the man who may press the trigger. Confidence in the ultimate decisions of the United States, strong in the time of President Kennedy, was shaken by the reminder, after the revolution in the Cow Palace, that the United States could be governed by a man with views at variance with those of most Canadians.

The policy of trusting American leadership, however, is one for which there is no easy alternative, because Canadians cannot disengage themselves from the consequences of United States decisions. They can preserve their right to disassociate themselves from peacetime policies of which they disapprove so that they may be free in their diplomacy to counteract what they consider American wrongheadedness. Being inevitably involved with the United States in wartime does not mean being inevitably committed to U.S. policies in peacetime. It may, of course, be doubtful whether Canadian opinion under the barrage of American mass media could long retain views diametrically opposed to those of a Washington administration. It seems unlikely, and yet public support of the policies of both Liberal and Conservative governments in maintaining diplomatic relations with Cuba and trading with Communist China are evidence of stubborn resistance even on issues over which Americans feel strongly. Canadians are, nevertheless, more susceptible to the tactful forbearance which has characterized official Washington's attitude to Canadian heresies in recent years than to the rough treatment that might be expected from a more nationalist regime.

DESPITE Canada's acceptance of the priority of the United States in its international life, traditionally and instinctively it seeks other associations as well. In diversity is strength. Both the United Nations and NATO permit Canada to play its part as a unique entity rather than as junior partner on a crowded world stage. It has been an architect of the contemporary Commonwealth, multiracial and interregional, and has found in its association not only with Britain but also with India, Nigeria, and other powerful voices of the developing world contacts which have assisted and shaped Canadian diplomacy. Canada's endeavors to hold the Commonwealth together have not always endeared it to the British Conservative government, faced as it has been with hard-core colonial problems in Africa and an organization it no longer controls.

By aligning themselves with the Asian and African members over the Suez issue in 1956, over the policies of South Africa at the Prime Ministers' meeting of 1961, and again, over Southern Rhodesia at the meeting of July, 1964, Canadian prime ministers, both Conservative and Liberal, prevented a division on racial lines which would have torn the Commonwealth asunder. For Canada this interest in the Commonwealth, to which about 90 percent of its economic aid is directed, is part of its diplomacy of strengthening middle-power relations rather than a simple gesture of attachment to Britain.

As an expression of its own biculturalism, Canada has begun to extend its aid to French-speaking as well as to Commonwealth countries and has shown a special interest in these areas. The present government has also set out to improve official relations with France, often strained by divergent attitudes on world problems. There remains a wide gap between French and Canadian perspectives, and English Canadians tend to share the prejudices of Britons and Americans against *Gaullisme*. French Canadians are Canadian rather than French nationalists and do not insist on aligning Canadian with French foreign policy, but they want closer contact with Paris if only to counteract the excessive influence of Washington and London on Canadian external relations.

French Canadians and many English Canadians would like to participate also in the Organization of American States, as an addition rather than an alternative to present alignments. It has been said that Canada did not join Pan-American organizations first because it was not asked, and then because it was. The United States, up to the time of Sumner Welles, thought Canada would be an imperial agent in the pure republican atmosphere of Pan-America. Later, when Washington changed its mind and was looking for a fresh force and a collaborator in economic projects, President Kennedy tactfully but publicly popped the question in Ottawa, thereby inadvertently giving the impression that Canada was wanted as an ally. Canadian opinion on this subject is divided, but few argue that Canada should join the OAS to add a guaranteed vote for the United States.

Those who oppose entry consider that a country of only 20 million people is already overcommitted in its worldwide diplomacy or question whether a figment such as the "Western Hemisphere" gives Canada more community of interest with South America than with other continents. They are concerned lest the OAS provide an additional forum in which the United States and Canada could clash. While prepared to differ with Americans on international issues when necessary, Canadians realize that they live more equably if these occasions are

kept to a minimum. Those who favor entry into the OAS include most French Canadians, anxious to increase Canada's Latin as distinct from Anglo-Saxon associations, and many other articulate Canadians who take seriously the proposition that Canada, the middle power, can apply its healing diplomacy in all the world's trouble spots.

Meanwhile, the difficulties in which Canada would be involved as a member were brought home by the OAS meetings in July. If Canada had been a member, it would have had to align its policy toward Cuba with that of the United States or join Mexico in isolation, for Canadian convictions on how to cope with Castro have been closer to those of the dissenters than to those of the United States. There is little disagreement in Canada with the view that Latin America is a crisis area in which Canada must show more interest. Whether it can act more effectively inside or outside the OAS is the question. The Secretary of State for External Affairs, Paul Martin, admits he favors joining, but the Cabinet is divided. The United States, at any rate, deserves credit for broad-mindedness in welcoming a member unlikely to be docile.

Over Cuba, Canada has not, as Washington implies, been the odd man out. It has been in agreement with most members of NATO. It abhors the extension of Communism but shares the prevailing Western European skepticism of the efficacy of breaking diplomatic relations and imposing embargoes. Its views are no doubt conditioned by its being much more dependent on world trade than the United States is, but they are consistent with its traditional attitude on the way to deal with Communism, views which differ from what is normally orthodox in Washington. Canada maintains its embassy in Havana and carries on a not very lucrative trade with Cuba out of conviction rather than greed or indifference.

On the other hand, where the stakes seem higher, it has refrained, in spite of its convictions, from embarrassing the United States by recognizing the Peiping regime — although Canadian spokesmen and public opinion are growing increasingly restive on this issue. Canada has taken advantage of recent opportunities to sell grain to mainland China in quantities which have had important economic and political consequences. While principle in such circumstances can be affected by self-interest, there is no doubt that the majority of Canadians (63 percent by the latest Gallup poll) believe it is proper to conduct such trade, and that it is improper to

deny food to the needy, whatever the color of their masters' philosophy.

Americans do not like this, and there is always the danger that if Canada flouts United States feelings too far, an ill-disposed Congress would take a harsh view on the many economic questions affecting Canada. Canada is vulnerable to the risk of economic reprisals even though the United States administration is too decent to threaten them. It is not without calculation that Canadians constantly draw to the attention of Russians, Egyptians, or other skeptics the admirable restraint of their neighbor. The vigorous independence of Canadian foreign policy may be tiresome for Washington, but it is proof for the world that the United States is morally superior to its great-power antagonists.

Canada is no longer, as in 1945, the third most powerful of the Western allies, in spite of the phenomenal growth of its resources. There are now more countries on the world scene, and there is more maneuvering for the center of the stage. Canada today is one of the more elderly countries in the United Nations, although Canadians persist in talking about and excusing themselves on the grounds of raw youth. Troubled by a feeling of premature decline, they are in a period of adjustment. Youth is a haunting thing for nations as well as for persons, particularly when a country such as Canada matures late, has a crowded and relatively successful adolescence, and is pronounced middle-aged before it has become accustomed to the pattern of youth.

Some of the malaise which affects Canadians today in grasping for a useful role in world politics is nostalgia for the few years ago when they seemed to cut a more considerable figure. When a nation has the bloom of youth and has not been around long enough to step on toes, it can achieve diplomatic success which becomes progressively more difficult to get away with. Now Canada must settle down to earn respect, constructively but less prestigiously than in the past, expecting less tolerance from large and small powers, friends as well as antagonists. Its sober Northern conscience and rich experience should stand Canada in good stead, as should the understanding of generous neighbors such as the United States Assistant Secretary of State for International Affairs, Harlan Cleveland, who, speaking recently in Ottawa about the development of UN peacekeeping, gave credit to "the prophetic and practical quality of Canadian vision, Canadian will, and Canadian follow-through."

A Letter From a Canadian Scholar BRIAN C. STOCK

BRIAN STOCK is a Canadian who graduated with honors from Harvard in 1962, and who was thereupon appointed the Fiske Scholar at Trinity College, Cambridge. There he studied under C. S. Lewis until Professor Lewis was taken gravely ill. He was also asked to deliver a series of lectures for the Faculty of English in Cambridge. In a reflective mood, he wrote to the editor of the ATLANTIC, explaining why he saw little future for himself in Canada.

DEAR MR. WEEKS:

Our conversation the other evening about John Conway, it seems to me, has wider implications than we had time to pursue. What has taken place in his career is typical of many gifted Canadians, but he is one of the very few whom I know who have been sensitive enough to perceive it and honest enough to approach it realistically. The little correspondence I have shared with Dr. Conway might have been a mirror for his own mind. It was a "dialogue" which he could very well have carried on himself. It is such a dialogue which every gifted Canadian must strive to settle for himself. In my correspondence with him I might have been a Faustus whispering at his ear that Canada would betray his dreams; but that same Faustus was present in his mind beforehand, as it is in mine.

John Conway, I suspect, did not think that his train ticket to Harvard seventeen years ago would be one-way. Nor did the millions of Canadians who have chosen to live at various places on the globe besides their native land.

This dialogue often takes the form of two different voices, each pleading a different case. On the one hand we hear the voice of Canada, the voice of our own past, which says to us that we have left part of our selves in Canada, and that we must someday return if we wish to be whole again. The other voice is often more powerful. It accuses Canada of

betrayal. It says that she has betrayed the very inmost nature of our selves by denying us the spiritual resources of a homeland, a *patria*.

Which voice is the true voice? I am not sure. This is a question for the individual. Nevertheless, in my own case the transition has been directly opposite from Dr. Conway's. When I first left Canada and came to Harvard, the voice of *patria* was very strong. I wanted to see the red October leaves on the shores of Lake Simcoe, and to stroll around Stoney Creek and smell the wild roses in the springtime. The longer I stayed away, however, the weaker this voice became. This was to be expected. The other voice began to point out to me the limitations of life in Canada: not the physical limitations (for I was no country bumpkin lately arrived in the big town) but the spiritual limitations, or what I have called spiritual limitations for want of a better term. These are not synonymous with culture, because Canada has culture. Besides, culture, for the most part, speaks to the outer man, and what I mean concerns only the inner man. It is an odd paradox that the standard of physical living in Canada is almost the highest in the world, but that the standard of spiritual living is the lowest on earth. Canadians are spiritually poorer than Indians, Cambodians, Siamese, Chinese, or even the Hottentots. The Hottentot at least shakes his spear at the passerby, and he knows damn well who he is; the

Canadian sips another rye and ginger ale and tries to pretend that there is no problem.

To be more specific, the voice of accusation constantly reminds me of Canada's failure. I do not mean the failure that Canadians have brought about, but the failure that she is because of what she is. Canadians, admittedly, have been failures. One could accuse them of many things. First of all, one could cite the barbarity of the upper classes: at best they are a parody of English country life, at worst a more provincial America. Another example is the refusal to recognize the United States as a spiritual neighbor. One could also speak of the quiet pursuit of bigotries, not only English against French, but Christian against Jew, and Protestant against Catholic, which has destroyed any dreams of real union. The difference between Canadians and Americans on the racial questions is profound; for the American generally accepts the platitudes even when he does not practice them, but the Canadian rejects them even while paying them lip service.

Any person sensitive to the arts could accuse Canada of these failures, and more. But these are the failures of people; and I am not sure that it is just to accuse people of Canada's failure. It is true that men like Bickersteth and Massey have perpetuated the imaginary bond with England, that a large company can perpetuate racial prejudice through its anti-Semitism, and that the present system of absentee landlords is ruining the economic possibilities of the country. All these could very well be true, and yet I would be loyal to Canada if only she possessed the one basic quality necessary for every country: a sense of *patria*. If one gathers the best natural scenery from Switzerland, France, Scotland, Russia, and Romania and lumps them together, one does not have a country. It is ridiculous, therefore, to speak of "people" having failed Canada. There has been no such struggle. No one could have ruined Canada, and no one could have saved her. Since she never was a country, there has never been anything to save or to ruin.

Canada is a land which possesses only raw earth, and therefore she can only nourish the body; she has no *Zeitgeist*, and therefore she cannot nourish the soul. There is no point in speaking of poetry or art in Canada unless it is derivative; for although she has been graced from time to time with gifted men, the country is incapable of poetry. A great writer can only let the spirit of his age speak through his sensitive pen; and Canada is incapable of producing a Mann or a Chekhov, for she lacks the spiritual nourishment which might produce such an artist. The Canadian heritage is therefore schizophrenic: Canadians must read two literatures,

American and English, without ever participating in either. The existential power of literature is always lacking, and so Canada has produced a long series of brilliant critics (for example, Douglas Bush and Northrop Frye) but no great authors who are wholly Canadian.

At times when I was at home I felt a vague "Canadianness." It was thin and wispy, but it said quite clearly to me, Canada. It did not evaporate when I went for long walks in the pine forests near Hamilton to think it over. It said Canada to me when I was in America, and told me what I was not. Yet the voice was too weak. It never clutched my inmost nature. The longer I stayed away, the more the idea of Canada *bored* me. I discovered by chance that my split personality had an advantage, for it allowed me to get inside other cultures more easily than most other people. Such a benefaction, however, can never make up for not being something. It can never replace the malaise of isolation and the feeling of betrayal. Canada nourished and raised me, educated me, and threw me out into the world. She gave me everything — health, money, erudition — but she failed to give me the one thing essential: a sense of identity, without which everything else is useless.

Furthermore, I feel that had I remained in Canada, something frightening would have taken place, Canada would have destroyed me. I felt that I could not have carried on the battle for culture and art in Canada, because the country does not have the spiritual resources to support them; and so, like the rest of "cultured" Canada, I should have become artificial and affected in my approach to the arts in general. No Canadian is honest about the arts in a Canadian way, and therefore the fate of living in Canada is frightening for someone who wants to be honest with himself.

The tension never resolves itself. The dialogue goes on. The sense of betrayal is always matched by an equally poignant desire to go home again. I have no solution to offer for the problem, except the personal one, which is to go on living for what matters most to me. At present I cannot do this in Canada. If things were to change, I might change my attitude toward the country which has given me so much, for I am not ungrateful. If I returned now, however, I would eventually yield. The slow, ineffable poison is too much. One cannot resist climate, people, and countryside forever. One cannot go on believing in a *patria* which does not exist.

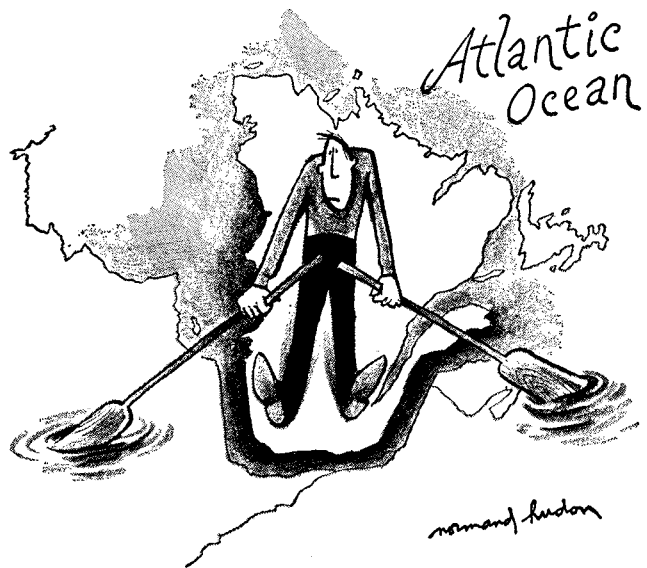
Yours sincerely,

BRIAN STOCK

Trinity College, Cambridge, England

GÉRARD PELLETIER

Canada's internal affairs have become troubled during the past three years by the spirit of rebellion in the province of Quebec. For a view of the meaning and extent of this rebellion we have turned to GÉRARD PELLETIER, editor of LA PRESSE since 1961. Mr. Pelletier is also one of the cofounders of a French magazine of opinion, CITÉ LIVRE.



THE TROUBLE WITH QUEBEC

QUEBEC has been a prey to Anglo-Saxon "colonialism" ever since it was conquered by the British in 1760. Most of our young intellectuals are very intent on demonstrating that Quebec's ills are those of all colonized people throughout the world. They have been writing on that theme for three years now, and it does have some plausibility.

They point out that our standard of living, although relatively high, is still lower than the Canadian average. They underline the fact that Quebec's industrialization has been achieved by foreign capital and foreign management, which to their mind includes the businessmen from English Canada. It is a fact that French Canadians own but a small percentage of Quebec's business and industry and hold few jobs of importance in their own province. Their participation in the ownership and management of Quebec's business corresponds in no way to their numerical importance. Large companies are all English-speaking, and it is very difficult for a competent French-Canadian employee to reach above a certain level which is mysteriously established and roughly the same in all companies.

Traditionally, the English explained their management of the firms by Quebec's "backward educational system," but this is less and less true; as the supporters of the colonialism theory point out, this is the reason set forth by all colonial powers to excuse their domination.

Whatever the reason, French Canadians supply

nearly all of the manpower for Quebec industry and only a minute portion of the management. By and large, business and industry in Quebec have no respect for the culture and language of the majority. The same firms which operate in Spanish in South America, in Italian in Italy, conduct their Quebec operations in English without a trace of scruple. They might even react with irritation if their employees, or, for that matter, their customers, insisted on using their mother tongue in dealing with them.

But, of course, the charge of colonialism is mainly leveled against Canada's central government in Ottawa and the provincial governments of English-Canadian provinces.

The French were the first Europeans to settle in Canada, 150 years before the British, and they constituted the majority of the population until the middle of the nineteenth century. One of the aims of the Canadian Confederation formed in 1867 was to allow the French-Canadian population to maintain their culture and develop as an autonomous group, different from the rest of the country. In Quebec alone nearly five million French Canadians account for more than 80 percent of the population, and no other ethnic group in Canada, not even the British, is as homogeneous in any given province.

Officially, Canada is a bilingual and bicultural country. In practice, however, no one can deny that the central authorities, ever since Confederation came into being, have behaved like the national

Cartoon by Normand Hudon.

and even nationalist government of a British nation. Lip service was paid to "the presence in our midst of a different culture which adds greatly to the intellectual riches of Canada." But precious little was done to give it meaning.

The English-speaking majority has been running the country ever since it was created. The presence of a French-speaking minority was always considered a nuisance, and the hope was never abandoned that it would eventually be assimilated. Waiting for that happy moment, English Canada managed to get governments elected with the participation of Quebec by yielding on details. For example, bilingual stamps and money won an election in Quebec for the Liberals in the thirties, after years of campaigning; and last year for the first time, menus were printed in both languages in the Ottawa Parliament's restaurant. But Canada's central government remained an English government, with fewer bilingual civil servants in its External Affairs Department than in the United Kingdom's Foreign Office. And as a rule, a French Canadian who works for the federal government works in English.

The grievance against the provincial governments of English Canada is of a different nature. It centers upon the treatment the provinces have given their French-Canadian minorities. It is hard to imagine what more they could have done to thwart these minorities and erase all trace of French culture from their territories. Wherever there existed recognized rights for these minorities (Manitoba, Alberta), such rights were ignored and trampled upon. And where no written law existed, the growth of the French population did not incite the English-speaking majority to make room for cultural development. A good example of that can be seen in New Brunswick, where nearly 40 percent of the population is French; despite this fact, the government could never be convinced that a French Teachers' College was needed, whereas in Quebec, the English-speaking minority, with less than 20 percent of the population, has three universities and a complete educational system, all subsidized with public funds. It is no wonder that the theory of colonialism is gaining ground in Quebec. And what is the answer to colonialism? Independence, of course, according to the post-war pattern developed all over the world. Hence the emergence of the separatist movement, which in three years, according to a carefully conducted opinion survey, has conquered 13 percent of the electorate and made spectacular headway in Quebec's public opinion.

WHY, then, is there resistance to the idea of independence among the French Canadians themselves? Why is the movement for independence restricted

to the middle and lower-middle class? Why are the industrial masses still untouched and the older intellectuals, most of them at least, dead set against separatism? Why this cleavage?

For the separatists, the explanation is simple. In all colonial countries, they say, in every situation where one people dominates another, the *grande bourgeoisie* and the intellectuals for the most part associate themselves with the colonial power to exploit the masses. And the masses themselves are kept ignorant enough and so politically confused that they remain submissive.

Such a theory could be accepted if it were not for the major differences between the situation in Quebec and that in most colonial countries. Federalism exists in Canada. No matter how much Confederation has been "rigged against the French," as the separatists contend, or exploited in favor of assimilation into the majority's melting pot, Quebec still enjoys more freedom and a greater measure of political independence, or self-determination, than any other colonial country one can think of. That is why there is in Quebec, besides a majority of bystanders who for the time being cling to the existing order, a group of French-Canadian federalists whose analysis of the facts is quite different from the separatists' colonial theory.

Generally speaking, the federalists are no more satisfied with the present situation than the nationalists. They recognize the evidence that Confederation has failed to make Canada a bicultural country. But they do not assign the same causes to the failure, nor do they envisage the remedies in the same perspective.

They claim that French Canadians are but a very small cultural minority in North America, and they insist that no matter what their political status may be, the situation of their group will remain a risky and dangerous one. In their opinion, the heart of the matter lies in the rapport between five million French-speaking people and close to two hundred million English-speaking people. For that reason, they believe that the emphasis must first be placed on the human values of the minority group itself.

To develop its culture in that kind of environment, a minority's basic need is for better education, better training, greater creativity, a better sense of reality, and the sharpest of political views. The group must be alive, articulate, vigilant, and equipped with modern techniques in every field.

French Quebec has been awakening to this necessity over the last twenty-five years. It has emerged from the bucolic dreams of a peasant people, isolated in its past, who resented all change and whose hope was to "survive" by fighting off all the influences from the outside world. The social upheaval brought about by industrialization and the shock

of World War II has changed the mood of French Canada. Our tradition of stubborn conservatism has given way to a critical reappraisal of our own values, of our collective ideology. We are now less preoccupied with the necessity of defending our way of life than with the need of modernizing it. French Canada has only recently entered into the twentieth century. But we are catching up as rapidly as we can. Already, a new vitality in the Quebec government, the presence of more competent civil servants and governmental experts among the French Canadians, and a better knowledge of public-administration techniques have given substance to provincial projects and complaints which twenty years ago would have been mere dreams or short-lived fits of our collective temper.

This process of revitalization, reason the federalists, must be given priority over the dubious project of an independent Quebec. We still have a long way to go before the revamping of our society is completed. And the present constitution of Canada supplies us with enough power to go on with our housecleaning job without interference. As we go along, we might feel the need for constitutional readjustments and proceed to achieve the necessary changes, but it would be a mistake to divert our energies toward a nationalist revolution which would do very little for the social and economic advancement of our people and would in no way modify the "*rapport de forces*" in North America.

As for Confederation, the federalists share the view that we should try to play the game, now that we know it better, and see what comes out of it. We might, they argue, be surprised with the results.

This, I realize, is an oversimplification of both attitudes, but it roughly identifies the two main trends of thought. Basically, each one springs from a different ideological background. The separatists believe that French Canada must go through the nation-state stage as a priority if it is to achieve any measure of maturity as a cultural group. They consider this process an essential prerequisite to any form of real, coherent progress in the economic, social, or cultural fields.

On the contrary, the federalists adhere to Lord Acton's views that "the combination of different nations in one State is as necessary a condition of civilized life as the combination of men in society" and that "nationality does not aim either at liberty or prosperity, both of which it sacrifices to the imperative necessity of making the nation the mould and measure of the State."

But how can one account for the action of young extremists who throw bombs and who land in prison? If the problem were that simple, if it were merely a choice between two lines of reasoning, would one have to cope with violence and terrorism?

That is a good question. Even after pointing out that terrorist activities in Quebec are restricted to a limited group of very young men, one must recognize that they do point to a deeper, more tragic disturbance. If youngsters are moved to imperil their own lives and those of their fellow citizens for political purposes, even though they enjoy total freedom of expression and action in the political field, there must be deep emotional factors at work.

First of all, let me state that it is not easy to be a young French Canadian in 1964. Older men were brought up within the authoritarian atmosphere of a closed society dominated by the French-Canadian dream of survival through immobility. They were conditioned to believe that in spite of shortcomings French Canada's culture and way of life were better than English Canada's. But the younger generations were brought up during the reappraisal I mentioned earlier; they fed on self-criticism; they are acutely conscious of the deficiencies of their culture and extremely critical of the society they live in. And underneath their violence lies a revolt, not only against the political framework of Canada but against the fact that French culture in North America is immersed in an overwhelming majority of English-speaking people. There is an element of despair at the basis of their action.

WHAT will eventually come out of the present turmoil?

At this point, I should like to be a learned political scientist, capable of weighing all the factors and of predicting the outcome with accuracy. But I must be content with mentioning two more elements and leaving the reader to his own conclusions.

On the one hand, it is obvious that the central power in Canada is undergoing a major crisis, and not because of Quebec alone. English Canada, by giving its votes to minority parties, maintains the plague of minority governments in Ottawa, which causes increasing paralysis at the federal level.

On the other hand, all political parties in Quebec, at the provincial level, are caught in the nationalist blaze. For the first time since Confederation, they all agree on one point: the necessity for constitutional reform, with a particular emphasis on obtaining a special status for Quebec within Confederation. The provincial government, with the wholehearted support of the Opposition, has set up a committee to survey the advantages and inconveniences of complete independence. More and more, prominent politicians are advocating the status of "associate state" for our province, a solution which would leave the English-speaking provinces to their own decisions on how they would unite between themselves.

Is there a nationalist revolution going on in Quebec? The answer is not a clear no but not a definite yes, either. Contemporary Quebec is by no means in the classical condition for a nationalist revolution, and *if* there is a nationalist revolution going on in Quebec, it is not developing in the kind of conditions usually associated with such movements.

To make my point clear, I should like to state four unquestionable facts about our situation.

1. We, French Canadians who live in Quebec, *have full control over our educational system.*

In Canada, provincial parliaments have been given exclusive jurisdiction over educational matters; the provinces are sovereign states in that field. Therefore, Quebec has three French universities and a complete system of French schools over which the central government has no authority whatsoever.

2. *We enjoy a degree of political freedom and civil liberties comparable only with those of the most advanced democracies.*

Even the separatist movements, which openly advocate the breaking up of Confederation, can promote their ideas with complete freedom, and their spokesmen can run for public office if they so desire.

3. *We live in a highly industrialized society.*

Quebec's industrialization is relatively recent and is still going on at a fairly rapid pace, although it does not yet compare with that of Ontario or the United States. But more than two thirds of the population are already engaged in industrial or administrative work and live in urban surroundings.

4. *We enjoy a high standard of living.*

The annual per capita income reached \$1504 in Quebec in 1963, which places it well above most European countries. But one of the difficulties is that Quebec's average is \$230 below the Canadian average. Highest in Canada is Ontario, with \$2019, and lowest is Newfoundland, with \$1029.

Among the nations that have waged nationalistic rebellions in modern times, no other people has enjoyed even one of these freedoms or advantages. In spite of the resemblance between Ireland and Quebec, none of the four advantages did the Irish enjoy in 1921. Consider India, the African states (including North Africa, with Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria), and Cuba. In all these cases, to which we spontaneously refer when nationalism is concerned, there was present an obvious domination of the educational and cultural institutions, a more or less radical curtailment of political freedom and civil rights, a primitive economy, and, in most cases, an appallingly low standard of living.

Anyone who comes to Quebec looking for all the characteristics associated with a nationalist revolution will not find them. At least not in the statistics or in the legal textbooks. And important changes are taking place, with more to come in the near future.

RECIPE FOR A CANADIAN NOVEL

After Cyprian Norwid

BY JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

Ingredients: one Mountie,
one Indian, an Eskimo
and a Doukhobor.

Add: a small-town whore,
a thousand miles of wheat,
a farmer, impotent and bent.

A fair-haired daughter too,
a Laurentian mountain
and a Montreal Jew.

Include also: a boy
with a dying pet,
and a mortgage unmet.

If this sours, sweeten
with maple syrup —
preferably French-Canadian,

but dilute, if foreign
to the taste.
Stir, then beat.

Drop in exotic and tangy
place-names — Toronto,
Saskatoon, Hudson Bay.

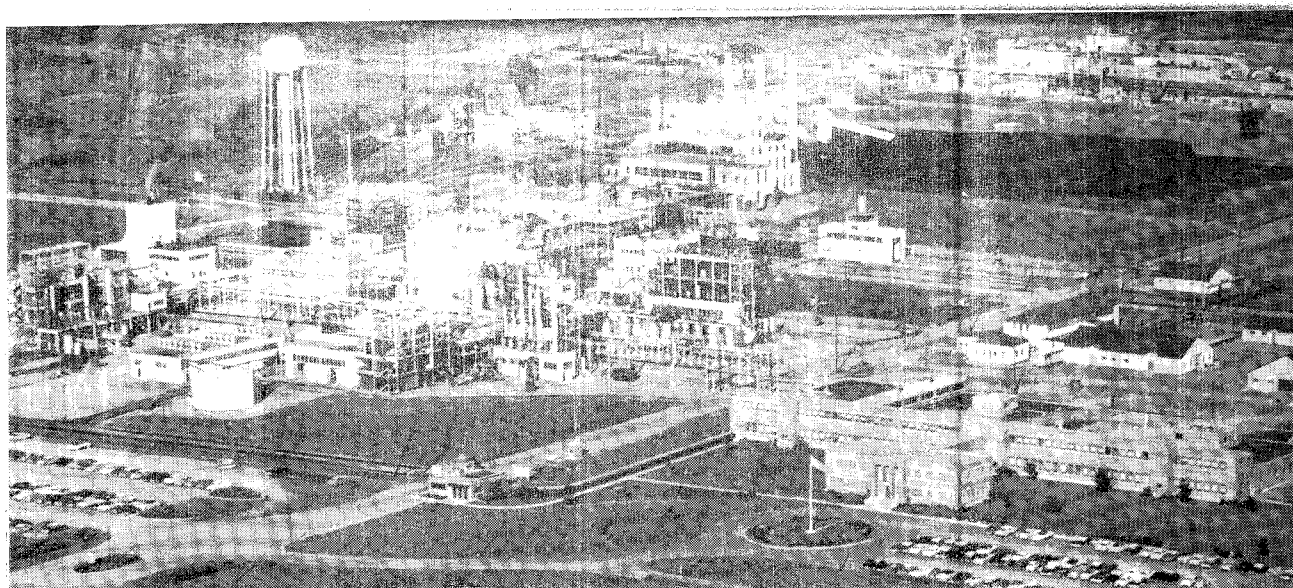
To prepare the sauce:
paragraphs of bad prose
that never seem to stop.

For distinctive flavor:
garnish with maple leaves.
Mix, then leave.

Dice one Confederation poet
complete with verse
(remove mold first).

Drain, bring to a simmer,
but avoid a boil.
Pour, place in oven, bake.

Slice in pieces, or leave whole.
Serves nineteen million
when cold.



The Impact of American Business

by ROBERT M. FOWLER

There is no doubt that American investment in Canada has contributed greatly to the growth of the Canadian economy. For an estimate of the by-products of this investment, we have turned to ROBERT M. FOWLER, a Montreal lawyer and businessman. Mr. Fowler has been president of the Canadian Pulp & Paper Association since 1945. He is also co-chairman of the Canadian-American Committee.

AMERICANS doing business in Canada tend to pay us the compliment of treating us as if we were just part of the family. Some time ago a charming and intelligent American businessman at a conference in Canada explained that he had five plants in the United States and two in Canada and he treated them all exactly alike—they were all branch plants. He is probably still wondering why the Canadians present objected to his statement.

By contrast, when American businessmen go to Mexico or France or Germany, they are well aware that they are foreigners, and conduct their businesses, often with local partners, with an eye to the sensitivities of the people and the government. They consciously avoid behavior that might be considered contrary to the national interests and welfare of the country where they are doing business. But when an American businessman comes to Canada, he does not consider that he is in a foreign country, and he often acts as if he were at home. This, in a very real sense, is a compliment to us and a tribute to the special relationship that exists between our two countries. But I think it is a mistake. We *are* a foreign country, and we want to remain so, even though we have, and seek, the most friendly relations with the United States and with individual Americans.

For Canadians, the United States is a daily pre-occupation and concern; we have some real prob-

lems of Canadian-American relations and perhaps some imaginary ones; it is easy for us to exaggerate our difficulties and become touchy in our attitudes. For Americans, Canada is of little daily concern; you think of us rarely, and when you do, you tend to regard Canadian-American problems as really no more serious than relations between New York and California or between the Midwest and Florida; you have a great many things that seem more pressing to worry about.

Yet this international relationship is obviously important to us because our living and perhaps our life depend on it. It is also important to the United States to have Canada as a free and always friendly neighbor. The chances are that on most major issues in world affairs, we will think as you do and be your loyal ally. But that support is of greater value to the United States if it comes from a strong and independent country, not a satellite. If sometimes we differ with you, our views may be worth considering, and occasionally you may conclude that we are right. The preservation of a free Canada is of vital interest to the United States.

Threats of active aggression ceased long ago, and no one in Canada now has any fear that the United States will send in the Marines. The danger you pose for Canadian independence is that you might gradually and unconsciously extend your influence and your culture until Canada becomes an indis-

Photograph courtesy of Du Pont of Canada Limited.

tinguishable part of the United States. American influence in Canada is already extensive and pervasive, being exerted directly and continuously through mass media and indirectly through extensive ownership by Americans of Canadian natural resources and industry.

The Canadian economy has grown rapidly since the war, and there is no doubt at all that American investment in Canada has contributed greatly to that growth. In market dollars, the Canadian GNP increased from less than \$12 billion in 1945 to about \$43 billion in 1963. It has meant an increased population (from about 13 million to more than 19 million in the same period) and a rising standard of living for all Canadians.

With this development going on at their doorstep, American investors who know a good thing when they see it and are willing to take some risks came to Canada with large amounts of money. They started ventures, many of which would not have been started by Canadians, or at least not started so soon. In the process, they brought to Canada technical skills and the fruits of American industrial research, and they created markets for Canadian products that might not otherwise have been available. They provided employment to Canadians, bought large quantities of goods and services, and paid ever increasing taxes to Canadian governments. Apart from the inevitable mistakes and failures, one could examine any one of these American-financed ventures in Canada and conclude that it was good both for the investor and for Canada. What, then, is all the fuss about?

IT is the sheer size of the total American investment in Canada that worries some Canadians and a few of their political leaders. Total U.S. investment in Canada was nearly \$20 billion in 1962 and is undoubtedly higher today. Nearly two thirds of this is in the form of "direct investment" — that is, ownership of subsidiary companies in Canada. This investment is heavily concentrated in the resource and manufacturing industries. The latest available figures indicate that Americans control 95 percent of the Canadian automobile and automobile parts industry, 89 percent of rubber products, 64 percent of electrical apparatus, over 50 percent of the chemical industry, 43 percent of pulp and paper, 70 percent of the petroleum and natural gas industry, and 52 percent of mining and smelting; and for all manufacturing industry in Canada, nearly 50 percent.

Such a concentration of foreign investment has never been equaled in any other country except where there was a colonial relationship or some dependency status. In our case it was not, of course,

caused by colonialism, but by the fact that the emergence of the United States as an exporter of capital coincided with a surge of economic development in Canada. But it is not surprising that some Canadians began to *feel* like "colonials" and to believe that something should be done to resist the friendly pressure from the United States that seems likely to engulf us.

Canadians have been hunting around for several years for specific objections to the conduct of foreign investors in Canada. We say, for example, that American subsidiaries do not employ enough Canadians, especially in senior management positions. That they do not have independent Canadian directors. That they tend to buy their components and services from the United States rather than from available Canadian sources. That they do not allow Canadians to buy shares in companies that exploit Canadian resources and markets. That they do little research in Canada and do not contribute generously to Canadian charities. And that they are restricted by their parent companies from making vigorous efforts to increase Canadian exports.

These attempts to identify the supposed shortcomings in the performances of American subsidiaries in Canada have been notably unsuccessful, and one is forced to the conclusion that there is very little substance in these complaints. Admittedly the statistical information is inadequate, and accurate facts about company performance are hard to come by. But from such studies as have been made and from individual knowledge, there seems to be no correlation between good or bad performances under any one of these headings and ownership or control of Canadian companies. Undoubtedly one can find some examples of American subsidiaries that do not buy as much as they could buy in Canada, that do not do any research here, that are niggardly in their charitable giving, and that do not export. One can find others that do all these things and do them well. And, if one looks, one can find an equal number of companies owned and controlled by Canadians, in the same industries, whose performance on each of these fronts is just as deficient. Performance seems to be an individual matter that has little to do with where the ownership is held.

But there is a difference in the public reaction to a shabby performance by an American subsidiary and one by a Canadian company. When a Canadian company acts in a way that is thought to be contrary to the national interest, it is simply regarded as a bad Canadian citizen. When an American subsidiary misbehaves by Canadian standards, its record is used to brand the whole tribe of American investors. When an absentee owner fails to take account of legitimate Canadian

objectives, the criticism is both specific against the individual failure and general against absentee ownership as such. What all this means is that American subsidiaries in Canada need to achieve higher standards of performance and pay greater attention to Canadian susceptibilities and national objectives than purely Canadian companies need to do. They should do so because they are operating in a foreign country.

However, there is only one really valid reason why American subsidiaries in Canada should have independent Canadian directors, do real research in Canada, and, where possible, have some Canadian shareholders. It is because it is usually in their own enlightened self-interest to do so, not because they should feel they have to placate a lot of unreasonable and troublesome Canadians.

Despite the many similarities between the United States and Canada, we have a different constitution, different laws, and somewhat different public attitudes and objectives. Corporate decisions that do not take account of these differences are likely to be less good than those that do, and therefore the subsidiary company is likely to be less successful and less profitable than it might be. Canadian directors and Canadian shareholders can reflect national attitudes and objectives in the company's decisions. Research done in Canada is most likely to meet actual market needs and preferences, and may on occasion produce new methods or products useful also to the parent company. These things are not a question of good manners but of sound business judgment.

In discussing those cases where the performance of American subsidiaries is somewhat less than what is desirable in Canada's interest and in their own self-interest, I want to make it very plain that these are the exception rather than the rule. The performances of the vast majority of American businesses in Canada are good — better than those of many Canadian firms, better than they were a few years ago before Canadian discussion and agitation drew the problem repeatedly to their attention. Many American businessmen who remain American citizens and who head subsidiaries in Canada are active and public-spirited leaders. American subsidiaries bring us a great many good men. They add immensely to Canadian life by their presence and by their many public activities in Canada. If I were asked to pick out the two businessmen in Canada who have contributed most to Canadian life in the last twenty years, I would choose two Americans who came as heads of subsidiary companies, are now Canadian citizens, and take an active part in every worthwhile business, cultural, and social activity year after year. Each runs a company that is both successful and a good corporate Canadian citizen.

Another advantage gained from the presence of American businessmen living in Canada, one that we seldom recognize, is the constant flow of information about Canada and Canadian attitudes running back from the officers of the subsidiary to their associates in the United States. This information generally gets to places where it matters. And on the theory that there is no zealot like a convert, these American Canadians express the Canadian point of view more vociferously and more effectively than any native Canadian would dare to express it. We may complain that Americans know too little about Canada, but certainly American consciousness of Canada would be much less today than it is if we did not have these lines of communication between subsidiary companies and their parents in the United States.

CANADIAN concern about the extensive American ownership of Canadian industry has led to a number of proposed steps to deal with the problem that is thought to exist, and a few pieces of legislation. There was a proposal in the budget of June, 1963, that a 30 percent tax should be levied on certain security sales by Canadians to nonresidents, to prevent further "takeovers" of Canadian businesses. This proposal was quickly withdrawn as administratively unworkable.

The same budget also proposed that to encourage Canadian ownership, the 15 percent withholding tax on dividends paid to nonresidents should be reduced to 10 percent for companies that have at least 25 percent of their shares owned by Canadian residents, and increased to 20 percent for companies that have less than 25 percent Canadian ownership. Depreciation on new machinery and equipment was to be accelerated in certain cases for companies having 25 percent Canadian ownership. To qualify for the lower withholding tax and for accelerated depreciation, companies must also have at least a 25 percent representation on the board of directors by resident Canadians. All these proposals were substantially modified before they were enacted. The tests laid down for Canadian participation were made easier, and the increase in the withholding tax to 20 percent was abandoned, so that the spread between companies with the required Canadian ownership and those without it was reduced to 5 percent.

There are many Canadians who seriously doubt both the wisdom and effectiveness of such measures. Their impact can usually be avoided with comparative ease and sometimes with results that were neither intended nor desired. More important, their chance of effectively improving the Canadian performance (which is their stated objective) must

be very close to zero. An effective Canadian influence is not created by restricting one non-resident owner to less than 75 percent of the voting shares. There may be a strong Canadian influence exerted by a 5 percent holding, or there may be little or no influence exerted by a 45 percent holding. It all depends on the abilities and active interest of the minority shareholders. In any event, as Professor Harry G. Johnson (a Canadian economist now at the University of Chicago and one of the shrewdest commentators on Canadian-American relations) puts it: "There is no substantive evidence that American enterprises in Canada have acted contrary to the national interest, and if any such behavior should occur or threaten to occur, Parliament, and not a group of Canadian shareholders foisted on the foreign companies by fiscal discrimination or political blackmail, is the appropriate guardian of the public interest."

There is much to suggest that Canadian efforts so far developed to deal with the real or imaginary problems of American subsidiary performance are misconceived and damaging. So probably are discriminatory laws by Congress, such as the recent U.S. Interest Equalization tax. Both countries have greatly benefited from their traditional policy of maintaining a common market for capital in North America. It has introduced flexibility and efficiency in their economic development. As the time approaches, quite rapidly, when Canada will become a substantial exporter of capital, we may become less dependent than we are today on a net inflow of American capital. Even so, capital resources in both countries are likely to be more efficiently applied if American money is free to enter Canada, without discrimination, to do jobs for which Americans are qualified, and if Canadians are free to take their money to the United States and other countries to do jobs for which they have special experience and skills. It seems a little inconsistent for two countries which are now busy trying to achieve freer trade in goods and are maintaining considerable freedom in the movement of people and ideas across the border suddenly to begin to destroy the free trade in capital which has existed for years and has served them both well.

THERE are, I believe, only two real problems of any substance created by American-owned companies in Canada. One is a rather technical, infrequent, and probably temporary irritant in Canadian-American relations. The other is more general, basic, and long-term in its consequences.

The short-term irritant is the application of the U.S. Trading With the Enemy Act to foreign affiliates of American companies. As an inde-

pendent nation, our trading policies toward Communist countries may be somewhat different from American policies. We are very careful to see that strategic materials do not get into the hands of potential enemies, but we may feel that it is a good idea to sell foodstuffs and industrial machinery and other nonstrategic goods to Communist China or Russia. We do not suggest that the United States is wrong and should change its trading rules, but Canada claims the right to make its own rules without interference from American laws. At the moment, a Canadian subsidiary of an American flour milling company cannot sell Canadian-made flour to China without putting the president of the American parent company in danger of being sent to jail. A Canadian company is unable to trade in full compliance with Canadian laws because of the extraterritorial effect of an American statute.

It is very irritating to Canadians to have American-controlled companies in Canada used in this way to implement American foreign policy. It would be a considerable contribution to better Canadian-American relations if Congress would remove this irritant and allow affiliates in Canada of American parent companies to export under the same conditions as Canadian-owned companies. Obviously, in doing so, Congress should guard against American firms using their Canadian subsidiaries for the deliberate purpose of evading American laws.

The second problem of subsidiaries in Canada is more subtle and more important, and its solution depends on the adaptation by American parent companies to a basic change that is occurring in Canada's trading position in the world.

The problem is this. For most of the period since World War II, a large part of Canadian economic growth was financed by imports of capital, mainly from the United States. Canadians were either unable to save enough or unwilling to devote enough of their savings to achieve the full growth they wished to have.

Whenever Canada is in a period of rapid expansion, we find we have a large merchandise trade deficit and also a large nonmerchandise deficit. Indeed, the inflow of capital that increases our rate of growth contributes substantially to these deficits, and since most of the foreign investment comes from the United States, the deficits on merchandise and nonmerchandise account are mainly with the United States. When Americans come to Canada with money to invest, they bring with them American technology and services to help make that investment. Imports of American machinery and industrial goods increase; so, also, when Canada is prosperous, do our purchases from Americans of oranges and fresh vegetables and motorcars and consumer goods. There are more

Canadians who enjoy and are able to afford to take their holidays in Florida, California, and Hawaii than there are Americans who come to fish and hunt and travel in Canada. Because foreign investment has increased, we have to pay more interest to foreign — mainly American — investors.

In the last ten years Canada's deficit on current account in its business dealings with all countries has averaged a billion dollars a year (although there has been some improvement recently). That in comparable terms would be equal to an annual deficit of about \$13 to \$15 billion for the United States. This deficit results entirely from our transactions with the United States. Indeed, with the rest of the world we sold more goods and services to overseas countries than we bought from them. But this trade surplus was more than eaten up by the fact that we bought more goods and services from Americans than we sold to Americans. In 1963 we were in deficit to the United States alone on current account by over \$1150 million, but to all other countries by only a little over \$500 million.

This trade in both goods and services is important to both countries. It is the largest flow of trade between any two countries in the world. The United States sells more to Canada each year than it sells to Great Britain, or to the countries of Western Europe combined, or to all of South America. These American goods and services are important to Canadians not only because we want them to maintain our standard of living but because, in many cases, we need them as essential components in the Canadian industrial machine. It would be damaging to both countries if this mutually advantageous trade had to be cut down.

In the future, Canada almost certainly will continue to need substantial amounts of foreign investment to maintain its growth. We can, and should, develop more savings in Canada to finance more growth ourselves, and it may well be that for a variety of reasons foreign money will not be as freely available to us as it has been in the past. Moreover, we are approaching the time when Canada, while continuing to import capital for certain types of development, will become a substantial exporter of capital also.

On all counts, Canada needs to increase exports relative to imports, and it is clearly better for everyone if it does so by expanding exports rather than cutting down imports. A natural direction for increased exports is the American market, where Canada has some competitive advantages based on American technology and somewhat lower wage levels.

Traditionally, our large exports to the United States have been raw materials and semiprocessed goods — lumber and pulp and newsprint and iron ore and base metals. These basic commodities enter the United States with few, if any, tariff obstacles, and their volume will grow steadily as American needs and population grow. But the trade in these traditional exports will not grow fast enough.

We must sell more manufactured goods in all exports markets — and, in particular, we must sell more manufactured goods in the United States. The big question is, will Canadian subsidiaries of American companies be able, and will they be permitted, to do so?

Undoubtedly, many of them were never expected to sell in the U.S. market. Their parent companies found themselves excluded by the Canadian tariff. They set up Canadian production to supply the growing Canadian market and perhaps to ship to British and Commonwealth markets on more favorable terms. They never thought of their Canadian ventures as being able to get their goods into the United States, partly because of American tariffs and partly because this was not what they were established to do.

However, if American leadership is successful, existing trading arrangements may be drastically changed and tariff obstacles may be reduced. Both American and Canadian tariffs may be cut down in the coming negotiations at Geneva. This will make it necessary for all Canadian companies to improve their efficiency and specialize in the kinds of production for which they are suited in order to trade in world markets rather than in a heavily protected domestic market.

Will American subsidiaries in Canada take part in this necessary process of quite violent adjustment? Will they make changes to meet a new trading situation which they never contemplated when they came to Canada? Will their parent companies in the United States allow them to sell in the U.S. market, even in competition with the parent companies themselves? Alternatively, will they reorganize their total production so as to develop in Canada certain specialized lines of production to supply not only the Canadian market but also markets in adjacent areas of the United States?

These questions cannot be answered by Canadian or American legislation. But the answers given to them by Canadian subsidiaries (and their American parents) will be a test of their awareness of Canadian problems and their full participation in Canadian affairs.

ART IN CANADA

BY ALAN JARVIS

Author, editor, and artist, ALAN JARVIS was educated at the University of Toronto, at Oxford, and at the Graduate School of Fine Arts at New York University. He was director of the National Gallery of Canada from 1955 to 1959 and since that time has been chairman of the Society of Art Publications in Ottawa.

CONTEMPORARY Canadian art is as complex and controversial as the country itself: multicultural, bilingual, and perhaps subject to more diverse pressures than any other nation.

Mercifully, however, the emergence of a "Canadian school" can be fairly simply documented. Prior to World War I two great traditions inherited from European ancestors dominated Canada's arts: the English painted in the best imitations of Constable, and the French in the best fashion of the Academy. In architecture, English Canada built builders-book Georgian indistinguishable from that to be found in any of the Eastern United States, while the French built handsome farmhouses, seminaries, churches, and châteaux which would appear to be entirely at home in Normandy. The Royal Canadian Academy was founded in 1885 by a governor-general, the Marquis of Lorne, as was also the National Gallery. Her Excellency Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria, painted a tasteful filigree of roses on the door of the morning room at Government House which is still respectfully preserved.

There were, of course, native artists, both French and English, whose work is not without merit, and a few European immigrants such as Cornelius Krieghoff who documented the young country with both ability and fascination. Krieghoff has, inevitably, become Canada's most expensive as well as popular old master. Also, by the turn of the century there were young artists who were studying at the academies of London and Paris and bringing home some of the ferment of impressionism and even of fauvism. A few others were in touch with New York, studying at the Art Students League, and at least one, David Milne, was shown in the Armory exhibition of 1913.

Then, one young painter single-handedly turned

the course of Canadian painting. Tom Thomson (1887-1917), a commercial artist working in Toronto, discovered the "North," or perhaps more correctly, revealed it. The coincidence of Thomson's art with Canadian history was extraordinary. The Prime Minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier, had said, arrogantly but not entirely inaccurately, that the twentieth century belonged to Canada, because he knew well the vast unexplored and unexploited potential which lay in Canada's Northland. Virtually simultaneously with Laurier's verbal expressions, Thomson began to sketch the vast pre-Cambrian shield and expressed on canvas an entirely new concept of the beauty of Canadian landscape. In stark contrast to traditional landscapists who depicted the quiet, lush, and very English pastoral quality of southern Ontario (works which are not unlike the Hudson River school), Thomson painted wracked pine trees, bare rock, log booms, canoes, all of the paraphernalia of what had hitherto been known as the barren North, a country to be endured but not to be enjoyed.

In 1917 Thomson drowned in mysterious circumstances and soon became a legendary figure: Canada's first truly "Canadian" painter. Through him, modern art came to be acceptable to the Canadian people.

Thomson's greatest contribution to Canadian painting was, in fact, indirect. A number of his colleagues in the graphic arts trade had followed him north and shared his excitement with this new terrain. Also, they all shared some European background, either from birth and training or from student visits, and felt keenly the winds of the newer art movements. They were a loose-knit fraternity of young enthusiasts just prior to World War I, when the war dispersed them.

Then in 1920 they joined to form the Group of

Seven, a name as familiar now as is the term Ashcan school in the United States. The original seven were J. E. H. MacDonald, Lawren Harris, Arthur Lismer, A. Y. Jackson, Fred Varley, Franklin Carmichael, and Frank (later "Franz") Johnston. Of the Group four survive, all in their late seventies or early eighties, basking in a glory and reverence which they did not universally enjoy in the early twenties. Although the first director of the National Gallery of Canada, the late Eric Brown, supported the Group and bought their work for the national collection, press and Parliament and much of the public branded them as madmen, and for some years they bore the title, the "Hot Mush School."

Nevertheless, in spite of his premature death, Thomson's discovery of the beauty of the North worked its influence, and as countless ordinary Canadians began to explore this country for themselves, the Group of Seven came not only to be accepted but adored, and they were to dominate art until the end of World War II.

From an art-historical point of view, the most interesting thing about the story of the Group, and of Thomson, is the way in which art and nature so happily coalesced. As young artists working in the commercial studios during the early 1900s, obviously they were deeply influenced by *art nouveau*. The sinuosities of the *art nouveau* style perfectly fitted the depiction of twisted pine trees and the rolling, graceful contours of pre-Cambrian rock. Furthermore, the almost incredible vividness and richness of the color of autumn foliage of northern Ontario was its own justification for the Group's use of a fauve palette.

Thus Canada founded, and found, its national school, and, as always happens when strongly based national schools become institutionalized, the influence of the Group of Seven became academic and almost a dead hand. From the middle twenties to the disruption of World War II little of interest developed in Canadian art. The Group carried on (although it dispersed as the Seven to be succeeded by a much larger organization, the Canadian Group of Painters, in 1933), towing in its wake a vast following of lesser artists all dedicated to painting pine trees and rocks. It is surprising to find there was so little art of social protest, for Canada was hard hit by the Great Depression, and so little painting of the human face or figure. Varley alone among the Seven became a superb portraitist. And, it must be noted, the dominance of the Group gave Canadian painting primarily an Ontario and Toronto orientation.

Two offbeat painters stand out in these middle years: Emily Carr, a painter-writer from British Columbia who pursued a poverty-stricken and almost totally unrewarded exploration of the world

of the West Coast Indians, and David Milne. Milne was a Scottish-Canadian schoolteacher who suddenly departed rural Ontario for the Art Students League, exhibited at the Armory Show, painted a magnificent series of watercolors for the Canadian War Records in 1918-1919, then disappeared into the Adirondacks to paint and etch work of a completely personal style. Returning to Canada in 1928, Milne continued his impersonal, quiet, and impoverished life in a variety of Ontario environments until his "discovery" by the editor of *Canadian Art*, D. W. Buchanan, in 1935. Since that time an ever widening circle of collectors and critics have claimed him to be Canada's most original and truly creative painter. Happily, in his later years he found two great patrons, the Right Honorable Vincent Massey, sometime governor-general of Canada, and Douglas Duncan, a Toronto patron, collector, and gallery director, who did more than any other single person to sustain the arts in Canada during the Depression and the war. It has been my own experience to find that, almost without exception, non-Canadians surveying Canadian painting for the first time isolate Milne as our most original and creative painter of this period.

THUS far, the story of Canadian art would seem to be entirely an English one, which is by no means the case. Not only has French Canada a much older and perhaps more cultured tradition than English Canada, but it has produced a just proportion of our notable artists and has added a leaven to the lump of English Protestantism without which this country would have become not only an artistic backwater but a swamp. For example, during the years when the Group of Seven dominated the national scene, at least two painters were absorbing French influence and bringing some of it back to the Canadian art world: James Wilson Morrice, a friend of Matisse's, and Morrice's pupil, John Lyman. Both of these artists spent most of their working life outside Canada and founded no schools. Meanwhile, a few French-Canadian painters were quietly developing personal statements. The most notable is Jean-Paul Lemieux, who, after a prolonged spell of painting rather folksy genre subjects much influenced by French-Canadian peasant art, found an entirely personal expression of his feeling for the austere Quebec landscape and for the simple *habitants*, in paintings which could emanate only from a Canadian background.

Another French-Canadian painter, working outside the mainstream of Canadian landscape, is Alfred Pellán, who commuted between Montreal and Paris during the thirties and forties. On his visits, especially while teaching at the École des

Beaux Arts in Montreal in 1940, he brought the full impact of the school of Paris into the Canadian art world, at that time with explosive effect. Pelan's witty, and frequently naughty, surrealisms have influenced many younger French-Canadian painters and draftsmen, especially Jean Dallaire and Léon Bellefleur. He has, however, had little influence or appreciation outside his own province, although the French honored him with a one-man exhibition at the Musée de l'Art Moderne in Paris in 1952.

The great revolution, and liberation, of French-Canadian art came from Paul-Émile Borduas with the founding of the group of *Automatistes*. Borduas issued a famous anarchistic manifesto, *Refus global*, which resulted in his being fired from a teaching job in the provincial schools but which also galvanized the art world in Montreal and Quebec, and the "automatic" influence has been almost universal in French Canada ever since. Borduas had achieved worldwide recognition by the time of his death in 1960, but he died an unhappy man in Paris, painting the ultimate in "modern" art — white on white.

Borduas's young pupil and colleague, Jean-Paul Riopelle, has achieved the final accolade: the French claim him as their own. His work has been reproduced countless times in books and magazines, but only rarely is it mentioned that he is Canadian. Riopelle lives in Paris and has not often returned to his native land. Nevertheless, he confesses to a mind and imagination saturated with Canadian images, and his Paris studio is filled with Indian artifacts. Although his *tachisme* is, by definition, nonobjective, familiarity with Riopelle's work leads one to accept his claim to a fundamental Canadian inspiration.

The balance of power in Canadian art constantly shifts between the two great centers of Toronto and Montreal, and which is the dominant city is a question that will certainly never be settled. Each city absorbs different influences—from Paris, London, New York—and the competitive sense has done wonders to enliven the world of Canadian art in the past decade.

Art in Canada is not, however, limited to the two great cities. Since the end of World War II, the arts in Canada have flourished to an astonishing degree, and there can be seen fresh developments in most of the country's ten provinces. One of the most interesting is the British Columbia group, which is much influenced by American West Coast painters such as Morris Graves and Mark Tobey. Jack Shadbolt and John Korner both show affinities with their American counterparts. B. C. Binning remains detached in his cool semiabstractions, slightly influenced by Japanese art but essentially personal in style. So overwhelming are the beauty and grandeur of nature in British

Columbia that most of the younger artists are beginning to discard the clichés of abstract expressionism in favor of a more direct portrayal of landscape.

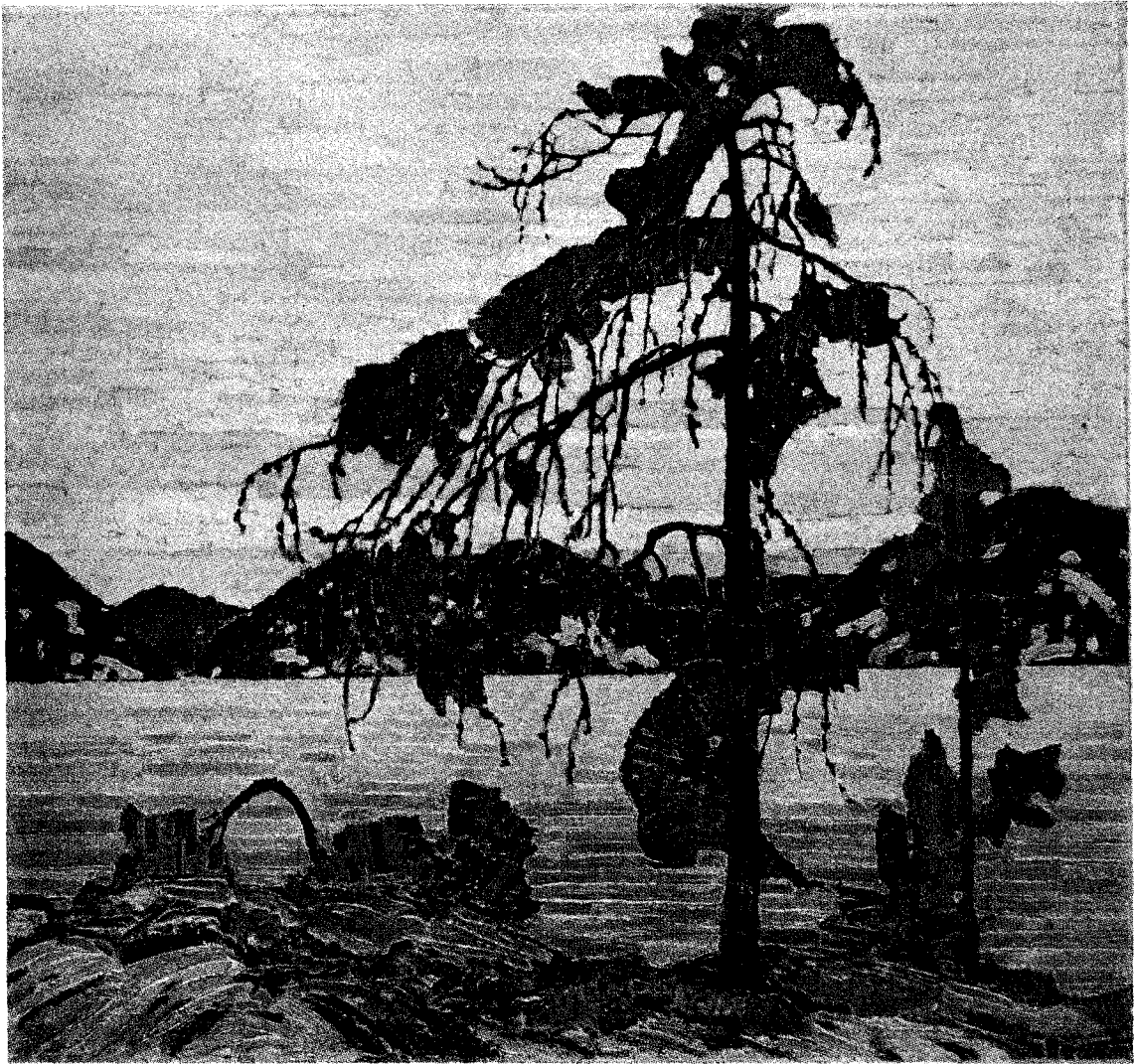
The Prairies have suddenly and quite recently produced a group of brilliant young artists, centered in Regina. Although born Easterners, Ronald Bloore and Kenneth Lochhead (to name only two of a considerably larger group) have found the West stimulating, and they in turn have influenced Western painting through the organization of the Emma Lake School.

Naturally, the proximity of Toronto to Buffalo, Detroit, and New York has meant that a very strong American influence has worked on Canadian painting, and one of the most powerful influences was Hans Hofmann. Two Canadian artists most clearly influenced by New York are Harold Town and William Ronald (indeed, Ronald now lives and paints in New York).

Many younger artists are resolutely going their own way. One of the most successful is Alex Colville, who lives quietly and paints slowly in New Brunswick. His work is often compared with that of Andrew Wyeth, but I am certain his development has been a purely independent one. Another is Tony Urquhart, still in his early twenties. Joe Plaskett, like many artists, seems to be more at home in Europe than in Canada, but he returns regularly and exhibits here regularly.

Until a short time ago sculpture in Canada was a poor relation. Apart from the occasional commissions to produce heroic effigies for Parliament Hill in Ottawa, the sculptors found little sponsorship and a small market. Added to this was the fact that Canada had no bronze foundry of its own until just one year ago. Therefore, the high cost of producing important work reduced the output almost to extinction. However, the federal government has recently given a tremendous stimulus to sculptors by commissioning major works for public buildings; private collectors are beginning to show some interest; and the artists can now have their work cast locally. It is not surprising, in view of the absence of a foundry, that most of the best work by contemporary sculptors should be fabricated. Two of the younger sculptors whose work has begun to achieve international recognition are Louis Archambault of Montreal, primarily a ceramist, whose *Iron Bird* was shown in Battersea Park in 1951; and Gerald Gladstone, whose welded steel confections gathered considerable critical notice in New York during the past year.

Visitors to Canada who view Canadian painting and graphic art for the first time constantly remark two things: stylistic generalizations are quite impossible to make, but one thing emerges quite clearly—an immense vitality.



TOM THOMSON

The Jack Pine, 1916-1917, oil

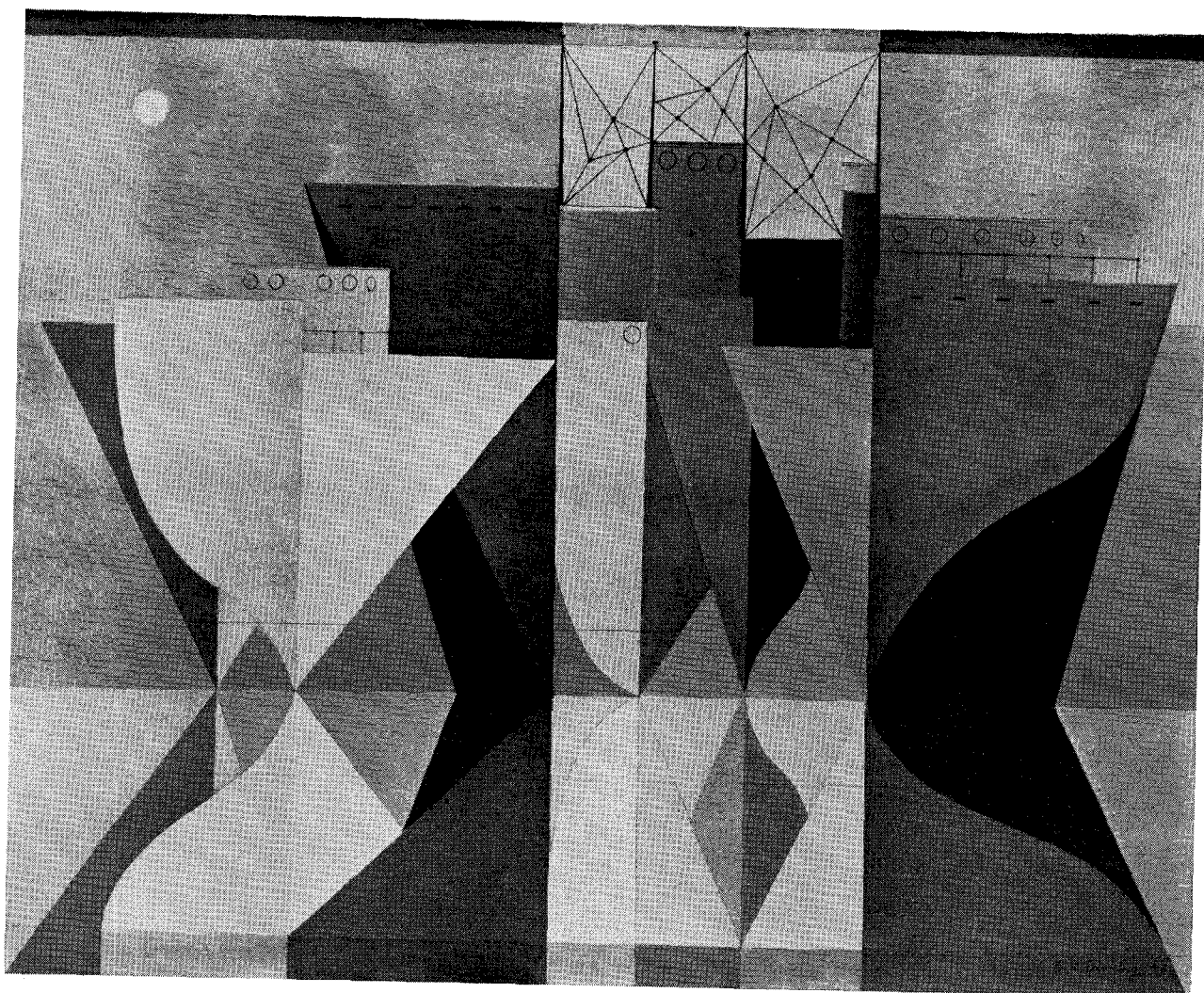
*Collection of the
National Gallery of Canada*



PAUL-ÉMILE BORDUAS

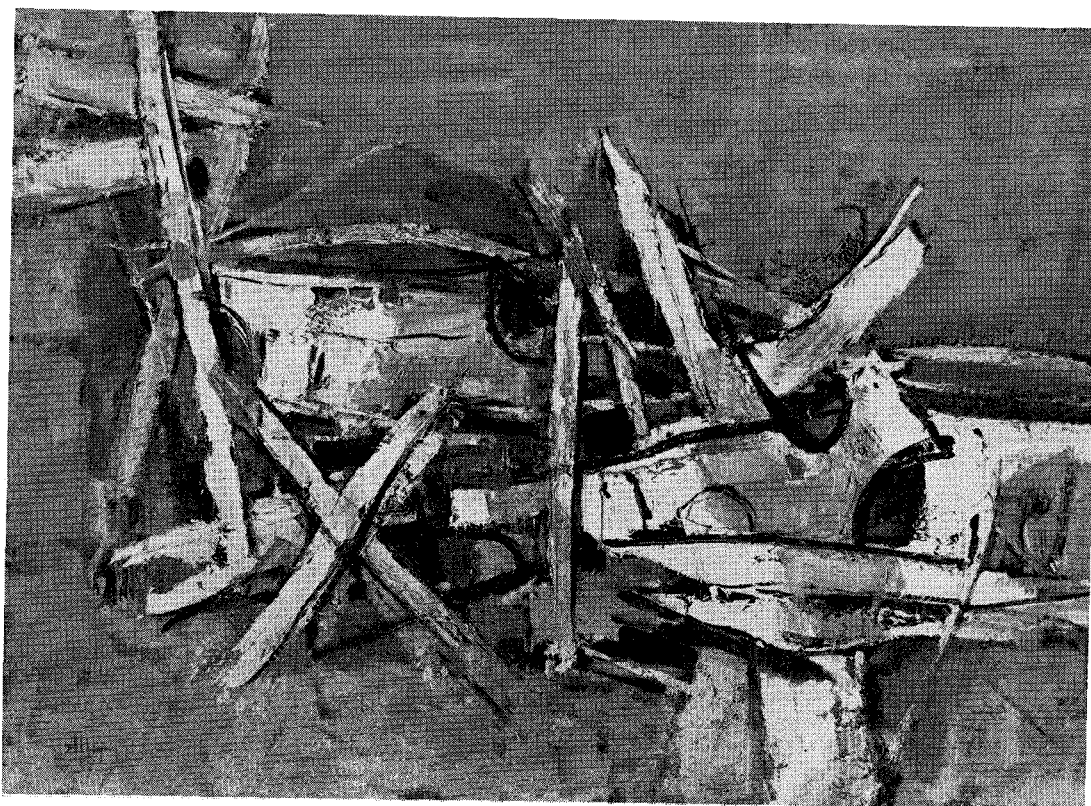
Figure aux Oiseaux, 1953, oil

*Collection of Agnes Eltherington Art Gallery
Queen's University*



BERT BINNING *Ships in a Classical Calm*, 1954, oil *Collection of the National Gallery of Canada*

EDMUND ALLEYN *Shoreline*, 1957, oil *Collection of the National Gallery of Canada*





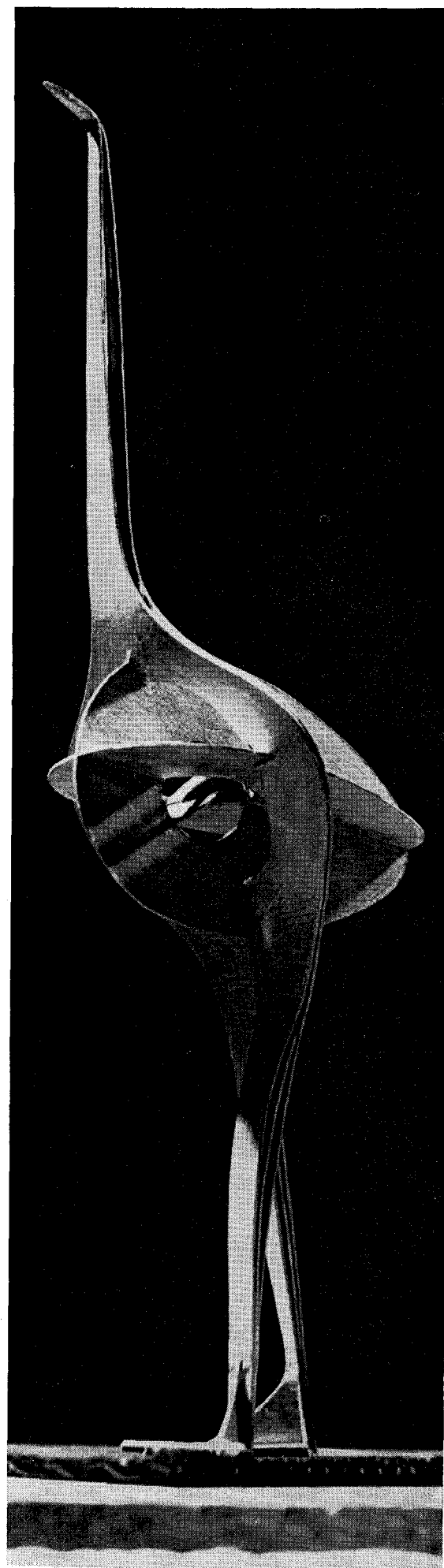
JOE PLASKETT

Le Peintre Émerveillé devant le Monde, oil
Collection of the National Gallery of Canada

LOUIS ARCHAMBAULT

Oiseau de Fer, 1950

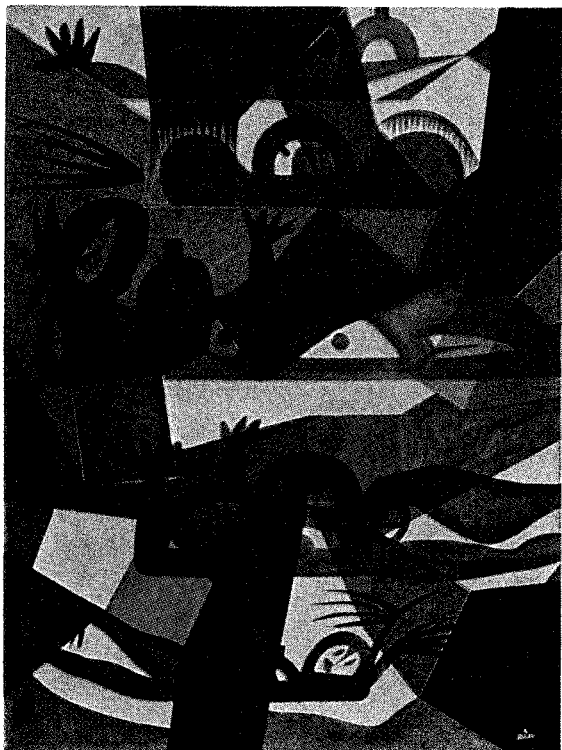
Collection of
the National Gallery
of Canada



RONALD BLOORE

Yellow-Green Painting
1961, oil on board

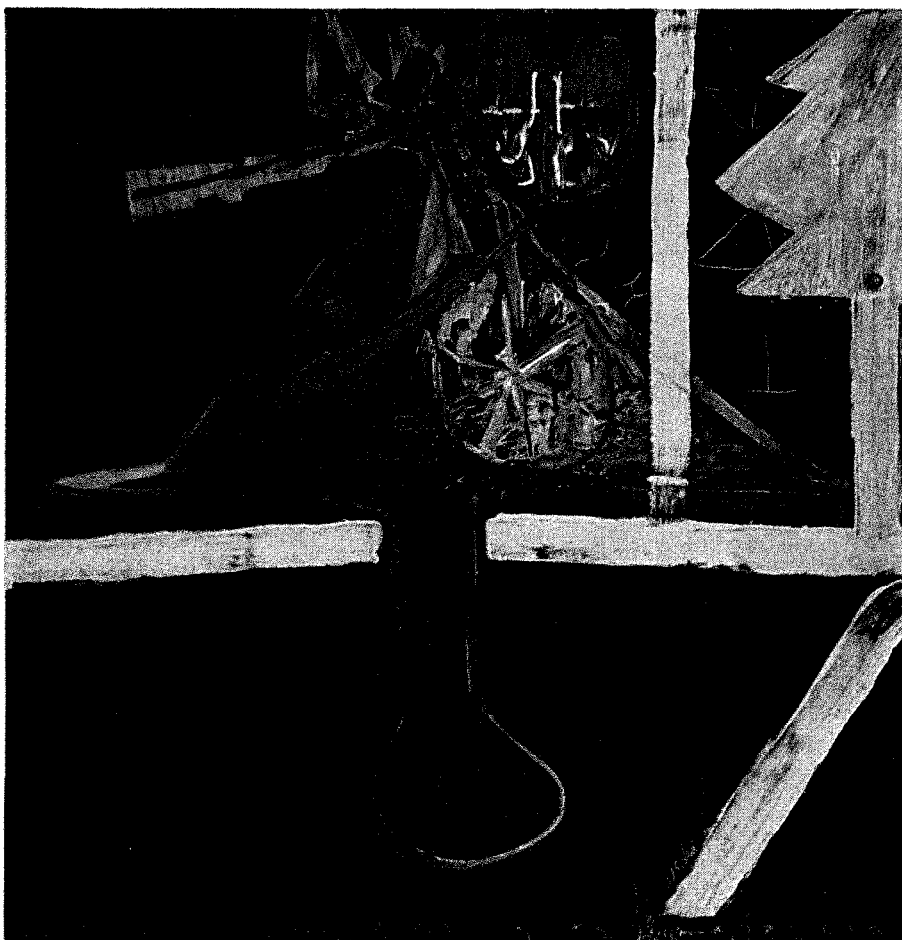
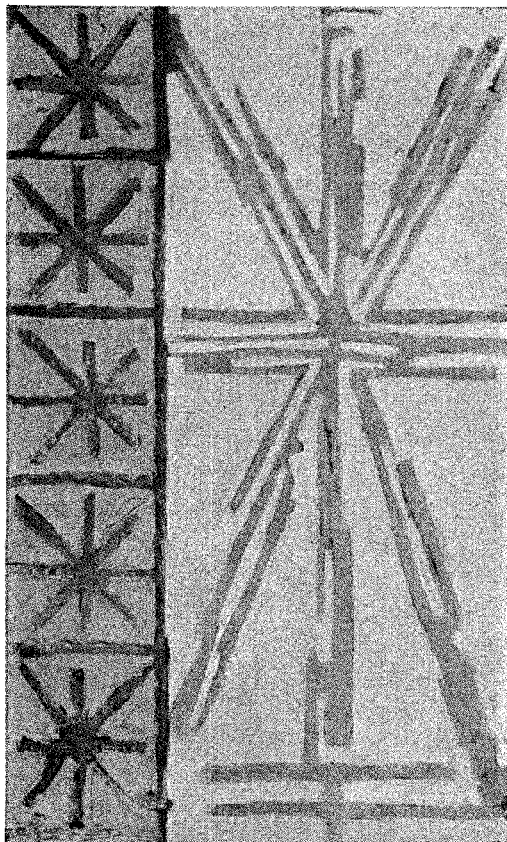
*Collection of Agnes Eltherington Art Gallery
Queen's University*



ALFRED PELLAN

Les Iles de la Nuit, 1964, oil

*Collection of
Mme. Mark Drouin, Quebec*



HAROLD TOWN

Banners, 1959-1960
oil and lucite on canvas

*Collection of the
Norman Mackenzie Art Gallery
University of Saskatchewan*



ALEX COLVILLE

Hound in Field, 1958,
casein tempera on board

*Collection of the
National Gallery of Canada*



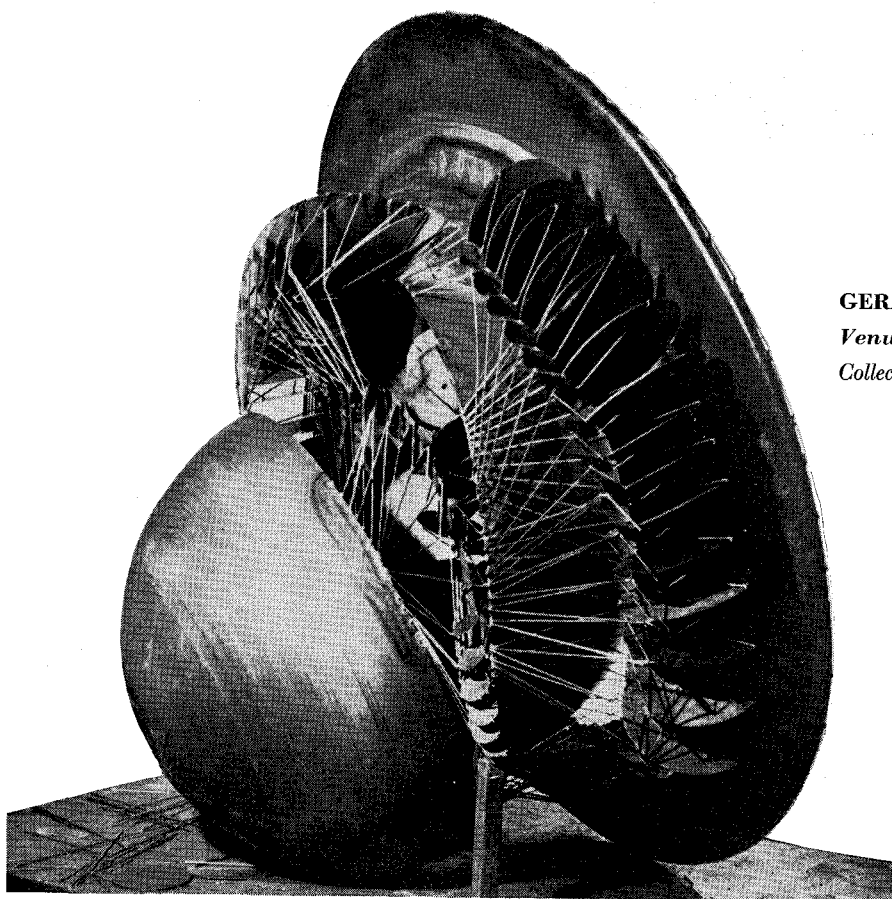
JACK SHADBOLT

Autumn Tokens, 1958, oil

*Collection of Dr. John L. Parnell
Vancouver, B.C.*

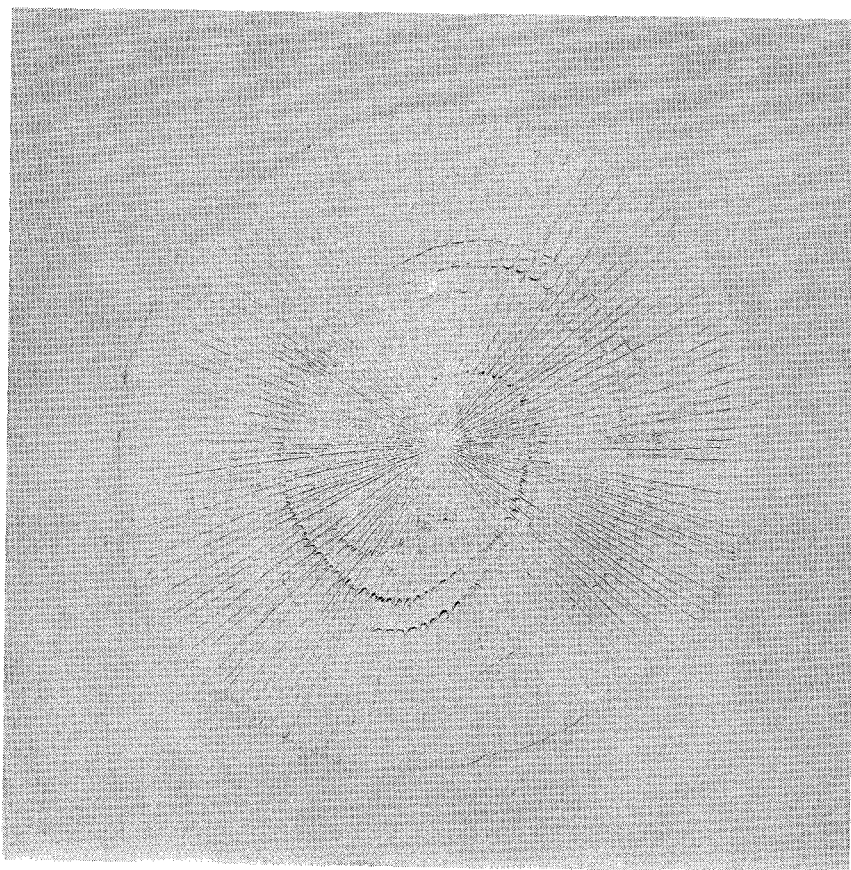


DAVID MILNE *Boston Corners, 1927, oil* *Collection of the National Gallery of Canada*



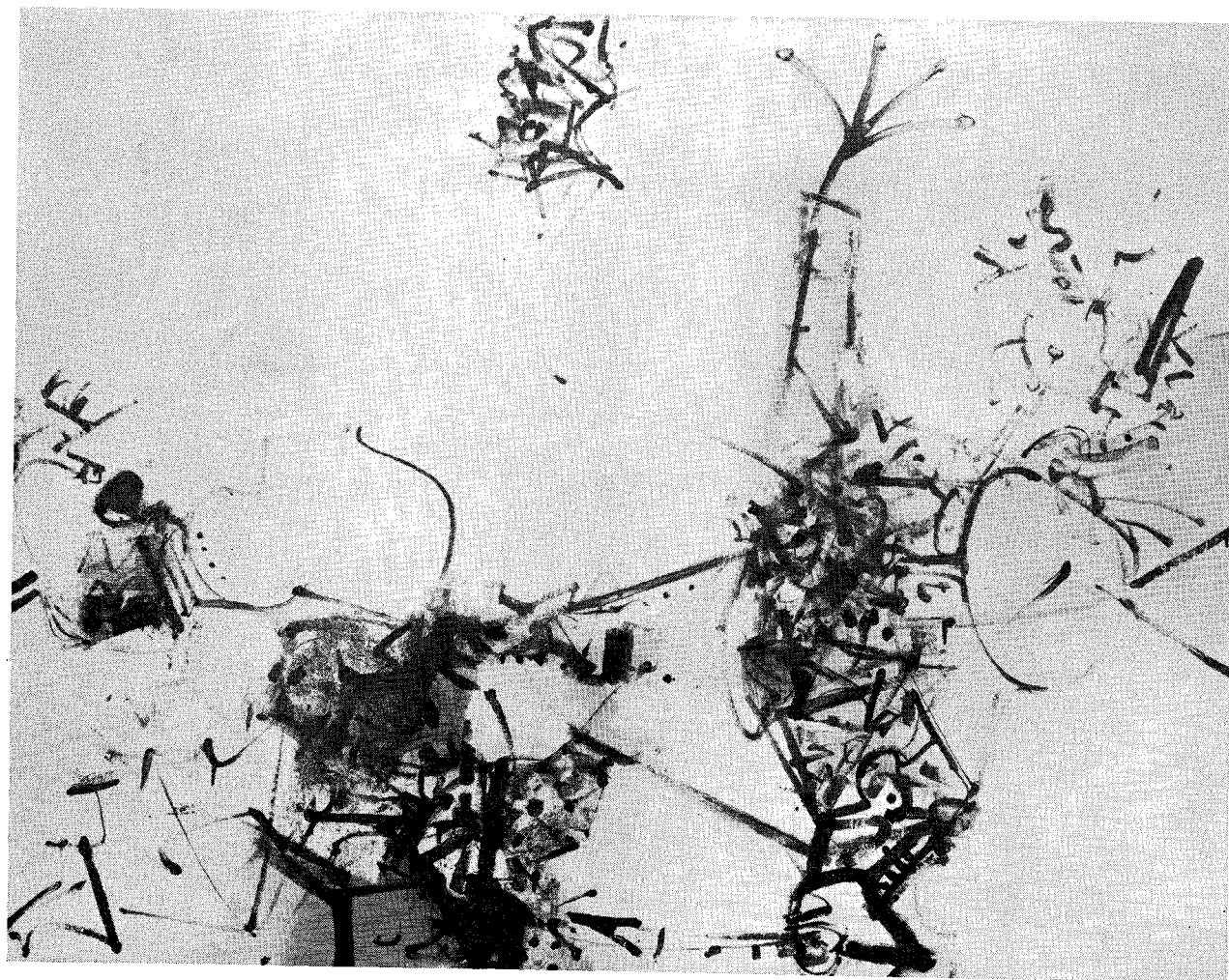
GERALD GLADSTONE
Venus A, 1964, welded steel
Collection of the artist

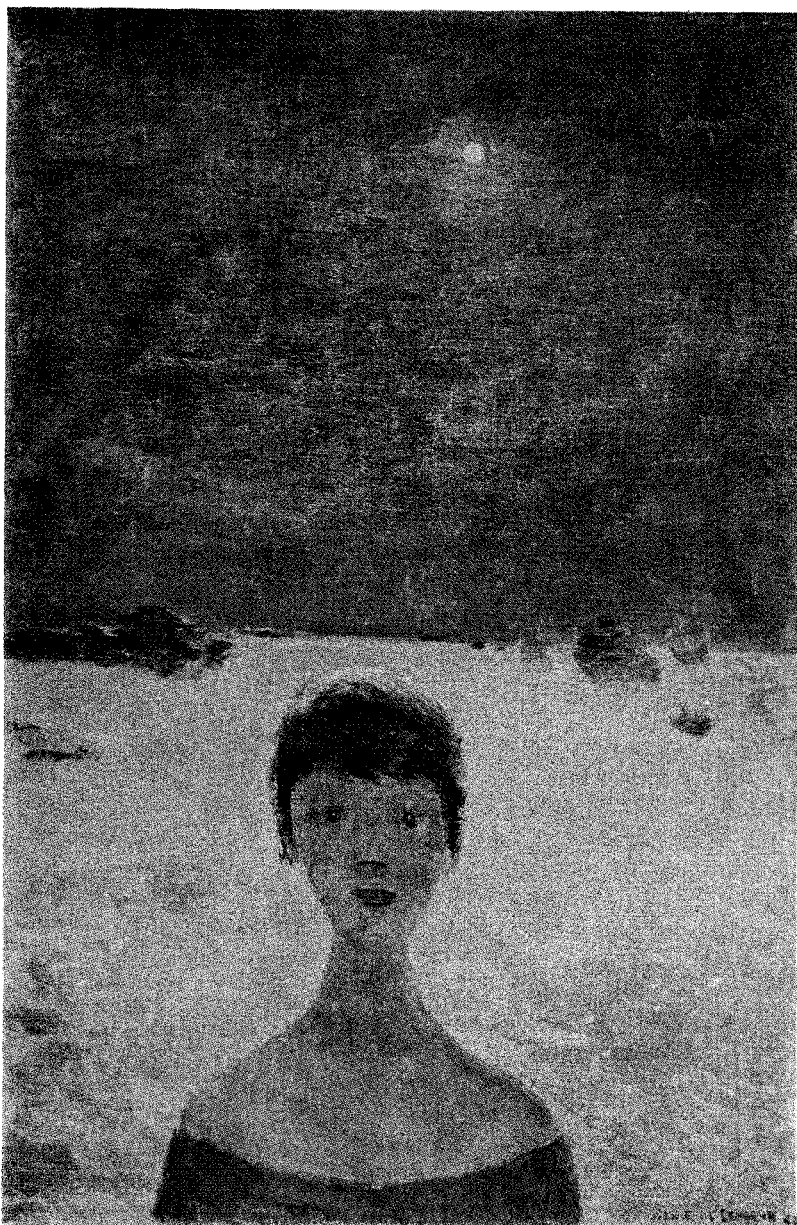
RONALD BLOORE
Painting, 1960
oil on panel
Collection of
the National Gallery
of Canada



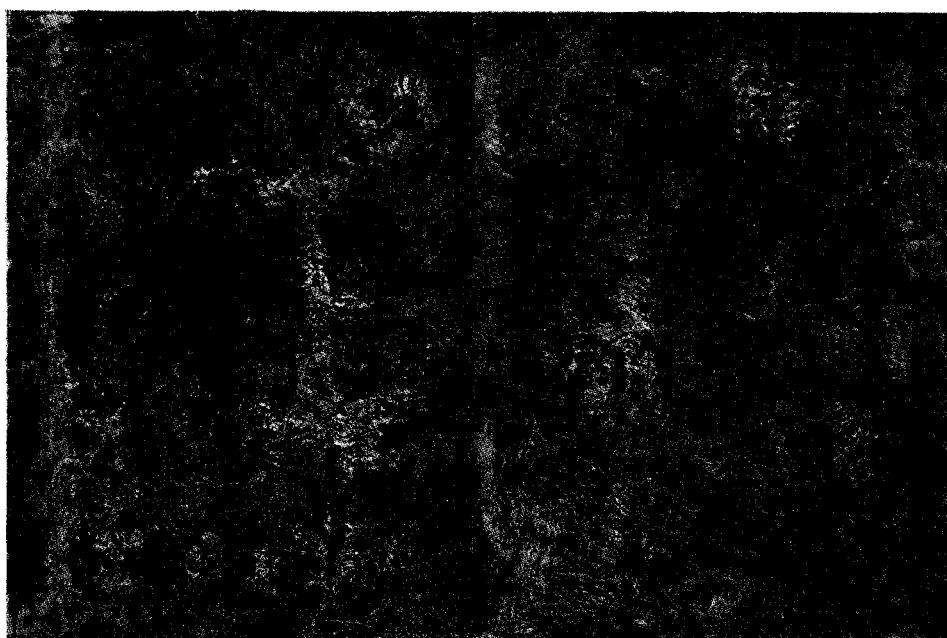
KENNETH LOCHHEAD

Unrestrained Merrymaking, 1961, gesso and tempera on board *Collection of the National Gallery of Canada*





JEAN-PAUL LEMIEUX
Nuit d'été, 1962, oil
Collection of R.M. Hogarth
Willowdale, Ontario



JEAN McEWEN
Entrelacs Rouges,
1961-1962, oil
Collection of the
National Gallery of Canada

Can French Canada Stand Alone?

by Marcel Faribault

Banker and man of affairs equally articulate in French and English, MARCEL FARIBAULT is the president of the Trust Général du Canada and a Montrealer who takes pride in being Canadian. In this article he explains why French Canadians desire independence. Federal union is inescapable, in Mr. Faribault's opinion, but the injustices and errors of the past must be corrected through revision of the constitution.

THE dissatisfaction of French Canadians with their lot in a predominantly British regime runs the whole gamut, from simple concern or sadness to defiance to the point of separatism. The main body of opinion is groping for concrete remedies and hoping for statesmanship from its leaders. That it will not be pooh-poohed, abused, or offered sops is evidenced by the unanimous decision of the Quebec legislature to appoint a committee entrusted with the determination of "the objectives to be followed by French Canada in the reconsideration of the Canadian federal system and the best means of attaining these objectives." This crisis closely parallels that of the young United States in 1787. In its case, however, the first constitution was too loose and had to be strengthened. In Canada's case, the constitution has too many relics of imperial days and has to be loosened.

Eskimos and Indians excepted, the oldest Canadian stock is of French origin. Its settlement, begun in 1608, was fully completed by 1760, never to be strengthened by subsequent immigration. Those 150 years were more than sufficient to create a territorial pattern, an established system of laws, a network of institutions and traditions, and self-reliance. The following century enhanced and fortified these characteristics. Private laws were retained, developed, extended, and codified, under their ancient designation of civil laws and civil rights. Constitutional and parliamentary law was

mastered to oppose and restrain the new administration and was turned to good account in securing the use of the French language in public debates, freedom of religion for the Roman Catholic inhabitants despite the public laws of England, and last, the establishment of a school system based on local denominational options. Until 1867, at the very least, this people was the only one to call itself and to be called Canadian. The 1961 census gives its strength at 5,541,000, of which 4,241,000 French Canadians inhabit the province of Quebec, where they form 81 percent of the total and practically all the rural population.

The British element in the population provides close to one quarter of the current immigration. Nevertheless, it can muster only 43 percent of the population, being overwhelmingly predominant in the Maritime Provinces, about 10 percent in Quebec, 60 percent in both Ontario and British Columbia, and falling somewhat below 45 percent in the Prairies. Its language is English, and its religion mostly Protestant; its traditions are monarchist, and its laws the uncoded and proliferating common law; it does rely on itself and on Canada to be sure, but also on Great Britain, the Empire, and the Commonwealth. The French Canadian looks back at least eight and sometimes as many as twelve generations; the British Canadian, probably five on an average.

Constitutional problems are abstruse and techni-

cal, and when they become crucial, it is generally too late to solve them. One instance will serve as an illustration. Last August, Ottawa newspapers reported that an attempt to alter the British North America Act, the imperial statute which serves as Canada's constitution, had been rebuffed in the Canadian House of Commons. The proposal had been to substitute the sentence "Canada is a federal state" for the sentence "The provinces shall form and be one Dominion under the name of Canada." The problem lies in the definition of the three words "dominion," "federal," and "state," and the difficulty becomes clearer when one realizes that the Statute of Westminster, adopted in 1931 as the freedom charter of the Commonwealth nations, denies Canada the right to amend its own constitution. The matter is brought into sharper focus when one learns that Quebecers have for the last four years taken to calling their province a state, a practice frowned upon by the rest of the country.

The Canadian constitution is criticized by Quebec for being too centralizing and therefore not truly federal — and for being too British, devoid of checks and balances, and poorly adapted to the present needs of Canada. These critics claim that the constitution is not democratic enough, that it omits important principles, and therefore does not hold out much hope for the future.

There is no question that the one great purpose behind Confederation was to keep the upper portion of North America British, thereby giving it the means to attract a continuous flow of settlers from the United Kingdom. The presence of the French Canadians made the federal system imperative, but they were deliberately contained within Quebec lest their increase in number, spread, and influence should imperil the British predominance. When a relaxation of policy opened the doors to peoples of other origins, nothing was done to increase the mobility of the French Canadians across the country. The guarantees for a separate school system, which the constitution provided for all provinces, were not honored. The use of the French language on a par with English, guaranteed only in the federal Parliament and the federal courts (since in Quebec the guarantee worked the other way), was not extended to the federal public service. Top places, and in many cases middle ones, in business, industry, and finance continued to be reserved to the British or thoroughly British-integrated. It is no wonder that under such typically colonial treatment, French Canadians developed their own nationalism.

Today, language is the dividing line in Canadian life, to a far greater extent than it is in Europe or Africa. English has been the only trans-Canada cultural bond. Yet French is also spoken across the

land, in the following ratio to each province's population: Newfoundland 3.7 percent, Nova Scotia 12 percent, Prince Edward Island 16 percent, New Brunswick 39 percent, Quebec 81 percent, Ontario 10.3 percent, Manitoba 9.1 percent, Saskatchewan 6.4 percent, Alberta 6.2 percent, and British Columbia 4.1 percent. That Canada is in fact bilingual is perhaps the deepest and most commanding reason for Quebec to remain in the Confederation, provided the French-speaking minorities of the other provinces, totaling over 1,300,000 people, are granted rights equal to those Quebec has granted in the past to its own English-speaking minorities centered in and around Montreal and numbering approximately 1,200,000.

THERE are certainly good reasons why Canada ought to be a federal country. First, because of its size and the geography of its parts. Quebec, a self-contained and irreducible block, amputated from Labrador by the political decision of a court whose only object was to give Hamilton Falls to the then British colony of Newfoundland, still remains an overwhelming one sixth of Canada as a whole, and would be one fourth if the Northwest territories were to be excluded for purposes of comparison with the other provinces. It has an area of 595,000 square miles; only Alaska, with 586,000, can be compared with it. It is twice the size of Texas, nearly three times the size of France, and six times the size of the United Kingdom.

Quebec is a must for Canada because it separates the Maritime Provinces from the center, and the center and western parts from the Atlantic; it holds the St. Lawrence River and practically commands Hudson Bay. At the same time, Quebec needs the rest of the country because the St. Lawrence is the outlet of the Great Lakes and their water level may affect its entire economy. Montreal, the Quebec and Canadian metropolis, is a natural port and bridgehead for overseas, for the United States, and for the rest of Canada; any attempt to bypass it and diminish its role, as Toronto expected to do through the Seaway, could very well cause a crisis of the first order.

If the provincial boundaries were to be reshuffled, Canada could be separated into two parts on the Ontario-Manitoba boundary. Or perhaps into four by dividing the coastal area on each side from the hinterland. Or perhaps into six by taking successively the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba plus half of Saskatchewan, western Saskatchewan and Alberta up to the Rockies, and finally, British Columbia. All the rest is refinement.

Each one of the six great Canadian regions has a narrow arable area which serves as its base; each

province is bounded to the south by the United States, is opened toward the north at a latitude where land and life change character, has only one other province on each side, has no boundary with more than two provinces (Quebec excepted only on account of Labrador), is dependent on another province for access to the sea or to another sea, is dependent on a particular river which takes its source or prolongs its course in another province. And each of these areas is a giant unit corresponding to at least five average states of the United States.

Canada is sometimes called underdeveloped if only its size and sparsity of settlement are considered; but it is acknowledged to be quite mature in its economic practice and sophistication, for which it is indebted both to Great Britain and to the United States. Yet the two conditions are closely tied together.

The Canadian economy is dominated by the Laurentian shield, which attracts exploitation on a large scale, whether it be of forests, mines, inland waters, fisheries, furs, agriculture, or hydroelectric power. Hence the natural development of the large corporations, the advantages of cartels and agreements for marketing, and the existence of cooperatives.

The distance from the seas and the absence of urban markets capable of consuming its production make such an economy a particularly open one; hence the development of transportation and indeed of an exceptionally diversified system of communications: roads and railroads, telephone, telegraph, radio, television, airlines, shipping lines, hotels, motels.

The harshness of both the climate and the land makes it more practical to transport power and energy very long distances rather than to settle next to their sources, whether coal, oil, gas, or electricity. Fuel and power are required for warmth and everyday life just as much as for industry. Buying the necessary services and equipment to make life comfortable and profitable is therefore very expensive.

In such a vast country, no economy, even a primary one, may be considered independent from services, communication, trade, and governmental intervention. The availability of capital thus becomes a paramount consideration. Hence a remarkable commercial banking system, developed through the establishment of branches, quite sensitive to the economy, and working in very close cooperation with the central bank and the treasury or department of finance in regard to both monetary and fiscal policies.

If one looks at the distribution of powers effected by the constitution between the federal and the provincial governments, it is evident that "it was intended to foster a national economy which would

relieve dependence upon a few industries and lessen exposure to the effects of the economic policies pursued by the United States and Great Britain." These words of the Sirois Commission Report on Dominion-Provincial relations in 1940 sum up the reasons for the attribution to the federal government of all those matters connected with the circulation of goods and money.

TODAY Canada is held together less by geography, natural resources, and nationality than by the very efficient composite network of communications, circulation and transfer of wealth, income, profits, and welfare. There is little doubt that any wholesale disruption of this order would bring a lessening of the standard of living, unemployment, withdrawal of capital, and stagnation. This would harm the poorer as well as the richer provinces, and since a minimum standard of living for all is one of the aims of present social thinking, it may not be contemplated with a clear conscience.

On the other hand, a remarkably strong case is being built up for states rights in economic matters. One of the greatest fallacies prevalent in Canada since the end of World War II is the assertion that the federal government should assume responsibility for the pace and direction of the nation's economic development. While understandable in a wartime economy, in peacetime such a view is a complete perversion of governmental functions. The United States adopted the tenth amendment to its constitution, which stated unequivocally that all residuary powers are vested in the states. Canada's constitution has committed the capital sin of saying otherwise. All the provinces have come around, by degrees, sometimes not quite consciously, to the view that the fiscal powers enjoyed by the federal government during war and depression have been continued too long, extended too far, used to penetrate provincial fields, misused through ignorance of regional diversities.

Actually, the desire to prevent war is one of the main reasons for federation. It is a commonplace of Canadian history that Confederation was designed in part "to brace the scattered provinces against possible American aggression" as a deliberate policy of Great Britain. Today people no longer speak of aggression, but one hears talk of possible peaceful absorption, economic control, and excessive political influence, all of which come under the general heading of foreign affairs.

Let us take the subject of national defense. Canada is not strong enough to defend itself against an aggressor without the American alliance, still less against the Americans themselves. Against any other invader, its only defenses, in theory at least,

could well be its length, breadth, and barrenness, and its best generals, waste, winter, and will to survive. From the United States's viewpoint, the calamity might not seem too great if the Canadian Confederation were to split on an economic basis. But the United States would certainly prefer to see Canada continue united on purely military grounds because of the importance of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the Great Lakes and their international character, the need for the Alaskan highway, the possible use of air bases as exemplified in the DEW Line, and the existence and desirability of NATO. The transformation of the latter from an agreement for defense into an instrument for peaceful purposes is but a natural and welcome development of practical politics, as the participation of Canada in the O.A.S. would also be. It is remarkable, however, that the French Canadians from Quebec Province have been for many years the main Canadian proponents of this collaboration with Latin-American countries.

If one really desires to justify Confederation on a basis of foreign affairs, one should look for much more elementary reasoning. In the first place, a divided Canada could not hope to preserve the Far North. In the second place, each province, if independent, would lose the benefit of the savings effected by common outside representation, whether political, consular, commercial, military, or cultural. Some of the provinces could not afford it; to others the cost would be remarkably high since it would have to be proportionate to the openness of their economy. Third, the loss of stature, prestige, and influence to each one of the component states would be very great indeed, whether one thinks of the United Nations or merely of the British Commonwealth, of the Atlantic alliance, or of other international bodies and ventures. A fourth consideration is the empirical one that it seems foolish to abandon a system which has been a very efficient instrument of peace and development at the very time when other countries, nationalities, and continents have come to realize its advantages. *Realpolitik* would go one step further and add a fifth argument. Regardless of underlying causes, there is one factor which all countries must face today — namely, the intricacy of social, economic, political, and racial considerations and the speed with which the color factor can be utilized to sweep away all considerations of interest, reason, and humanity. Should passions prevail in that respect, Canada would be in the white camp, in the very same way it finds itself in the anti-Communist one, and would have to exert its full strength, which will certainly be greater if it is one unified country and thus in a position to muster all of its resources to the utmost, in quantity, quality, diversity, and rapidity.

It has become hackneyed to say that such dangers can be forestalled only by the exercise and the spread of reason and therefore by the existence of a guiding philosophy. However, Canada has developed neither a philosophy of federalism nor indeed any philosophy at all, since a philosophy which is neither harmonious and integrated nor vocally expressed simply does not exist. I should like to indicate at this point some few principles of federalism which have not been respected in Canadian law and practice. These principles are as follows:

1. The supremacy of the rule of law, inherent and expressed in a constitution, which must be written, rigid, and observed without breach until modified according to an agreed procedure. Yet the Canadian parliamentary practice, following British tradition, gives as much importance to unwritten law and to precedents.

2. The division of sovereignty between the component states on the one hand and the federal government on the other, without any supremacy of one over the others, subordination of one to the will of the others, or delegation of power by one to the others, or to any of them. English-speaking Canada has a habit of forgetting this, since it takes the Ottawa Parliament as the successor of the British one.

3. The establishment of checks and balances against abuse of power within each one of the governments, federal or local, as regards the citizens themselves. However, Canada has no general bill of rights.

4. The interpretation of the constitution by the courts instead of by the executive power, by public opinion, or by the legislatures. Ever since the Imperial Privy Council ceased to be the court of last resort in 1949, the Supreme Court of Canada has failed to be a satisfactory substitute.

5. The agreement of the component states to live and dwell together in perpetuity, under peace, and therefore to renounce war, secession, or revolution, and to replace them by discussion, tolerance, and compromise in good faith. This is repeatedly ignored by the majority.

6. The acknowledgment that the federal government is a society of societies and that therefore the residuary powers must remain with the component states. Not only does the constitution say otherwise, but there is in Canada no doctrine of autonomous local government and assembly.

7. The possibility of adding new component states to the federation upon conditions not essentially different from those already applicable and without modification of the latter. This is tantamount to saying that no class is impenetrable, but the fluidity and mobility of elites in Canadian life are quite restricted.

In view of such factors as nationalities, geography, economics, and foreign affairs, the conclusion seems inescapable that Canada's future should be tied into a federal system, but it is imperative that the omissions and errors of the past should be redressed. At first blush, the initiative would seem to lie with the federal power, however paradoxical this may look when it is well known in advance that the outcome must be less centralization. Great Britain's colonial office has in the past given many an example of such statesmanship toward territories which later became dominions and members of the Commonwealth. On the other hand, perhaps the rest of the country will not take the matter seriously until it is faced with concrete demands and proposals such as are bound to come from the Quebec legislature. In the meantime, it is hoped that enough will be done in private meetings and in public debates so that the country will not be taken entirely unawares should the holding of a constitutional conference become suddenly urgent.

How much a revision of the Canadian constitution should depart from the existing one is a highly debatable question. According to some, the very name Confederation would show prescience on the part of the founding fathers and point to a union centered on national defense and foreign affairs only. Sensing the excess of ideology in such a statement, others have talked in terms of an associate status for Quebec. This designation seems to stem from the case either of Puerto Rico in respect to the United States or of some former European colonies in respect to the Common Market. It would only be valid, however, if the rest of Canada could be considered as an integrated, homogeneous whole, which geography denies, since provincial

and regional loyalties run much deeper than casual observers would imagine, quite apart from the problem of nationalities.

A third view would detract little from present federal practices, innovations, and pretension at leading the economy, save that it would permit provinces to "opt out" of any federally rooted scheme. This would solve no problems and would foster discontent through the refusal to surmount bare empiricism and to face principles. If, on the contrary, cooperative federalism would acknowledge the absolute need for a revision of the constitution in depth, its very name could be the point of departure for many new adventures, cooperation being taken as a possible reinforcement of current dealings between the component states on the one hand and a possible enlargement of aid between the federal government and foreign countries on the other hand. At the same time, constitutional revision would serve as a means of making admittedly temporary arrangements between the component states and the federal government for quite specific purposes. Such a perspective would then permit a much more direct reference to the acknowledged principles of federalism, on the basis of a strict equality for all component states and the necessary exchanges of *quid pro quo*.

This would still leave the constitution in need of being made less imperial, endowed with a true constitutional court, inspired by a more comprehensive bill of rights, revigorated by a reformed senate, strengthened by the return to the provinces of all their fundamental functions, stripped of the illusions of federal fiscal predominance, and so equitable that new states would be as eager to join it as component ones are unwilling to change it.

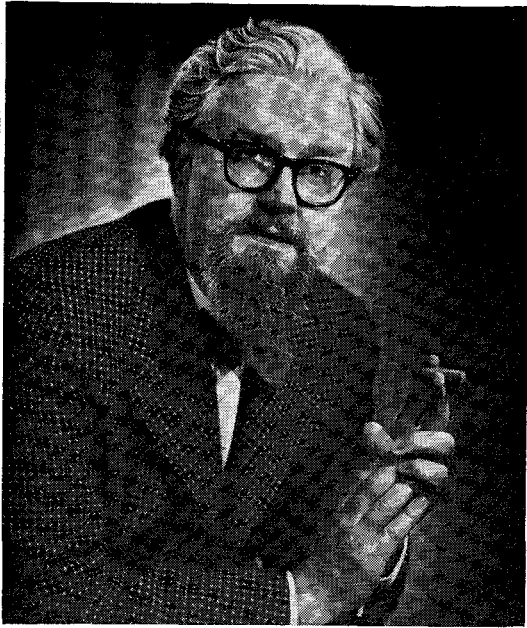
LATE NEWS FLASHES

BY R. G. EVERSON

We're not lynched yet. Darling, here is the night
when few may catch your face. A Roman legion
has run to the mountains of Wales and begs to marry.

Sigmund Freud comes crawling through our bed.

It's final now for Hellenes: Christ arrived.
The French are blowing up my mailbox duns.
I may be reached at Nineveh and Tyre.



EDUCATING

for the FUTURE

by ROBERTSON DAVIES

Novelist, playwright, and critic, ROBERTSON DAVIES is one of Canada's most urbane and scholarly writers. His novels, TEMPER TOST and LEAVEN OF MALICE, are masterpieces of wit and satire, and he has done several plays for television and the stage. Mr. Davies is Master of Massey College at the University of Toronto.

WHAT would you say was the underlying philosophy of our Canadian education?" I asked the V.I.P. from a great English university. He was a specialist in that realm, and had been taking a long look at our country.

"The Deweyism of the twenties, considerably tempered by Scottish pragmatism and Scottish dourness," he replied.

Ah, those Scots again! They are indeed a dominant force in Canadian history, beginning with that Scot in Wolfe's attacking force who was first to scale the Heights of Abraham, and in response to the sentry's cry of "*Qui va là?*" summoned up sufficiently good French to disarm suspicion. This unknown bilingual Scotsman was first among thousands of his countrymen to come to Canada, each convinced that education was, after the fear of God, the foremost of obligations, and equally determined that education was a matter of the uttermost solemnity. Education as a refinement of the intellect, education as an adornment of life — these were Frenchified notions, and in Canada to this day they are found chiefly among the French-speaking population. But education that a man might better himself was understood by the Scots and is a force in modern Canada, though people of Scottish descent are no longer a majority.

The idea of bettering oneself through education persists in form, but its content has undergone marked change. The nineteenth-century Scottish

settler wanted some intellectual substance for himself, as well as a farm, shop, or mill; further, though he was too much a pragmatist not to keep one son in the family money-making business, he wanted another son for the church, or to be a professor; this was the son who showed how far the family had traveled from the croft in the Highlands. The great-grandsons of this man frankly want professional status for the reward it brings in money, and it is law or medicine that claims them rather than the pulpit or the lecture room. Education is estranged, if not positively divorced, from intellectuality.

What has brought about the change? In 1784 not one man in five hundred in Canada could read; one hundred and eighty years later less than 4 percent of the total population cannot read. For the first century of that period, reading, writing, and simple arithmetic were the staples of education, with splendid flights into Latin, Greek, and Hebrew for the learned; but at about the turn of the present century the concepts of Froebel training were adopted, to give place in time to what educationists believed to be the theories of John Dewey.

All of this is in tune with what is perhaps the greatest revolution of our time — the establishment of universal literacy. A measure of the success of that revolution is the quality of the discontent that great numbers of people feel about it. Forgetful of how new this widespread literacy is, they find fault with it because it has not brought about a revolu-

Photograph of Mr. Davies by McKague, Toronto.

tion in taste. Everybody can read, they say, but great numbers of people do not read, and of those who do, a majority read trash.

These disillusioned idealists apparently expect that instruction in reading will set free some inborn desire on the part of every citizen to read what is of literary worth. This is a hangover from eighteenth-century idealism; instruction in reading enables every citizen to read what appeals to him, if anything in print does appeal to him, which cannot be guaranteed. The horse has been led to water, but he must provide his own thirst. Those who hoped that universal education would immediately bring about a revolution are blinded by their disappointment to the real progress the revolution has already made.

The revolution progresses in Canada along lines so similar to those understood in the United States that it would be tedious to describe them in detail. The British North America Act, which brought Canada into being as a united country in 1867, established education as a provincial concern; the Dominion might intervene only to safeguard the rights of minorities. Therefore, we have now ten provincial systems of education in Canada, and if we take heed of the fact that Quebec has virtually two systems — one for the French Catholic population and one for the English-speaking Protestants — the number increases to eleven. The systems are much alike on the elementary and secondary levels. Of the teaching body, about three quarters are women. The most significant difference from the U.S. systems is that in Canada, three quarters of the English-speaking pupils learn French as a second language, as opposed to about one eighth of the students in the United States.

We are officially a bilingual country. It is desirable that every Canadian should be able to speak French, and virtually all children are given instruction which would enable them to do so if they wanted to speak another language. So far, however, their desire to speak any language, including English, well and eloquently has not been overmastering.

THE defects of the eleven systems are obvious, and everyone concerned has a favorite illustrative story. In his recent book about his childhood in Elgin County, Ontario, J. K. Galbraith writes: "Once we had a good teacher, but she was an accident. All the rest were young females diligently but incompetently filling in a few years between puberty and the best available marriage." But of course! It is unreasonable to expect a female Socrates, or even an educated and cultivated woman, in every classroom; nevertheless, the well-meaning girls from the teachers' colleges made it possible for hundreds of children — few of them of easy temperament, and

some of them ineducable in any formal sense — to read and write and do sums, and for J. K. Galbraith to make a start on a distinguished career. They raised those children immeasurably above their grandparents. This is not the perfection of instruction, but for an unwieldy and expensive structure, it is not a despicable result. Too many critics of education in Canada and elsewhere forget that it works upon the most intractable and varied sort of raw material. They forget that universal education is still an experiment and an unproven one. Within the next century we shall undoubtedly be driven by experience to recognize that no single system of education fits all children, and that some need training so radically different from anything offered now that it cannot be called education in the present sense at all.

What is the present system? "The Deweyism of the twenties," said the V.I.P. Professor John Dewey might not recognize it, and before he died, he disowned some aspects of it, but the root of his educational philosophy lies buried beneath it and in some measure nourishes it. Dewey turned away from a dead system in which facts were imparted by repetition and little value was given to reasoning. Some facts can be acquired only by memorizing, and the reasoning of children has to be guided if it is to reach conclusions about which there can be no dispute. Therefore, an elaborate teaching method had to be devised and tested in practice. It was inevitable that in this process much of Dewey's valuable work became distorted or vanished altogether.

Dewey's ideas were constantly developing and changing, and he was often far ahead of his best pupils. He was intellectually fearless, and often wrong; this did not matter for Dewey, because he could abandon a wrong path and dash off on another. But his less agile followers, seeking a method among his intuitions and brilliant insights, were sure to make mistakes. What were essentially the deeply personal reflections of a brilliant mind were somehow compressed into a methodology and an educational philosophy which could be grasped and put to work by minds which were not always brilliant and were in some cases inferior to those found in the middle ranks of business and the professions.

In Canada, where the world of primary and secondary education tends to be a closed one — for the movement of teachers from province to province is not easy, and study outside the country is discouraged — it was not long before teachers who had themselves been schooled by the methods of Canadian Deweyism were giving instruction in the same general way. No wonder that the infiltration of other educational ideas is slow, and that there is occasional sharp criticism of Canadian university teaching by the teachers in primary and secondary schools. The professors have no method, cry the

teachers. The teachers have method, but they don't understand the subjects they are teaching, reply the professors (who do not have to undergo specific instruction in a methodology). Teach the professors method, and university education can be reduced in length and improved in quality, say the teachers. Put teachers who are educated men and women in the schools, and the first year of university will not be wasted in teaching grammar, elementary logic, and good habits of private study, say the professors. It is a dispute to which there can be no end. It serves, however, to bring us to the third area in Canadian education, the universities.

THERE are thirty-seven Canadian universities, varying greatly in academic standing and range of instruction. The best are by no means wealthy institutions; indeed, their combined endowments do not exceed a billion dollars. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that they exercise a dominant and, some people insist, disproportionate influence on many aspects of the national life. Among our small population it is not altogether a happy thing that so many writers are also academics, and that of these a great number are critics as well as creators. On the other hand, it may be argued that in a land where there is no acknowledged literary capital, and where literary matters do not interest a large public, the universities serve, as did the monasteries in the Middle Ages, to cherish an art that would otherwise languish. Although music has a strong university association, painting has not, and those who talk of university domination assert that it is in painting, of all the arts, that Canada has most distinguished itself. Those who believe that there is some way of comparing achievement in unlike arts may be convinced by such argument.

There can be no doubt that in public affairs Canadian universities have a large and growing influence. It is to them that the Dominion government and the provincial legislatures turn when they want investigation and appraisal in economic and scientific matters, and in some universities there are professors so taken up with this sort of work that it is hard to say whether they are academics or civil servants. The link between our universities and the arts and government is thrown into relief by the smallness of our population. It may also be said that the Scottish pragmatism mentioned by the English V.I.P. as a dominant element in our education extends beyond it, and that Canada feels that the logical place to look for expert appraisal and advice is among experts. More than do some of our sister democracies, we mistrust amateurism.

If this sounds like undue praise of Canadian universities, other facts must be brought forward to es-

tablish a balance. In the words of Dean Ernest Sirluck of the graduate school at the University of Toronto, Canada has been "bumming a free ride" too long in the academic world. U.S. foundations have been expected to show a concern for our university welfare not less great than for that of their own country, and in 1962 only 62 percent of the staff members engaged by Canadian universities were Canadians, trained wholly or in part in Canada. We have depended too long on university teachers from Great Britain or the United States. This was chiefly the result of the disparity between university salaries here and in the States, which meant that some of our best young academics went across the border in the old Scots search for betterment. In recent years Canadian university salaries, like those of teachers in primary and secondary schools, have improved, and we are holding more of our own promising young Ph.D.'s. But there is still a great gap to be bridged.

There is also a historic reason for our dependence on Britain and the United States. Not only did we welcome young men from Oxford and Cambridge, and later from Harvard and Yale; we thought them a cut above our home-trained academics, and in most instances we were right. They were better trained, and they brought with them a breath from a larger academic world. This is so no longer. The unusual man who has established himself in some realm of research or scholarship is still sought from abroad, but the Canadian academic, who has probably done some part of his training in the United States, in Britain, or in Europe, is not the backwoods pedant of an earlier day. He must be induced to stay in Canada for pragmatic reasons, not by appeals to patriotism. A Canadian academic knows that, all other things being equal, he serves his country best by doing pretty well for himself; his country will reward him neither with riches nor with a title. It must reward him, therefore, with a decent salary and conditions in which he can do work he believes to be valuable.

What are such conditions of work? Usually they are opportunities to pursue research, with the assistance of a number of capable graduate students, in the laboratories or the libraries that such work makes necessary. In many Canadian universities little or no work is done at the graduate level, the laboratories are for undergraduate instruction, and the libraries are miserable. It is not solely lack of money that creates these conditions. It is often the concept of a university as essentially a school for professional training which quickly established itself in a new country where there was no tradition of scholarship and where hardheaded taxpayers and private benefactors expected that every student should "go through" for something.

For hundreds of years universities have been cen-

ters of professional training, in that they gave a man as much as he could absorb of the classical learning which was considered a necessary beginning to any learned profession. Classical learning has lost its prestige everywhere, and in Canada it is little regarded except in Quebec, where French traditional respect for it maintains a lingering influence. Certainly technical training in Quebec lingers far behind that in other provinces, but Quebec universities are still recognizably universities; in the rest of Canada they wear too often the sullen aspect of trade schools, except in the cases of a few large universities where active graduate schools tip the balance in favor of scholarship as opposed to marketable skills.

There is an interesting revolt against this attitude in some of the new universities that are being established, principally, though not wholly, in the East. They are insistent that academic values must be foremost in determining their growth, that a personal relationship between faculty and student must be regained (sometimes by the adoption of a modified tutorial system), and that, whether a student be studying arts, science, or some professional course, he must attend special lectures in the humanities, which expose him to a larger intellectual world.

Although the impetus in this direction has come from the academics, it was warmly approved by many industrialists who have found that technicians may maintain a business yet not have the intellectual training to foresee its future or control its development. In their phrase, "know-why" is of greater value even than "know-how."

In addition to the formal provincial systems of education and a number of private schools which range in quality from excellent to mediocre, there are three other educational forces at work in Canada which should be mentioned. The first is the National Research Council, founded in 1916 as a Dominion body, which directs research and makes available scientific advice and findings on the highest level which are relevant to Canadian needs. The second is a complementary national body, the Canada Council, founded in 1957 to encourage the arts, humanities, and social sciences by means of grants to institutions, publications, and individuals.

The third educational force continually at work in Canada is its press. To see what it does it is necessary only to compare a newspaper published in a town with a population of 100,000 or less in the United States with a paper in a community of similar size in Canada. The range of news and opinion, international and national, is vastly greater in the Canadian paper.

It is difficult for a Canadian to write of Canadian education without falling to some degree into the

national habit of discontent because impossibilities have not been made possible. Perhaps, as an indication of the standard reached at matriculation level — grade thirteen in the high schools, in which boys and girls are usually eighteen years of age — the following examination questions may be of use. They are drawn from the history examination put to this group in Ontario last June.

It has been said that the United States Constitution was designed to protect propertied interests. Discuss this view by referring to (a) the underlying weaknesses of the Articles of Confederation, (b) the circumstances surrounding the replacement of the Articles of Confederation, and (c) the relevant provisions of the new constitution. . . .

Discuss the role of the protective tariff in United States federal politics beginning with the American system of Henry Clay and continuing to the adoption of the Underwood Tariff in 1913. . . .

Comment briefly upon any five of the following episodes in Canadian-American relations, particularly from the standpoints of the matters in dispute, the means pursued to attain solutions, and the settlements reached. (1) The Maine-New Brunswick Boundary; (2) The Oregon Boundary; (3) Compensation for the Fenian Raids; (4) The Alaska Boundary; (5) The Reciprocity Agreement of 1911; (6) The St. Lawrence Seaway; (7) The North American Air Defence Command (NORAD); (8) The Columbia River Power Project.

These questions are chosen because they relate to matters which are likely to be familiar to U.S. readers. How do you think you would do on an examination of this sort, remembering that the standard of marking, though not cruel, is exacting?

What is Canadian education doing? At the primary school level it is persuading the child that learning is not necessarily disagreeable and that the acquirement of some skills is a part of growing up. In the high schools it is deploying the two main branches of learning, arts and science, and encouraging the pupil to find his bent, without allowing him to specialize in any serious way. In the universities it offers specialist study up to and beyond the graduate level, including much specific professional training. It is performing these tasks in a way which leaves the Canadian citizen, whether he attends a university or not, at no practical disadvantage with a person educated to the same age in either Great Britain or the United States. But Canadians are not satisfied with their education. What can be done to improve it?

My own suggestion is that it might attempt to produce a much greater degree of excellence in a single but important area of study in every child who attends a school, beginning in the earliest grades and continuing straight through the universities, in science as well as in the arts. There are many fancy names for the branch of study I would thus elevate to first importance, but let us call it

simply the intelligent use and understanding of language.

All teaching is done by means of language, even when what is taught is in effect another mode of expression, such as mathematics or music. In Canada our particular version of embalmed Deweyism has all but banished the study of grammar, and the haste with which demanding courses of study have to be covered has made the carefully written essay a rarity in school experience. Teachers do not have time to mark such essays, and teachers of subjects other than English are often ready to ignore bad writing because they have to give their attention to so much bad thinking and muddled understanding.

Such abdication of responsibility for teaching good English is excused with all the usual nonsense: "popular usage is the true law of grammar," "no language can remain static," "rules crush spontaneity," and so forth. But no answers are given to the questions raised by the excuses: Whose usage is to be taken as a model? Is comprehensibility indistinguishable from stasis? How do you distinguish spontaneity from anarchy? The essential point is avoided: agreement about meaning is necessary to thought, and critical understanding of language is a means toward evaluation of the thought of others.

English as Canadian students use it, up to university graduation and beyond, reflects this neglect of language in all the familiar ways. Where grammar is shaky, thought is woolly and expression ambiguous or cumbrous. As other languages cannot be learned without some attention to their grammar, foreign grammar — often Latin grammar — creeps into written or formal spoken English with effects comparable to the use of imitation marble in shoddy architecture. In universities students eager for means of expression seize on the jargons of science or criticism and use them inappositely. Such commonplaces of good speech and writing as congruities of vocabulary are strangers to them. An intelligent group of first-year scientists presented me, in an examination on a survey course in drama, with such nuggets as "humour wants [once] more enters the picture," "Boyle is funny in that he has no shame in lying on the Bible," "she was pregnant for a child," and "the Widow Quin speaks only of the mundane things of life (e.g., dung)." Of a class of forty, five could not distinguish between "no" and "know." They were not stupid but victims of a system that thinks language is taught by nature. Such a system condemns any of them who are not geniuses to a position in the world far below their true capabilities. And part of the wry comedy is that in later life they, as university graduates, will be accepted by many people as leaders, and their opinions heeded in fields far beyond their specialty.

Perhaps what is wanted is a return to the study of rhetoric, and a fresh consideration of what rhetori-

c means, for the word has taken on a bad color with the passing of years. But it is not too much, surely, to expect a child in grade four to understand the difference between "Come in, Barney" and "Barney, come in"? If such a child matriculated at the age of eighteen with a competency in grammar, logic, and rhetoric, the result within a generation would be a revolution in politics, in journalism, in theology, and, of course, in education.

The V.I.P. who was quoted accused Canadian education of lacking a clear philosophy; at present it aims at development but not at concentration of intellectual power. Insistence upon skill in the use and appreciation of language would tend toward clarity of information in those subjects where information and deduction from language are the principal aims, and clarity of opinion in those subjects where personal opinion is of value. But its greatest influence would be as a check upon unexamined thought.

This sounds like a demand that all Canadian children come out of school with the elementary equipment of philosophers. Well, why not? Every great system of education has had some clear aim. Jesuit education aimed at making children clear-minded and subtle within specific limits; Thomas Arnold's system of education aimed at producing Christian gentlemen who knew how to rule. Why should not Canadian education aim at producing a nation of people who know what they are saying and what is being said to them, and who cannot be deceived by the insincerities and fatuities of scoundrels and fools?

Is there any educational aim more desirable for a democracy? Is there any principle more important to a nation made up of many races, which officially has two native tongues and practically has a ravaged and half-crazed version of one of them? Has there ever been a time in history when it was so necessary to know what a writer or speaker hoped to achieve by his utterance, how his aims chimed with his assertions, and what the outcome might be if he got what he wanted?

But how can so great a demand be made of an already burdened system? I think the demand may reasonably be made, if first things are to be put first in Canadian education. If it involves retraining of teachers, or a new sort of teacher, and if it explodes some of the gaseous twaddle that has crept into our curricula, that would be no bad thing. The Deweyism of the twenties has had good innings, and on the whole it has served us well; it would be foolish to throw it over. But Scottish pragmatism and Scottish dourness might well be given even greater weight than in the past, and I can think of nowhere that they might be more effective than in demanding a new approach to the study of language. It is the primary instrument of education, and the key, if not necessarily to truth, at least to a superior version of common sense.

FIVE CANADIAN POETS

POEM IMPROVISED AROUND A FIRST LINE

BY GWENDOLYN MAC EWEN

the smoke in my bedroom which is always burning
worsens you, motorcycle Icarus;
you are black and leathery and lean and
you cannot distinguish between sex and nicotine

anytime, it's all one thing for you —
cigarette, phallus, sacrificial fire —
all part of that grimy flight
on wings axlegreased from Toronto to Buffalo
for the secret beer over the border —

now I long to see you full-blown and black
over Niagara, your bike burning and in full flame
and twisting and pivoting over Niagara
and falling finally into Niagara,
and tourists coming to see your black leather wings
hiss and swirl in the steaming current —

now I long to give up cigarettes
and change the sheets on my carboniferous bed;
O baby, what hell to be Greek in this country —
without wings, but burning anyway

VILLES EN MARCHE

BY ANNE HÉBERT

Villes en marche sur l'eau, places de sel, nénuphars de pierre

Iles dévalant les pentes de mer, vent debout, soleil en proue

Bouquets amers hissés sur la vague, lumière géranium aux
crêtes des coqs verts rangés

Marchement d'eaux, remue-ménage de soleil, retombées soudaines
de manteaux saumâtres, nuit, pleine nuit

Cortège de haute mer revenu, le port comme une étoile,
lit ouvert crissant le goémon et le zeste

Barques amarrées, balancées, jour en berne, coeur étale
parmi les algues

Paumes ouvertes, d'étranges ibis très bleus vont y boire
en silence

Toute la douceur respire largement alentour. La terre entière
s'est apprivoisée.

LOOKING FROM OREGON

("and what it watches is not our wars"; Robinson Jeffers)

BY EARLE BIRNEY

Far out as I can see
into the crazy dance of light
there are little black eyebrows of cormorants
wriggling and drooping
but the eye is out of all proportion

Nearer beneath the heaving surf
salmon the young or the sperm-heavy
are being overtaken by bird's neb
sea lion's teeth fisherman's talon

The spent waters
— flecks in this corner of the eyeball —
collapse on the beach after the long race
from where? from Tonkin's Gulf perhaps
on the bloodshot edge

There's no good my searching the horizon
I'm of the folk another dead poet noted
sitting beside our other ocean
I can't look farther out or in

Yet up here in the wild parsnips and the wind
I know the earth is not holding
tumbles in body-lengths
towards thunderheads and unimaginable Asia

though below me on the frothy rocks
my friend and his two boys
do not look up from fishing

STARLING WITH A SPLIT TONGUE

BY JAMES REANEY

Some boys caught me
In the yard
And with a jackknife they
Split my tongue into speech
So in a phrenological cage
Here in the garage I stay
And say

The cracklewords passersby taught.
I say I know not what
Though I pray I do not pray
Though I curse I do not curse
Though I talk I do not talk

"I thought that made it kinda nice"
I heard her say as she began slipping on the ice
The the I am An a am I
I and am are the & a Who is are? Who saw war?
I rock a little pronoun It does instead of me
I rose as I Nooned as you
Lay down as he or she Begat we, you & they
My eggs are covered with commas

"Yuh remember when she fell down in a fit?"
Reveries Jake from the bottom of the pit.

Before beforeday	after St. After's Massacre
While the while is on	Since since is since
Let's wait till till	Or until if you like
I come from from	to Whither Bay
Down Whence Road	but not To-day

As still as infinitives were the	Stones
Filled with adjectives were the	Trees
And with adverbs the	Pond
This all is a recorded announcement	
This all is a recorded announcement	

"I thought that made it kinda nice"
"Yuh remember.....in a fit?"
Darkness deep
Now fills the garage and its town
With wordless sleep.

Who split their tongues? I ask.
Of Giant Jackknife in the sky.
Who split their tongues into lie mask
And lie face; split their hand
Into this way, that way, up and down,
Divided their love into restless hemispheres,
Split into two — one seeing left, one right
Their once one Aldebaran all-seeing eye?
In the larger garage of the endless starlight
Do they not croak as I?

FAR FROM THE SHORE

BY GEORGE BOWERING

Is he dead? Is my friend dead?
Crashed, face against painted steel,
splattered with blood & needles of glass,
broken head splotted with oily blood,
crushed bug of pavement-grinding crash,
lost coat & necktie twisted in mud?

Where is he now? That I hear his voice
in my ear, urging he is alive, gentle face
needing shave somewhere on land, white teeth
smiling at a world of air. Those teeth
broken into half-rotted jags, strewn
by uncaring nighttime hand, somewhere.

In a sky-blue casket, cast into the ground —
someone saw it, saw them do it, told me:
I cant deny that, I cant deny last summer
when I bought him a bottle of whiskey,
waved him away in Vancouver night,
the last time I saw him, away in a car,
later off, to Ontario, what bleary clime.

And one month ago, filtered word, unwilling
news, he is killed in auto wreck on far
foreign highway — what sudden loom
in front of night, blazing lights in eyes,
desperate jag of heavy car, then, now,
horrid air-filling explosion, shrieking steel,
awkward shrapnel gouging into ground, a
twirling upside-down rubber wheel, sirens.

All in the silence of my night here
two thousand highway miles west, he was
often drunk, lay on floor at parties, eyes glazed
in utter joy & defiant empty bottle a scepter
in his drunken white kingly hand, amused
to the edge of his mouth, teeth in a second
a light on his unshaven face, my friend,
now moldering — agh! — in the ground —

Handled by family & deacon, churchmen,
professionals, gravediggers, West Coast moist soil,
his body passed four miles from me
along westerling railway, unknown, dead, baggage,
making twenty-minute stop in the night,
here, thru Calgary, on way to West Coast rot,
& he wont get up! this is country
of silent wind piling drift snow in

Rocky Mountains, trenches of quiet death,
lonely desolation, long wind-silent drift,
thru deep black space, fall, languorous drug,
fading, falling sleep thru night of space,
smiling teeth, faint among stars, gone, night,
gone, further, Ian, my friend, where are you?



MAN TAMES THE WILDERNESS

by Roderick Haig-Brown

The most famous author on fishing in North America, RODERICK HAIG-BROWN first came to Canada in the early thirties to work as a lumberjack in the forests of the Northwest, an experience which he recorded in his early novel TIMBER. After his marriage, he staked out a claim on the Campbell River in British Columbia, where he has written many books and is now regarded as the major consultant on conservation.

WHEN the first settlers from Europe reached North America they had found the promised land, a vast territory inconceivably rich in field and forest, in fish and wildlife, in water and minerals, in natural beauty of every possible kind. It was, in the words of the times, a new world, and the future was all still with it.

It is easy to see this now, and the philosophers in the safety of their Old World studies could see it even then. But for the settler it was not so easy. He found himself on a rocky and hostile shore, with the forest an enemy at his back. He turned upon it, fought it, drove it back a little way and made land for his farming. Strengthened and encouraged, he turned upon his enemy again, triumphed again, and drove on with ever-growing power and confidence of conquest. Conquest of the land became an article of faith. The wilderness must be tamed and brought under the hand of man: grasslands must yield to the plow, rivers must be harnessed, swamps drained, forests pushed back. Settlement was a vast heroic struggle of man against nature, against the land as he found it, against drought and rainfall, sunshine and snow, against the wild beasts of the land and the people who already lived in the land.

Unfortunately, the idea of conquest still persists

in the thinking of many North Americans today, long after all need for it is past, long after its evils have been measured and understood. There is still money to be made in short-term, single-track development; there are still great prizes to be won from the public estate by skillful lobbying and smart public relations; there are still votes to be gained in the sacred name of progress.

What I have described is the American dream that opened up the landmass of the United States, but it has been followed pretty faithfully, if more deliberately, by Canadians. We have been slowed by climate, restrained occasionally by American experience, wise occasionally in our own right. But in the main we have followed the pattern slavishly enough, obeying the whims of big business and small-time politicians, chambers of commerce and small-town real estate operators.

The narrow economics of free enterprise inevitably sets a premium on waste and destruction and pollution, and only the aroused, collective conscience of a nation can decide that the real values of the land must be preserved and that some parts of it are of such overwhelming beauty and interest that they should be forever protected from exploitation.

Drawing by Lawren Harris. Courtesy of the National Gallery of Canada.

The collective conscience of the United States was stirred by such men as Frederick Olmsted, Gifford Pinchot, and John Muir; it was fully aroused and given effect by Theodore Roosevelt. Canada has had no comparable voices, though Charles Roberts, Ernest Thompson Seton, Napoleon Comeau, and, later, Grey Owl created an awareness of wildlife and the outdoors. But the American voices and philosophy reached across the border, and a national-park system began to develop in Canada not very much behind the American system. Yellowstone Park was established in 1872, Banff National Park in 1885. The provinces followed this lead; Ontario established Algonquin Park in 1893; Quebec reserved two large-scale parks, Laurentides and Mont Tremblant, in 1895; and British Columbia followed with Strathcona Park in 1911. Both national and provincial systems have been developed irregularly since that time.

Provincial systems vary from nothing at all in Manitoba, to a few hundred acres in the Maritimes and limited acreage in Alberta, to fairly impressive acreage in the other provinces. But it is safe to say that no one of these systems in the provinces is fully representational, none is ideally distributed to serve the population pressures, and none is adequately secured from industrial encroachment or other abuses.

There are excuses for such deficiencies. Canadians have long looked out upon vast reaches of wilderness stretching northward to the pole and have felt security in these. Only fairly recently has it become clear that this vastness cannot fill the growing recreational needs of a population largely concentrated in cities near the southern border of the country. The power of the national government, which might have had the foresight to make adequate reservations, is largely restricted by the constitution, which leaves all natural resources except sea and inland fisheries in the hands of the provinces. Provincial governments, seldom noted for competence or long-range responsibility, have until recently shown only sporadic interest, usually by setting aside large areas in remote parts under purely nominal protection that permits a change of heart and policy at the mere flourish of a dollar sign.

PARKS WITHOUT PROTECTION

Park systems may be taken as a rough gauge of a people's respect for the land, but a far more significant test is in how these systems are protected and put to use. Extensive park areas necessarily are reserved well in advance of need. It is not easy to assess future patterns of use or to plan early development wisely. Local business pressure for

development is inevitable as soon as a park area is set aside. But if the park is set aside soon enough—that is, well before genuine public pressure for its use has developed—public funds will not be available. Commercial pressure makes a lot of noise and influences a lot of votes; in self-defense, government responds to it.

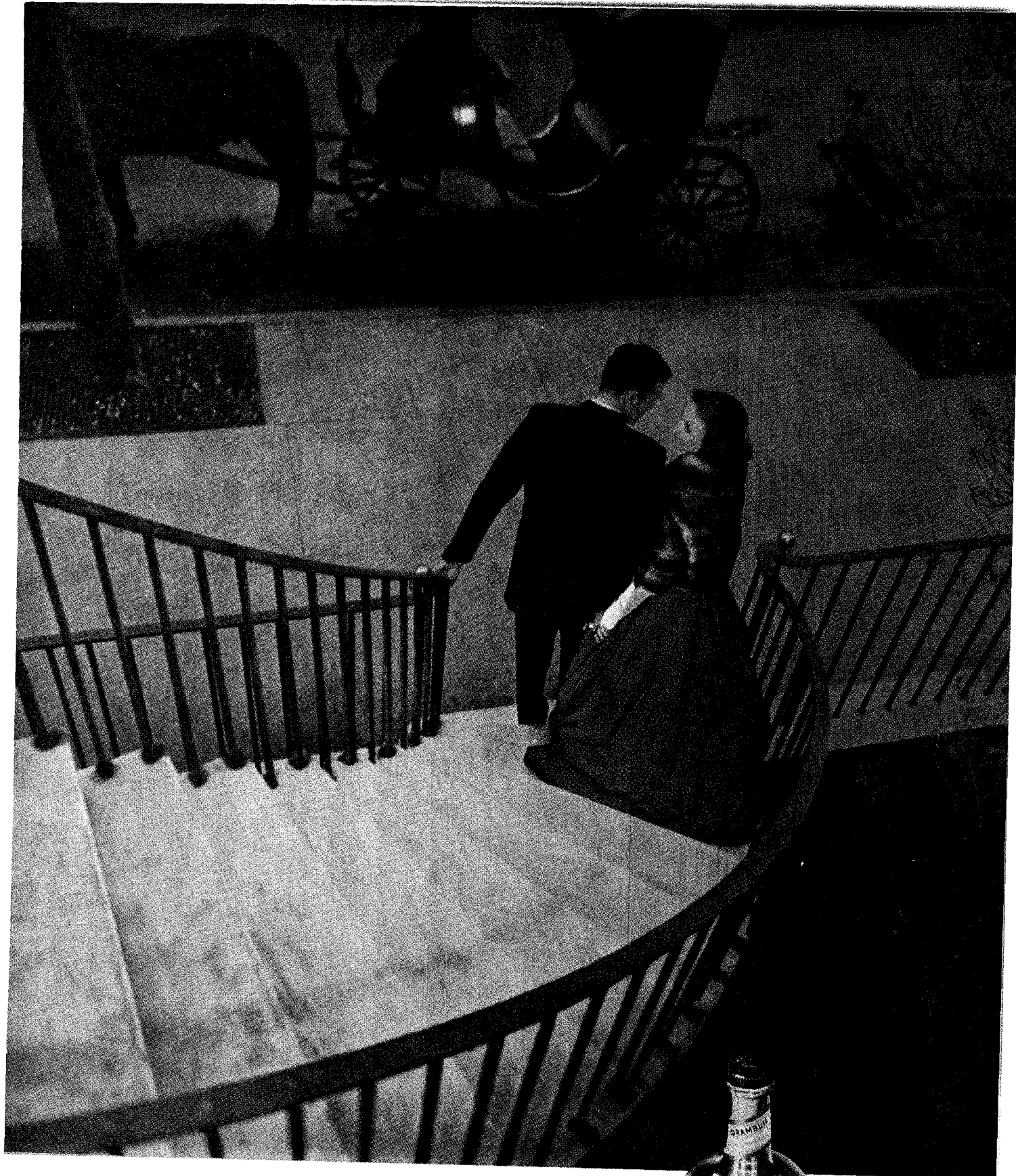
This is what has happened in many of the great national parks, where townsites have been established, summer cottages have been permitted, and a host of activities totally unconnected with park values have been encouraged. It can be argued that without these concessions to commercial demands, the parks might have been lost, and, unfortunately, this may well be true. But concessions of this kind, once granted, become vested interests; they are hard to control and even harder to revoke. Sooner or later many will have to be revoked and the others drastically controlled.

In the meanwhile much harm is being done to values the parks were specifically designed to protect. Some of the damage is irreparable. Point Pelee, for instance, a small park on Lake Erie and a place of spectacular bird migrations, is being trampled out of existence by crowds drawn not by the park's natural attractions, but by commercial installations that should never have been permitted. Equally damaging are the uncontrolled incursions of highway engineers and, in some parks, hydro-electric engineers. There are constant pressures from grazing interests, mining interests, and even logging interests.

Time and population are now catching up with Canada's national parks. There are signs of growing pressure for the right kind of development—trails, campsites, and closely limited living facilities. It has even been hinted that some of the backward provinces, such as British Columbia, may cooperate by enabling the national system to expand as it should in celebration of the nation's centennial in 1967, but the time is growing short.

British Columbia has the most imposing of provincial park systems, as should be the case in a province of such wide variations of terrain and with such outstanding alpine, lake, and river scenery. But the system is really only a front, subject to change at any time and in any way merely by cabinet order.

The oldest of the province's parks, Strathcona, on Vancouver Island, is a good example of what can happen. This park of half a million acres is mainly alpine, but it also contains a few small valleys that support the last remaining primitive samples of coastal Douglas-fir forest in public hands. It centers on the eighteen-mile length of Buttle Lake, which should have provided ideal water access to most of the major valleys under any sensible plan of development.



GOWN, CECIL CHAPMAN

*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie*

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Some ten years ago Buttle Lake was needlessly opened to flooding for hydroelectric purposes, and in spite of extensive clearing, the beauty of its shorelines has been largely destroyed. Promises were made that park development would follow upon this encroachment, but in ten years there has been no development whatsoever. Within the last two or three years some old mining claims have been explored and good potential has been shown. On the grounds that the mineral claims were established before the park, mining has now been authorized. One of the "conditions" is that a road with public access must be constructed along the lake.

It is all too easy to imagine the pressures for further abuses that will be brought upon the government by logging and other mining interests once the road is there; it is equally easy to imagine with what eager reluctance the government will yield to them. Strathcona Park is close to large population centers, and if the loggers can be kept out, it still has much to offer. But even now, before any significant recreational pressures have come upon it, it is far from being the superb asset it could have been.

Large-scale parks are a direct and deliberate attempt to preserve outstanding natural features for all time — the beauty of scenery and spectacular natural formations, the growth and environment of trees and plants and wildlife, the scientific values of natural ecology, and the sense of wonder that all these things stir in the hearts of men and women. But even in Quebec and British Columbia, the two provinces that boast the largest park acreages, the parks represent only a tiny fraction of the total land area; and their management, good or bad, though it symbolizes an attitude, is only a small part of the story of a people's regard for its renewable resources.

SASKATCHEWAN AND ONTARIO

Canada's great and growing weakness in this respect is constitutional; by the British North America Act the provinces control the natural resources of the land. It is a major weakness because, as Stewart Udall has pointed out in *The Quiet Crisis*, the only power that can assert the national interest is the power of the federal government. It is a growing weakness because modern technology and economics make the various sections of the country more and more closely interdependent, and because constantly improving communications are steadily outdating many of the old reasons for divided authority.

Constitutional change for the better is entirely unlikely, and it would be unrealistic to suggest that the present mood of the more powerful prov-

inces promises increasing cooperation. A federal Resources for Tomorrow conference in 1961 was carefully conceived and very well attended; as a result there has been a continuing Canadian Council of Resource Ministers, representing the ten provinces and the federal government. This is a potentially powerful body whose regular meetings could and should lead to much better understanding of the country's resources and their proper management, but it is difficult to imagine that inhibiting jurisdictional conflicts will be readily resolved or that the wealthier provinces will yield much in their jealous concern for their own short-term interests.

This may be an overly cynical assessment, and I hope it is. But there is nothing concrete as yet to set against it. The Agricultural Rehabilitation and Development Act, introduced by the federal parliament in 1961 and agreed to by all ten provinces during the course of 1962, offers very broad scope for federal-provincial cooperation in management of soil and water resources throughout Canada, and may perhaps be a sign of better things to come.

Of all the provinces, no other has shown more direct concern for water and soil conservation in the years since World War II than has Saskatchewan. This is perhaps to be expected of a province whose affairs are still primarily rural and agricultural, but it is also due to the conditioning of the disastrous dry years and dust storms of the thirties and to the federal government's emergency measures under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act of 1935. Originally limited to five years, this act was extended in scope and time and continues in force at present. It has had a profound and lasting effect throughout the grain-growing areas of all three prairie provinces, strongly emphasizing water conservation and the retention of wetlands, development of grassland pastures in marginal grain lands, and improved farming methods in the better areas. It is true that many individual farmers have not yet reached the stage of maintaining the productivity of their lands by proper use of fertilizers and crop rotations, but the economic conditions that governed this have been changed by Russian and Chinese demands for wheat. There will be dry years again in the prairie lands, and they may bring loss and suffering. But the disaster of the thirties will not be repeated.

The province of Ontario faces the worst problems of concentrated population and limited close-in space. Loss of high-grade cropland to urban sprawl, gross lack of recreational space, flood and pollution dangers are among the many adverse factors involved. A partial answer seems to have been found in the Conservation Authorities Act, which provides that "any two or more municipalities situated either wholly or partly within a water-

shed" may establish a conservation authority for the watershed.

Over thirty such authorities have so far been established in the province, which has led to flood and pollution control, reforestation of submarginal farmland, and the provision of useful recreational facilities. The educational value of these conservancies should be very great, since conservation for immediate and evident purposes is their main function. Recreational uses include camping, swimming, boating, fishing, skiing, and skating; recreation is definitely a secondary consideration to watershed conservation, and the danger that "left-handed" provision of this sort may tend to obscure the basic shortages has been pointed out; but the importance of providing any space at all under these conditions of growth, which has far outstripped foresight, is not to be disregarded. It is clear that Ontario has found a method of suburban land management that other provinces would do well to examine closely.

LIQUIDATION OF THE FORESTS

British Columbia is one of the major forest provinces and has in its Tree Farm Licenses what is considered the soundest Canadian system for the promotion of good forest management. Tree Farm Licenses include both public and private timberlands, which, though privately managed and harvested, are subject to government control. The licensees must balance cut against growth over a given period of years, must provide protection against fire and other hazards, and must ensure young growth by planting. The effect has been to encourage the establishment of integrated plants which include pulp, paper, and plywood mills as well as sawmills.

Waste in the woods has been reduced, and logging practices have improved somewhat, but the system has significant disadvantages. Vast areas of the more accessible parts of the province are, in effect, handed over to private interests operating over private roads in little kingdoms behind locked gates. The small operator is reduced to contracting or to bidding for timber in limited public working circles. Though the magic word "multiple-use" is constantly overworked by proponents of the system, little consideration is in fact given to other resource uses and needs in forest lands.

No other province depends more heavily on its forests than does British Columbia, yet the actual practice of forestry in the province as a whole remains distressingly primitive. Fewer than two million trees are planted annually on public lands compared with Ontario's sixteen million, and planting does not keep pace with new cutovers; much of the best forest land in the province has

been cut over and left inadequately restocked; and the lower coastal forest is still being overcut and gradually liquidated. The elite forestry corps proposed by Chief Justice Gordon Sloan in his report of 1955 has yet to materialize, and research is minimal.

Perhaps British Columbia's real concern with intelligent management of its resources can best be measured by the annual resources conferences that have been held since 1948. Jointly sponsored by government, university, and industry, these conferences bring together those concerned with resource use in the province to examine and re-examine the resources and their interrelationships. The close association of men working directly with different resources undoubtedly makes for better planning and a better understanding of all the issues in any given project, even though it does not always extend upward to the levels of industry and government at which the money is spent. The idea and pattern of these conferences have proved a real contribution to more intelligent management of resources; they provided a model for the federal conferences of 1954 and 1961, and several other provinces are now beginning to hold similar conferences.

Nearly all provinces have greatly improved their inventories of resources since World War II, and nearly all have grown beyond the myth of superabundance, though a few politicians and would-be exploiters are not above occasional attempts to revive it. Labor is usually well informed, and labor unions are tending more and more to become most valuable watchdogs for good resource management; but it would be too much to suggest that the mass of the public is either well informed or deeply concerned. The immediate prospect of improved business or a better-paying job is a powerful influence, and the heroic concept of the drive against nature remains, if not a real conviction, a ready rationalization. Politicians understand this all too well.

THE CURSE OF POLLUTION

The use of water has become the most pressing and the most interesting of resource questions within recent years. There is a sudden awareness of present and impending shortages in the United States and a more remote recognition that shortages are becoming apparent in many parts of Canada as population increases.

Of all the absurdities of modern civilization, water pollution, direct stream and river pollution especially, is the most ridiculous, unnecessary, and destructive to the public interest. Rivers are not sewers or drainage ditches for industrial wastes, and to use them for such purposes is to set up an

absolute certainty of ultimate loss to the nation. The pragmatic argument for this type of pollution is, of course, that struggling young communities should not be saddled with high sewage-disposal costs and industry must not be discouraged by high cost for waste disposal.

Experience has long since proved the shallow nature of these arguments. Once pollution is accepted as a way of domestic or industrial life, adequate control becomes extremely difficult. Yet as population increases, control of pollution and rehabilitation of the watersheds become absolutely essential; almost invariably, the measures that must then be taken are very costly and slow. Now that the continent has been settled from sea to sea, it is clear that *prevention of pollution* is the only sensible policy.

Such a policy is perfectly practicable. All that is needed are determination and cohesion in government, responsibility and ingenuity in industry, and rejection by the public of the outworn concept that all development, at whatever cost, is good.

Considering its great size and relatively sparse population, Canada's record in pollution is not good. The country suffers in this, as in other resource matters, for lack of federal power to give strong leadership and establish coherent policy. On some watersheds it suffers from the weakness of interprovincial jurisdictions. Until very recently it has suffered in most provinces from divided authority and responsibility for pollution control, and it still does suffer from timid enforcement of existing laws.

There is a good deal of evidence of change. Ontario, as is to be expected of the most heavily populated and highly industrialized province, has the best record. While the local conservation authorities are providing intensive management of individual watersheds in areas of high population, pollution control for the province as a whole has been concentrated in one agency, the Ontario Water Resources Commission, which has strong powers and is beginning to apply them for abatement as well as control. Though the province has by far the highest rate of urban sewage treatment in Canada, there are many formidable problems to be faced. The Great Lakes have extensive areas of pollution, and the rivers connecting the lakes are all polluted to some degree. The St. Lawrence River is known to be heavily polluted in some sections, and the Ottawa River is grossly polluted between Ottawa and its junction with the St. Lawrence. Much of this pollution comes from pulp and paper mills, and it has been abundantly shown elsewhere that control of these sources is both physically and economically practicable. Quebec Province has little pollution in its north shore rivers, but elsewhere, in the more industrialized sections of the

province, there is heavy pollution from both industrial and municipal sources.

In Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, health departments are mainly responsible for pollution control, but as yet little has been done toward proper treatment of municipal sewage. In New Brunswick, control has recently been consolidated in the New Brunswick Water Authority, but the approach so far has been somewhat timid. The notorious pollution of the St. John River and many of its tributaries continues with little abatement.

In spite of their relatively sparse population the prairie provinces have significant pollution problems, and because of natural water shortages, a pressing need to solve them. The North Saskatchewan River is still seriously polluted by industrial wastes and municipal sewage at Edmonton in Alberta, which is a wealthy province and well able to make proper provision for waste treatment; both Battleford and Prince Albert in Saskatchewan discharge untreated sewage into the river. The South Saskatchewan River is less seriously affected by industrial wastes from Calgary and untreated sewage from such centers as Medicine Hat and Saskatoon. The Red River and its main tributaries carry some pollution, though the larger cities, except Brandon, treat sewage.

All the main river systems of the Prairies are plagued by difficulties of international and interprovincial jurisdiction. The Prairie Provinces Water Board, created in 1948, has not so far shown itself either forceful or effective, and narrow regard for local claims will undoubtedly continue to make things difficult. But a firm attack on pollution of every kind is the first answer to water shortages, and if the three provinces can set up effective machinery for this, it should serve them well in developing more ambitious plans for conserving and diverting water from elsewhere.

In British Columbia the Federal Department of Fisheries has done an outstanding job of anticipating and assessing the effects of post-war industrial projects, especially pulp and paper mills. Each project is closely studied through its planning stages, and the necessary pollution control works are designed and called for before construction begins. In some instances this has meant modification of the proposed development; in others, fairly costly installations; in still others, usually near tidal waters of strong flow, where dispersal is very rapid, only small expenditures. In all cases to date, results have been remarkably good, although the difficulties become more pronounced as new mills are constructed on the watersheds of the interior. Agreements for treatment of effluents have just been reached with two projected pulp mills, one at Prince George on the Fraser River, one at Kam-

loops on the Thompson. Discussions will continue throughout construction, and the rivers will be closely checked after the projects are in operation.

This seems a satisfactory way of dealing with industrial effluents and one that should be applied everywhere, even when values less obvious than those of the great Pacific salmon runs are involved. Abatement of pollution by plants already established presents more problems, but none that cannot be solved by determined government action.

British Columbia has a serious problem in the lower reaches of the Fraser River, and the province has recently established a pollution control board to reduce pollution from the heavily populated lower mainland. Elsewhere, there is said to be little serious pollution; but it is to be noted that only five comparatively small cities — Vernon, Kelowna, Penticton, White Rock, and Duncan — provide complete sewage treatment. Cities such as Vancouver, Victoria, Burnaby, New Westminster, Nanaimo, Chilliwack, and Prince George are still discharging untreated sewage.

SURPLUS POWER — AND POLITICS

Several very large dams on major river systems are at present under consideration or under construction in various parts of the country. The Hamilton Falls project, under consideration in Labrador, will yield some nine million horsepower to be carried by high-voltage direct-current line across to Newfoundland and on from there to the Maritimes and the New England states. New Brunswick is considering several installations on the St. John River system that would increase total capacity to about 800,000 horsepower. Control of the river will involve headwater storage in Maine and Quebec, some conflict with logging interests, flooding of important lowlands, and certain disaster to salmon and other anadromous fish. The price seems altogether too high, especially in view of the possibility that low-cost energy will become available from Hamilton Falls.

The most constructive large river project in Canada at the moment is the South Saskatchewan Dam, a joint federal-provincial undertaking that will irrigate half a million acres and incidentally yield a quarter of a million horsepower of electricity. In a naturally dry area that has suffered severely from drought, the reservoir of eight million acre-feet will help to stabilize water tables over a large area and add an important recreational asset to the most heavily populated section of the province.

The South Saskatchewan Dam is really only the first stage of what is bound to become a vast rearrangement of water resources throughout the three prairie provinces, entailing storage and diversion in such great systems as the Nelson and the

Churchill as well as the development of a large number of low head-power sites. Sound development will be possible only under a comprehensive plan and strong federal leadership.

In British Columbia, the Portage Mountain Dam on the Peace River is already under construction, and work will start shortly on the various dams of the Upper Columbia project. Both are single-purpose hydroelectric projects, and both are valid, though they have been thrown considerably out of proper timing by purely political considerations. Simultaneous construction of two such large projects, involving millions of horsepower, also reflects a measure of unnecessary panic based on the belief that hydroelectric power may become outdated by nuclear power. This is bad resource management and has serious consequences. Costs are increased, and financing is made more difficult. There will be a brutally difficult settling period, socially and economically, when construction is completed.

It is very much to British Columbia's credit that the Fraser River, probably the most tempting power source in the province, has so far been left largely untouched. It is the greatest salmon river on the continent, possibly in the world, and has a tremendous potential for increased production in the years to come. This vast and complex watershed presents a serious flood-control problem since its flood plain contains the best agricultural land in the province as well as extensive residential and industrial settlement. Various flood-control plans have been examined, and the only one acceptable to fisheries interests is now under active consideration.

This is a complex resource-management problem, entirely within a single province yet involving a direct federal interest in the fisheries and a partial federal interest in flood-control costs. Fisheries protection is essential, flood control is essential; power production is incidental and would merely add to the large surplus from the Peace and Columbia projects that must be sold to the United States. The proposed dams represent some hazard to the fisheries, but it can almost certainly be controlled. Loss of the value of Wells Gray Park, a Class B wilderness area, is tolerable if the gains are sufficiently great. But it is difficult to follow the logic of costly dams as against less costly diking. And it is quite evident that sufficient effort has not been made to keep industrial and residential developments out of the river's flood plain, where they have no proper place at all.

PROVINCIAL THINKING

Canada is growing slowly out of the ruthlessly destructive era of settlement and into an era of giant projects that are just as ruthlessly constructive. The country is still in too much of a hurry to

spare the time required to tidy up, to take care of the infinity of smaller values that make a land worth living in and really provide the base that justifies the giant projects.

The practice of designating enormous areas, including lakes, rivers, streams, and swamps, as forest land and leaving them to the mercy of loggers is long since outdated, though it persists. Logging should rarely be permitted within six hundred feet of any river or lake or stream, and logging across streams should never be permitted. Logging roads and operations should be designed to minimize erosion and silting. Disturbance of stream gravels should be prohibited absolutely, and any interference with stream flow should be subject to rigid control by authorities responsible for other uses of the stream, actual or potential. Similarly firm controls should be applied to mining operations, and discharge of untreated effluents should never be permitted.

These are not mere counsels of perfection; in many instances some shadow of the necessary controls already exists. The weakness is in enforcement. In salmon streams, for instance, the federal government has the power to prevent interference with spawning gravels. But at the same time, gravel in streams generally is considered a natural resource and is therefore under provincial control. The federal government must show that gravel removal will affect actual spawning areas.

The result is that logging companies and other operations in remote areas take stream gravels freely for road-building or other construction purposes. Even in more settled areas, fisheries authorities are not always able to show a direct effect upon spawning areas, and gravel is removed. The plain fact is that all stream gravels in place, not merely spawning gravels, are of importance to anadromous fish, and there should be no interference whatsoever except for purposes of stream improvement.

It would be possible to multiply examples of this type of idiotic conflict, where the authorities concerned know better and the public is always the loser, but it will be enough for the moment to examine the record of forest spraying with DDT in the coastal areas. DDT spraying provides some immediate local control of the spruce budworm, a serious forest pest, but there is evidence that the worm increases its distribution and destructive force in spite of spraying and possibly because the spraying destroys other natural controls. Spraying at the rate of a half pound to the acre has been shown to be extremely destructive to young salmon and the aquatic insects on which they feed.

In spite of these findings, forest spraying at this rate has been continued in New Brunswick, where forest interests are powerful. In British Columbia, where Pacific salmon runs are of major commercial

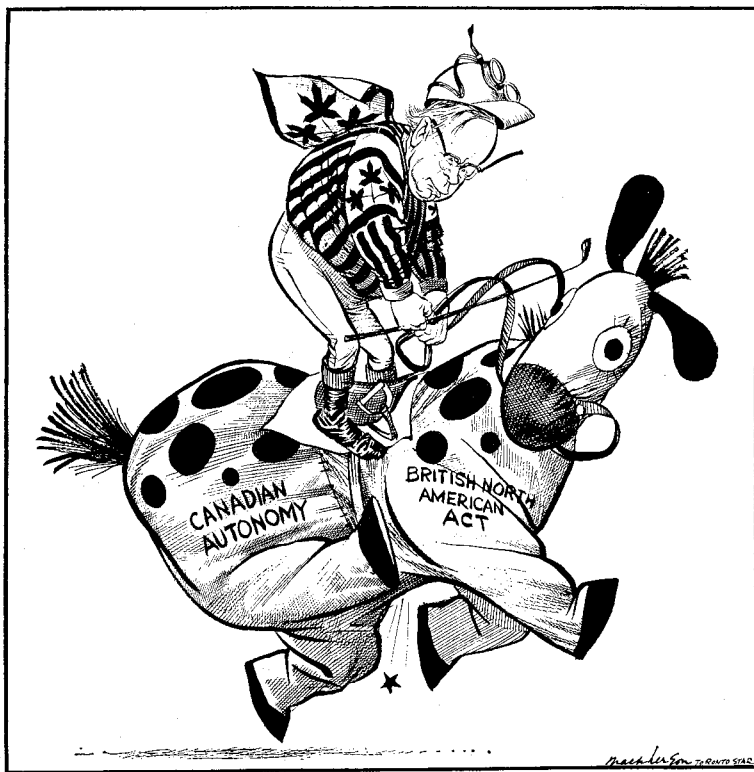
importance, spraying at the rate of one pound per acre was attempted in a limited area, with disastrous results. Spraying at the rate of a quarter pound per acre in 1960 gave effective local budworm control with little damage to aquatic life. But a further step has been taken with the use of phosphamidon, a control that is nontoxic to fish, though about three times as costly as DDT.

The point surely comes clear in this last statement; DDT is a vicious and persistent pollutant of questionable effect even in the purpose for which it is used, and was known to be so before spraying was begun in New Brunswick. A less harmful, though more costly, alternative exists. Its use must, therefore, be considered part of the cost of doing forest business. A far more important question remains unanswered: Is the use of any nonselective forest spray sound business at all, or does it simply lead to increased infestation in the long term?

I have the highest regard for Canadian fisheries research and for the several international treaties that help to protect the fisheries. I believe that Canadian scientists are doing an outstanding job on very limited funds in most resource fields. I believe there is a Canadian conscience that respects land and water and the resources that depend upon them, but I believe also that it is weak and ineffective against a public and politicians who want to follow the pattern of American development with little regard for the lessons of American experience.

The large resource projects at present under development in Canada command public attention and tend to obscure simpler issues, but they are small compared with projects of the near future that threaten to shift whole rivers from their courses and turn Alaska and western Canada into a vast plumbing system to pipe water to the American Southwest and Mexico. Some measure of continental cooperation will of course become essential; but no project, however vast, however productive of superficial wealth, can be allowed to obscure the fundamental importance of healthy farm and forest land, clean and unobstructed streams, undisturbed wetlands and range for wildlife, closely protected parklands and wilderness areas.

It is these unspectacular, rather simple things that hold the real meaning and value of the continent. They cannot stand against the waste and litter and avarice of advancing civilization. The damage already done calls for millions of man-hours in restoration, replanting, protection, and development, and the damage to be done will call for millions upon millions more. The massive new projects will bring us steadily closer to automation in normal industry, but they will not be economic, no matter what the economists say, unless they give us the time to care for the continent as well as make use of it.



DOO-DA-DAY

CARTOONS FROM CANADA

by

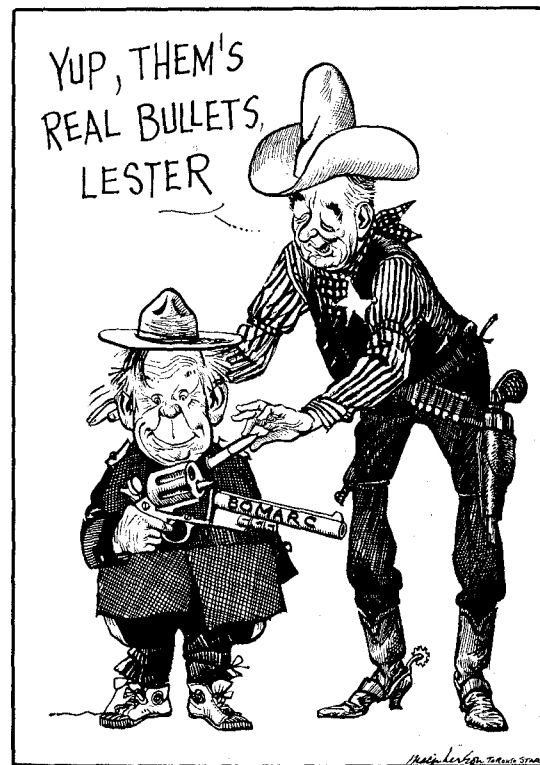
DUNCAN
MACPHERSON

of the Toronto Star





SIAMESE TWINS



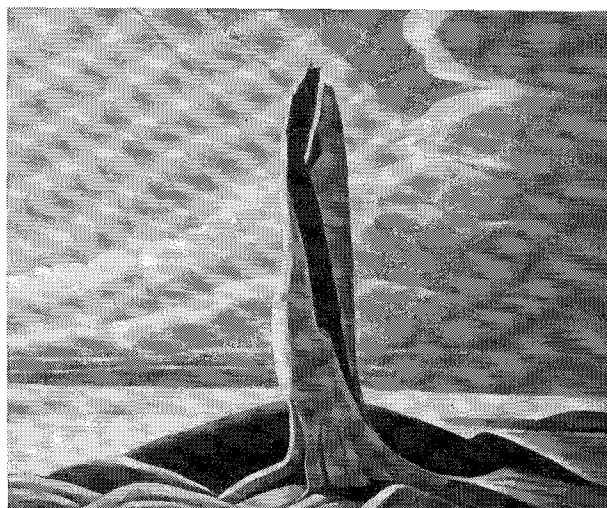
DEPUTY SHERIFF



"I LIKE TO HEAR 'EM YELP"

Douglas V. LePan, writer, teacher, and diplomat, is the author of THE WOUNDED PRINCE AND OTHER POEMS and THE NET AND THE SWORD, and this autumn begins his first year as the principal of University College, University of Toronto. His first book of fiction, THE DESERTER, is being published this month.

The Dilemma of the Canadian Author



A WRITER or a Canadian writer? That is a question that no one writing in Canada can entirely avoid, however much he may like to. It returns to trouble his singleness of intent and to deflect him, at least at moments, from the solitary task of finding his subject matter and refining it and learning how to express it.

Perhaps the case might be different if the country's character had been so fixed and identified as to become a reference point which a writer might disregard or take for granted if he cared to; or if there had been writers in Canada in the past who had triumphed so signally as to win wide respect abroad and establish the value of what they wrote in the estimation of their countrymen. But neither condition has been met. There is no reason to be apologetic about what has been achieved: I would claim, for example, that there is at least as much good poetry being published in Canada today as in either England or America; and a country which has such good poets to boast of as Earle Birney, Anne Hébert, Irving Layton, and James Reaney — and at least half a dozen others — has no reason to be ashamed. Among our prose writers of a rather earlier day, it is also true that authors as diverse as Stephen Leacock and Mazo de la Roche have won wide popularity abroad. Yet the fact remains that no Canadian writer of high imagination has ever gained a large international reputation. And that deprives Canadian writers of the assurance of belonging to a mystery with acknowledged masters.

They also are subject to the uncertainties that arise from living in a national community with

indeterminate features. No one can tell yet what mask to carve for Canada, which type to choose — a pulp savage or a bank teller, a civil servant or a broke hustler or a signalman helping to keep the peace in Cyprus or the Gaza Strip — whether the face should be serene and adventurous, or withdrawn and introspective. No one can tell for certain yet whether Canada is one nation or two. The country reveals itself only slowly even to those who love it most, and much of its character still remains ambiguous. As a result, the writer in Canada is bound to be lured sometimes from the solitude of his own creation into other solitudes, either peopled or unpeopled, that he perceives in the national environment about him.

It could hardly be otherwise. He sinks into the depth of his own quiet in order to catch the images and actions that seem most native to him, closest to him, that seem to sum up most completely his own experience and his own vision — of man, it may be, or of man in society, or of the hero, or of lost perfection. But except in the case of the purest lyrics, the process of interrogating the subject is unlikely to go very far without raising the question of the importance of Canada in the background. The question is obvious and immediate with any fiction whose implications and involvements are largely social. And it is almost as unavoidable with works that are more mythic, or abstract, or poetic. For the more the subject is pondered, the more the writer must ask himself how much his view of it has been influenced by his experience of a particular time and place, by his

"North Shore, Lake Superior" by Lawren Harris. Courtesy of the National Gallery of Canada.

experience, that is, as a Canadian, and how far his success in shaping and presenting it will depend on his drawing explicitly on that resource. The writer may see his theme in almost purely lyric or universal terms; he may be more irked and fretted than anything else by the subtle distinctions of national life and national feeling; but at some stage in the effort to come to grips with his subject matter he must reckon with them, since the way his theme presents and announces itself to him will always have been differenced by them. So the setting is inescapable. The writer in Canada must meditate on it and wonder about it sometimes, trying to get at its heart, even when it figures little in what he is trying to say.

IN THE farthest distance — and not so far as all that, either — is the wilderness, “up to the foot of the blue pole star. . . .” That is one silence, a silence of rigor, of the boreal forest, of tundra, of permafrost, which has influenced much of our earlier poetry and fiction and which, through such works as *Maria Chapdelaine* and the stories of Charles G. D. Roberts and the poetry of Robert Service, has given many readers in other countries their principal impression of Canadian literature and even of Canadian life. But what can be won from the wilderness nowadays? Perhaps little but resolution, because it remains remote, untamed, inhuman, inarticulate, something with a sympathy and resonance of its own, but in the end a resonance of silence, a tympanum of ice crystals, something before writing, before history, where a rifle crack rings back immemorially. Yet that is where our history starts. And with our history we are launched on a chasm of other silences and solitudes. The silence of the explorers. Or the solitude of the two races, French and English, which one of our best novelists, Hugh MacLennan, has examined so perceptively.

Occasionally in retracing the course of Canadian history the writer will have the sense of having come upon an image or a face that can help to orient him and make him know himself better. One such for me has always been LaSalle's. His appeal lies not so much in the magnitude of his endeavors, although there will always be something almost stupefying about those voyages that tore the heart out of a continent; or in the extremity of what he endured and the savagery of his death; or in the strange intermingling in his life of considerations of commerce and policy and sheer adventure. What returns an echo is, rather, the mystery about his motives and the fact that he himself admitted the mystery, acknowledging that he did not know what it was — it might have been

weakness — that had driven him into the wilderness and made him so avid, avid almost to the point of madness, for something that could not be specified.

Here is consanguinity, an image of intimacy and value. But LaSalle was as alien and suspect to much of the Canadian society of his day as he would be now. And so the image is drowned in sobriety and respectability. We pass on to an age of merchants, and of good farmers, and good crops, and good husbands and fathers. But perhaps there is something that can be plucked and rescued from the encompassing dimness. An image, a conjoined image of bourgeois and voyageur: the Nor'wester who in youth travels the canoe routes westward and lives on Lake Athabasca or Great Slave Lake as a wintering partner, and who only when he is middle-aged returns to settle permanently in Montreal and to build himself a big house on the side of the mountain where he can look out and see the “River of Canada” flowing by and remember when he was young and lived hard and was ready for anything that might come at the next portage or the next turn of the river. Bourgeois and voyageur: it is a phrase that can be coaxed into summing up much in Canadian history, making long stretches of it seem more evocative and attractive than they would be otherwise; and sometimes the two qualities can be miraculously combined in the one person. So it must have been with many of the fur traders. And even with Louis Riel, that baffling, rebellious spirit, of whom it is related that when he would receive official visitors at Fort Garry as the leader of the provisional government of the Northwest in 1869, he would be wearing leather moccasins and a frock coat. It will be a long time before either of those trappings will have altogether ceased to indicate something about the Canadian scene and the Canadian consciousness.

The frock coat suggests how buttoned-up and reserved and respectable — yes, and how stuffy — Canadian life can often be. And Canadian writing often suffers from the same faint whiff of mothballs. And sometimes it can be depressingly official and academic. Duncan Campbell Scott was a fine poet of an older generation, one of our best, with a sensitive lyric and romantic gift, but on the occasion of a royal visit in the thirties, he consented (what else could he do? he was a civil servant after all) to write a ceremonial ode. The great moment came: the company in the Prime Minister's study in Laurier House in Ottawa had been hushed, the royal personages were dutifully receptive, the spaniel was silent, the poet was asked to begin. But he had not read more than a stanza in appropriately scholarly tones when Mackenzie King, with the parliamentarian's itch for oratorical effect, could stand it no longer, snatched the paper from the hands of the helpless bard, took out his pince-nez,

and boomed on to the end in his best House of Commons voice embellished with gestures. Encounters between the arts and officialdom can be ludicrous enough anywhere. But nowhere else have they been more ludicrous than in Canada. It is little wonder that the writers here who have taken a stand against what is official and academic in Canadian life have sometimes done so a little stridently. For example, it sometimes seems to me that Irving Layton's great power of imagination and purity of phrase are marred in some poems by a savagery that verges on the histrionic. And it can be objected that his strictures on the academic temper are perhaps overdrawn: "The poet roams," he writes,

the professor ruminates. The one experiences; the other expatiates. The one is a vulgarian; the other must permit his training and associations to turn him into a gentleman.

Perhaps. Perhaps not. But however that may be, it is good to know that there are still some in Canada who want to roam, whose hearts are still savage and unappeasable, that there are still moccasins showing somewhere in the national life beneath the enveloping frock coat.

These are some of the images that may come to a writer in Canada as he thinks of his own country. A wilderness. (But what can be made of that nowadays?) Or the face of a voyageur, a *coureur de bois*. (But what place can there be for him in wastes of respectability and matriarchal good taste and good manners?) Or an image — is it a real possibility, or something as mythical as a hippogriff? — of bourgeois and voyageur joined. Someone sitting at last in authority in moccasins and a frock coat.

I soliloquize, of course. The images I mention are ones that come to me whenever I try to think of Canada in terms that go beyond the public realm of statistics, whenever I try to think of it in ways adapted to catch its quality and quiddity. Others will have their own ways of seeing it. But instead of trying to follow them up, it might be better to speak less allusively.

THE writer in Canada finds himself in a large country with a small population. Nowadays his voice can be magnified for him by the efforts of a handful of energetic and enterprising Canadian publishers, by assistance of various kinds from the Canada Council (which was established and endowed by the Canadian government in 1957 "for the encouragement of the arts, humanities, and social sciences"), and by programs of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which may make his work better known. But it remains true

that the native audience he can hope to reach will be small at best, and scattered and regionally divided.

Some of the silences and the solitudes begin right there. The regions into which Canada is divided — the Atlantic provinces, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairies, British Columbia — are sharply separated and different in character. Difficulties of communication are further compounded by the divide which separates English and French. Ideally, this is a circumstance which should be a source of strength to writers in both languages: it should be an advantage to both French and English writers to be free to sharpen their intelligence and whet their imagination by contact with the genius of two languages and two cultures. And occasionally (when reading, for example, Frank Scott's translations of Saint-Denis-Garneau and Anne Hébert) one has the feeling that the division could be made to yield such effects in practice. But more usually, any such fruitful possibility has been frustrated by the monolingual lethargy of English-speaking writers, and perhaps also by some sense of cultural superiority on the part of their French-speaking compatriots. In any case, the division of Canada between French and English has meant inevitably that there is a smaller audience than there would otherwise be for the works of writers in either tongue.

A small, scattered, and divided population has meant a small reading public. And a small reading public has meant that it is difficult to the point of impossibility for any writer in Canada to make a living by writing alone. What, then, are the practical possibilities that are open to him? Three, it would seem: to become a teacher in a school or university, to write scripts for radio or television, or to move abroad. Leonard Cohen lives in the Greek Islands and returns to Montreal only when he feels the need, as he puts it, "of renewing his neurotic affiliations." Mordecai Richler lives in London but continues in his novels to write about the Canadian scene; Brian Moore, after sampling Canadian life for a decade, has moved on to New York.

But my theme is the problems of the writer in Canada. Increasingly, universities have shown themselves hospitable to those who remain; and it does not seem to me that their hospitality has been abused. Nor can I believe that the risks for the writer are so great as Irving Layton would maintain. Teaching may not be a perfect solution. But what is? It has been a benefit both to the universities and to writers; and I doubt whether it contains any greater risks for the writer's trenchancy of vision than does the alternative solution of making a living by writing for radio and television.

Deeper than these practical problems are the

problems of attitude that arise from the national environment. However much the writer in Canada is engrossed in that environment, he cannot be entirely oblivious to the fact that, with luck, he might command a larger audience abroad than he could ever expect at home. This is a kind of siren music that flickers almost constantly around the margins of his consciousness, the possibility of winning a larger public, particularly in the United States and Britain; and it is difficult for him to know how to deal with it skillfully. It can betray him into falsification of his own experience. But it also can spur him on to relish the keenest competition and to take the stiffest fences, and so to outsoar parochial limitations. In that case, though — and it is only one aspect of the problem — he will be confronted by difficult decisions about idiom. Although the English spoken by Canadians is, of course, essentially the same as the language spoken by Americans and Englishmen, it has its own peculiarities not only of accent and intonation but of diction and phrasing as well. One question for the writer in Canada is how far these should be smoothed out in the interests of gaining a wider reception and a wider audience.

Another problem that arises largely from the national environment is uncertainty about how deep to make the incision. When Alden Nowlan writes

My best poems
Don't get written,
Because I'm still scared

he is touching on the problem I have in mind. Always and in all countries the writer has felt some secret horror about telling the terrible truth. But there have been societies, or at least moments in some societies, when the writer has been encouraged to cut through appearances and tell what he sees, however bestial or frightening or terrible it may be. Canada is not such a society and never has been. Its sky is rigorous, and its climate. But there is something in the social atmosphere that has operated to blur sharp edges and to restrain the hand of the artist who might try to reproduce them faithfully. Canada is no more immune than any other country to the miseries and flaws of humankind — which are inseparable from its glories. But this chiaroscuro has long been muffled in the folds of a conformity which has been insidiously but relentlessly propagated by the leaders of a society, small, unsure of itself, and not far from the comparative simplicities of pioneer agricultural life. Whatever the reasons for it may have been — whether they are to be found in the abruptness of the transition from a rural to an urban society or in the remaining traces of a colonial mentality — this element in the atmosphere has inevitably made it harder for the

writer to tell the truth. He has been inhibited by the social disapproval he has sensed about him for any design that would transgress the bounds of a very restricted view of human nature and human possibilities. Now these clouds may be lifting a little. As they do, there are new opportunities for the writer.

In working out his design, though, he will find that there is little or no imaginative tradition to guide him. That can provide exhilaration for the writer, but it can also provide difficulties. What mode should his subject matter be cast in? What tone should it have? What should be its structure? If these questions and others like them have to be answered without any assistance from tradition, the writer may be too intellectually preoccupied to be able to draw as fully as he should on his own deeper resources in the process of composition, or to have energy to spare for the deft disposition of details on the surface. I myself have written about Canada as "A Country Without a Mythology"; and much of its landscape still remains superbly intractable. But that is true of Canadian life generally. The task of interpreting it imaginatively has hardly begun.

SO MUCH for some of the difficulties. Now let us return for another look at the country itself. A large country with a small population. A country with great distances and divisions and taciturnities. A country which has already achieved great things in peace and war, even if it has not yet found full expression, even if it has not yet fully found itself. A great country for all its difficulties and inhibitions. A great country, even if its most distinctive qualities have never been fully realized and made apparent. Often they seem to have been cast into the shade by the overwhelming presence of the United States across the border and by its almost overwhelming influence on Canadian life; but there are moments when they ring out as unmistakably as the five clear notes of a whitethroat singing from a spruce tree.

I am conscious of the tang of something distinctively Canadian whenever I return to Ottawa, with its booms of logs immediately beneath the Parliament buildings and its obvious mingling of French and English, with lumberjacks lounging in the station and, beyond the river, the low pine-covered granite hills of the Laurentian Shield rising and rolling into the distance; or whenever I walk through the halls of some Canadian universities; or whenever I remember — as I will till I die — the style and heart and grim, high-spirited humor of Canadian soldiers in action. But often, of course, in Canadian life there is nothing distinct-

tively Canadian to be noticed at all. There is little that is native and characteristic about its airports or its laboratories or its expressways or its department stores or its automobile plants or its oil refineries or, indeed, about most of its factories and much of its cities. For the fact is that Canada is now a highly industrialized urban society, closely meshed into the rest of the world by trade and science and increasingly rapid communications, and borne along by rapidly accelerating change.

There are some things in Canadian life that are native and special to it. But there are other things that would not be very different in Cleveland or Denver or Milan or São Paulo; and the areas of similarity are increasing. That is one reason why I have the instinct that a new strategy may come to commend itself more and more to Canadian writers. No matter what strategy he may be employing for the moment, any Canadian writer will have to wrestle with the national environment in which he lives in order to extract its secrets, so far as he can, and to know what influence it has had on him. And some writers in Canada will always want to take what is special to the Canadian scene and make it central in their work. But I suspect that other writers will be attracted by a quite different possibility. Instead of trying to refine the singularity of being Canadian, they may want to dive so deeply that what they have to say can be expressed in terms of what happens in an anonymous setting to an anonymous, or virtually anonymous, hero.

If the risks of such an undertaking are obvious, so are the advantages: it can produce a result of almost universal luminosity which can be understood anywhere. A strategy of this kind may also commend itself to some writers because of seeming to be congruent with contemporary critical views of myth and symbol. But however that may be, it would seem to be a strategy with some adventitious attractions for writers working in a country that is in one sense or another peripheral, whether the country be Argentina or Switzerland or Canada.

To make clearer the kind of opportunity that I am thinking of for Canadian writers, I might offer one final image. It is the passport office in Ottawa, where all Canadian passports are issued. It is a nondescript office rented by the Department of External Affairs from the owners of a nondescript office building in the business district of Ottawa. But it has an importance which goes far beyond what might be suggested by its air of undistinguished bureaucratic routine. For a Canadian passport, whether genuine or forged, whether obtained honestly or fraudulently, is a very precious commodity in the eyes of many of those operating international rackets or foreign intelligence systems. When Robert Soblen jumped bail in 1961 after being convicted in New York of espionage for the

Soviet Union and flew to Israel, he was carrying a Canadian passport. So was Colonel Rudolph Abel, the Soviet spy master who was exchanged for Francis Gary Powers, the U-2 pilot. So was Conon Molody, the Soviet agent who stole the plans of Britain's atomic submarine under the alias of Gordon Lonsdale.

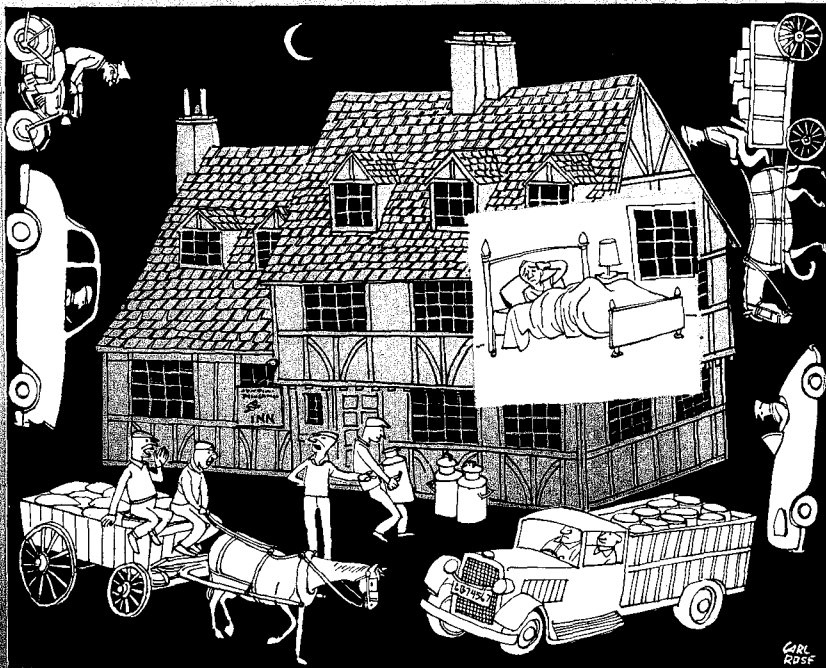
Nor is it very difficult to understand why a Canadian passport should be so popular. Part of the explanation is that with it one can travel easily almost anywhere. Another reason for the popularity of the little blue booklet stamped in gold is that one can speak English or French or Ukrainian or Polish or Chinese and still be a Canadian. One can, in fact, be almost anyone and still be a Canadian; and to be a Canadian is to have a passport to the whole world. It is those facts which make the image of the passport office seem so important to me, make it in some moods seem even more important than the image of bourgeois and voyageur. There will always be a place for books that are redolent of a particular region or of a particular aspect of Canadian life and experience. But there will also be a place, and an increasing place I suspect, for writing which is more stripped and bare and absolute, for writing marked by little or nothing on the surface to distinguish it as Canadian and which will ultimately reveal its origin by imparting a spirit that is both adventurous and responsible and by being able to pass everywhere as true.

Or so, at least, I am inclined to think for the time being. But since I am a Canadian, it may be that by next year or next month or next week I may be thinking differently and may be tempted again to wrestle with the implacable angel of this marvelous, voiceless country.

ALL ANIMALS LIKE ME

BY RAYMOND SOUSTER

All animals like me
now get themselves out of the cold
into some kind of lair
cavernous or small,
to curl up more like a ball
than anything else and sleep
an untroubled sleep of snow,
which sifting down endlessly white
and curdled thick as cream
makes the four-poster of a dream.



Accent on Living

THE STILLY NIGHT IN RURAL BRITAIN

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The well-kept British inn is probably the best-looking establishment of its kind in the world. Brilliant with flowers and bounded by billiard-cloth turf, without so much as a burnt match by way of litter, brass freshly polished, white paint speckless, windows glisteningly clean, the country inn is more inviting in reality than even the most sanguine postcard version of it. Oh, to stay at this one or the last one or the next, the traveler sighs, and never to leave! Bed *and* breakfast for a mere 42 shillings? Can such things be?

Inside, the promise of good lodgings is even headier. Fresh breezes drift through the timbered old rooms; there is much copper, old silver, against the black oak paneling; we see coaching and hunting horns and many quaint utensils whose antique use one can only conjecture. The taffeta puffs on the beds and the glimpse of crisp damask in the dining room are the clinchers: if the Jumping Ploughman was a three-star stop in the days of Columbus, it is still handsomely on the job for today's wayfarer.

Being intended for him, the Jump-

ing Ploughman is, reasonably enough, on the wayfarer's way—in other words, on the road itself. It may be at a crossroad in open country, but more likely in the village, where it not only serves the traveler but also is a favorite local for the neighborhood. In any case, it must be emphasized that the country inn does not, ordinarily, stand aloof from the world in parklike grounds of its own, but directly on a thoroughfare, or two thoroughfares, sometimes more.

A few facts are necessary at this point about the small British motorcycle or self-propelled bicycle. Of these it would be correct to say the smaller the engine, the less expensive the vehicle, and the less expensive they are, the more numerous they are; also, the smaller the engine, the greater the number of rpm necessary to make it go. When first started from cold, these engines give off stuttering pops, bangs, and crackles, switching into a rising scream as they begin to fire in earnest, only to blank off suddenly into gurgles and dead silence. In the same connection, it should be noted that all farm and commercial

trucks of local ownership in the area served by the Jumping Ploughman are very old, underpowered, and consequently groaning in their lower gears, while the engines, long since unmuffled, sound about to burst.

And so to bed in the inn's upper reaches, and very attractive too: pajamas laid out, bed turned down, cool night air—nothing like being sealed up in one of those air-conditioned motel rooms. What more could one want after a long day of purposive motoring?

Well, for one thing, sleep. The village and its surrounding farming country are an all-night affair. At fixed intervals—every fifteen minutes, say—one of the groaning trucks goes by. It sounds like the same one each time, heading right through the bedroom, but paying off at the last minute, gears and exhaust echoing in the narrow streets. Around the corner, on the half hour, the cycle engine comes angrily to life; it rips and pops for a while, with a firecracker or two and perhaps a bit of dynamite to help it along, but it splutters into silence. After the prescribed five-minute period of starting and stopping, the cycle, now turning some 15,000 rpm, screeches past the bed and off to its circuit, from which it will be heard again in exactly twenty-five

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minutes. The villagers, meanwhile — and they must be paid substantial overtime for night work of this sort — have begun a series of spirited discussions just below the bedroom window. Presumably they are debating whether the truck and cycle noises are up to snuff; their occasional guffaws no doubt have to do with the possibility that someone, obviously a foreigner, proposes to sleep in the room above. The truck returns, the cycle shortly afterward.

At 2 A.M. the organized noise, save for the through traffic moving independently, ends for a four-hour period. At 6 A.M. a truckload of

broken glass, sheet metal scraps, and bricks is poured from one container to another outside the bedroom; jingling deliveries of milk and beer bottles begin; and exhaust and engine noises in general are resumed for the day.

In the light of all this, a bit of advice to those who would enjoy the British inns and see rural England is in order: the traveler must be sure to have a helicopter waiting after dinner each night so that he can be back at his London hotel room by bedtime — a room which, if at the back of the house, admits no night noises whatever, save for the distant striking of Big Ben.

STUART HEMSLEY

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When I was a lad I served a term
As a card machine for Mr. Hollerith's firm.
Sortings galore I could do at a glance
(And so could my sisters and my cousins and my aunts).
Then computer electronics made a bid for me,
And now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

I learned about flip-flop, bits, transistors
(And so did my cousins and my aunts and sisters).
Analogues and digitals of every kind
I simply looked at and then refined.
Never was a calculator quite like me!
And now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

The Navy called, and I had it made
As lieutenant (sub) or (junior grade).
(And had I known just a little bit more
I'd easily have qualified as commodore.)
This service life so suited me
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

I was doing all right; but what opened the door
Was my artful switch into the Memory Core.
There the sort of things I kept in mind
Were admirals' indiscretions of a delicate kind.
And I fed these back so cunningly
That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

The question arises; the point is moot:
How did I pluck this ripest fruit?
Did matchless competence carry the day?
Did my subtle outputtings pave the way?
The answer to that you will never get from me
Or from any other ruler of the Queen's Navee.

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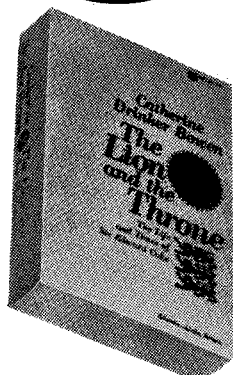
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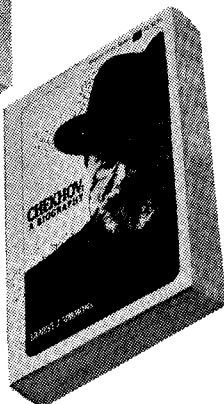
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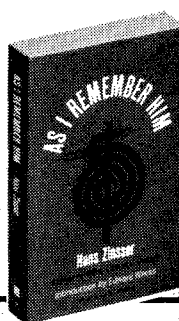
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Little Now

BY CELIA DARLINGTON

CELIA DARLINGTON is a doctor's wife who combines working for her husband with freelance writing. This is her second appearance in the ATLANTIC.

There are a number of Spanish word endings to indicate size, but I listened in vain during my two years south of the border to hear a resident enlarge anything. Like Alice in Wonderland, the Mexican seems to have eaten of a plant which reduces not himself but everything around him.

I discovered this on my first evening at the boardinghouse in Mexico City. The menu included *frijolitos*, "little beans," accompanied by *tortillitas*, "small tortillas." It was served by a maid named *Esperancita*, "Little Hope." Everything in question, however, was of normal size. I took this to be simply a mannerism until I heard Manuelito, one of the other boarders, asking for "a drink of water, *por favorcito*." The deprecatory wave of the hand which accompanied the words "little please" made me aware that there is a philosophy inherent in Mexican-style Spanish: a view of life through the small end of the opera glasses.

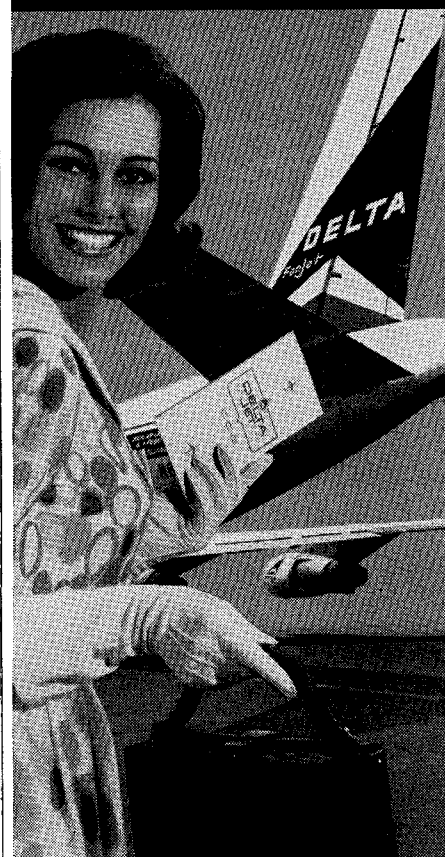
This, to one fresh from a country where perspectives are large (the biggest cities, the fastest subways, the tallest redwood trees), was a shock. I resolved to look into the sociological difference with an open mind.

Reduction, I found, is applied equally to measurable objects and immeasurable ideas. Daily, in my wanderings around Mexico City (a city of millions, certainly more than ordinary size), I encountered the diminutive. On the main street of town, for example, looms an enormous horse, a monument that is a landmark for blocks around. This is invariably known as the *Caballito*, "Little Horse."

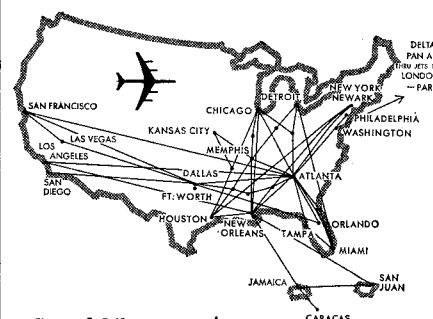
One day I waited in a doctor's office. A Mexican woman came in, her hulking seventeen-year-old son in tow. The young man was writhing with pain. His mother gave the familiar wave of the hand, the slight shrug.

"Is the doctor busy?" she asked the nurse. "My small son has a slight pain in his little stomach."

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But the most useful belittling word in the language of Mexico is an intangible one: *ahorita*, "little now." *Ahora* means "now." However, I have never heard a Mexican use the word *ahora*. Shall we go home now?



Ahorita. Is dinner ready to be served? *Ahorita*. It's the first mental obstacle which a North American must jump if he wishes to live happily in Mexico.

At first there seems something treacherous and dishonest about such a word as "little now." Is it now, or isn't it? you ask impatiently. It isn't now, of course, but it could be sometime soon. After a few weeks in Mexico (unless you have already retreated to the tallest skyscrapers in the world, the widest cornfields, or the state with the largest number of mountains over 14,000 feet high) you find yourself saying *ahorita* frequently. With this word you feel a definite sense of relaxation and peace. You have taken the present and future into your confidence. Besides, whoever was bothering you about getting things done has stopped bothering you. *Ahorita* is an unanswerable word.

I confess to a feeling of surprise when I found that variations are possible on this theme. "Little now" in its turn may become smaller — *ahoritita*, "little little now." This word was used by a dressmaker to whom I had gone to get a positively promised skirt. On advice from experienced natives I waited two weeks before haunting her again.

Ahorititita, "little little little now," I encountered at a hotel in Acapulco, a city where such a word is as suitable as languorous palm trees and rum laced with coconut milk.

It was one of those small tragedies which occur in a rapidly modernized country. The water faucet disintegrated in my hand, leaving the plumbing system, as the Mexicans put it, "entirely discomposed." Flee-

ing from a rapidly mounting torrent, I yelled for the desk clerk. He turned the water off with a wrench. The faucet, he told me, would be fixed *ahorititita*.

That is to say, today is a holiday, no one works . . . tomorrow is Saturday, people who belong to the plumbing syndicate are off-call . . . Sunday, well, that's Sunday. On Wednesday, although the repair job would still be done in the almost instant future, I moved to a hotel where water was running as needed.

Why was the clerk so optimistic? I wondered. *Ahorititita* sounds like the nearest now there is. But it turns out to be never. That was when I started to suspect that the more diminutive endings there are on this simple word the more remote it becomes.

The implications of my discovery bowled me over. When will now be now and how can it be never? I would find myself muttering; or Is never ever now, and when will it be then?

At this point my visa ran out —

not *ahorita*, but now — so I crossed the border to the United States. The jolt of the plane as we landed was matched by a mental jolt as I returned from my fourth dimension jaunt to my native country, where everything is at least life-size and where now is strictly now and never isn't lurking around the corner. I found that I was no longer acclimated to the efficiency of railway timetables and cafeteria hostesses. I quailed at the speedy service in hotels, where my clothes were pressed immediately, without delay or badinage. After I'd been home awhile, I settled down of course. I've gotten used again to the point of view where nothing is worthy of much pride unless, like a ripe olive, it's mammoth or colossal. The importance of time now looms properly large, again, especially when applied to schedules or deadlines. But I think my subconscious has been permanently affected, because every once in a while I still find myself muttering, Why must now be now and when can it be never?

Two-way Radio for Everyman

BY CARL DREHER

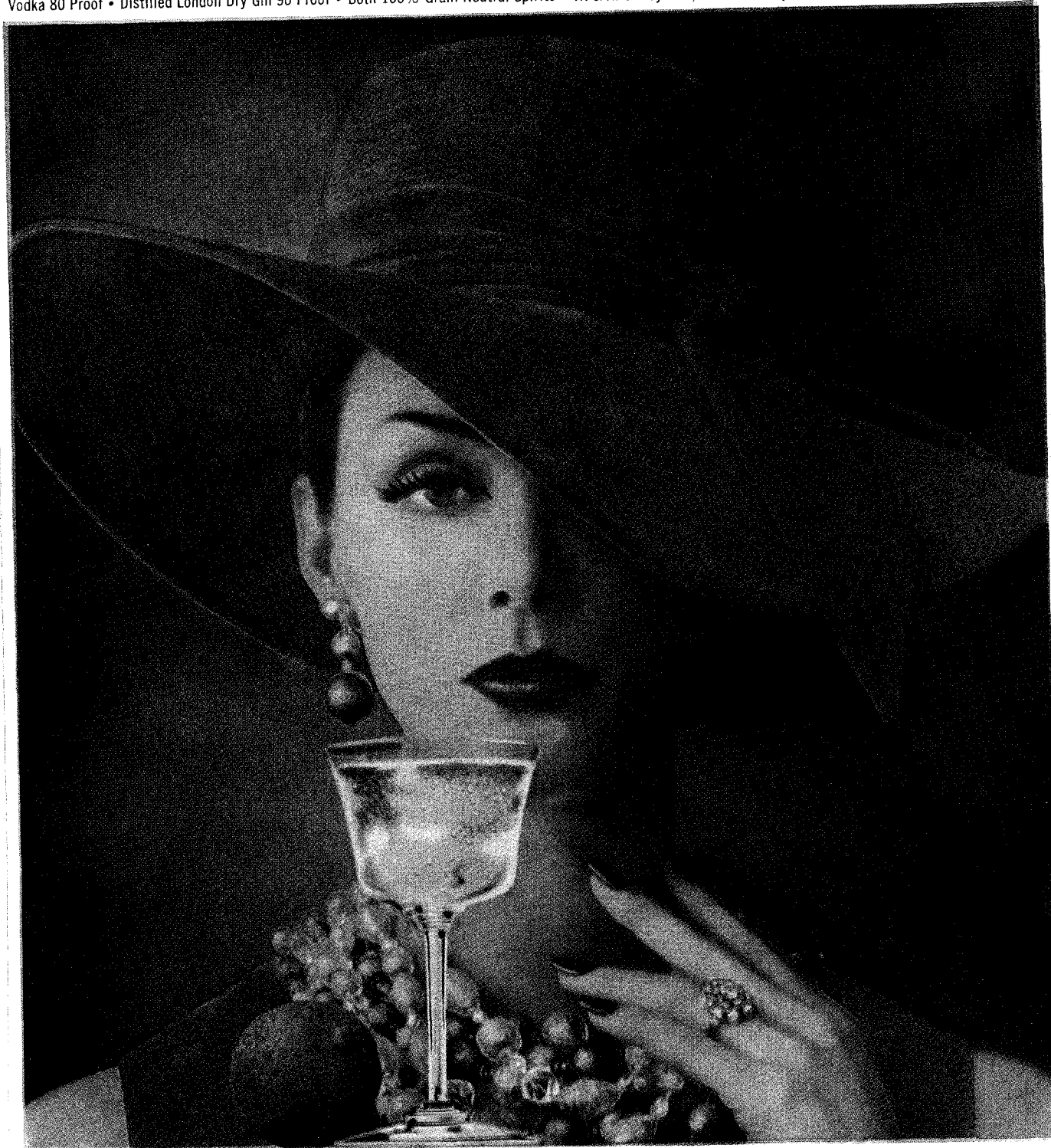
CARL DREHER was one of the early wireless amateurs in the United States, one of the early holders of a commercial operator's license, a pioneer in broadcasting and sound films, and is a Fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, the successor society to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the Institute of Radio Engineers.

In 1957 the Federal Communications Commission opened up a skimpy slice of wavelengths for what it projected as "Citizens Radio Service," now known as Citizens Band, or CB. In so doing, the FCC also opened a Pandora's box for itself. The citizens, however, loved it. There are now well over 700,000 licensed CB users, and their numbers are being augmented at the rate of 10,000 a month. Though not on the scale of the great radio boom of the twenties, or the even more spectacular television boom of the forties, CB represents a respectable repetition of these extensions of the communication arts. Strangely, it has gone practically unnoticed in the magazines, in contrast to amateur, or ham, radio, which economically and socially CB has already eclipsed.

CB has both legitimate and illegitimate functions. Summarized

by the FCC, the legitimate function is "to further the efficient conduct of a business or household." Illicit, but widely practiced, is the conversion of CB into a hobby like amateur radio, but free from the necessity of acquiring a modicum of technical knowledge and proficiency in telegraphy and proving it by passing an examination. CB entails no such ordeal; by act of Congress any citizen over eighteen is entitled to a license. For short-range or walkie-talkie operation, he doesn't even need that.

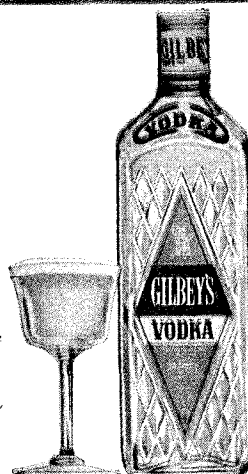
If you have a shortwave receiver which takes in the 11-meter band, you can explore CB without risking a penny. Just tune sharply in the 26.965–27.225 megacycle band. Though you won't hear nearly as much as you would with a CB transceiver (transmitter plus receiver) and you won't be able to talk, you will



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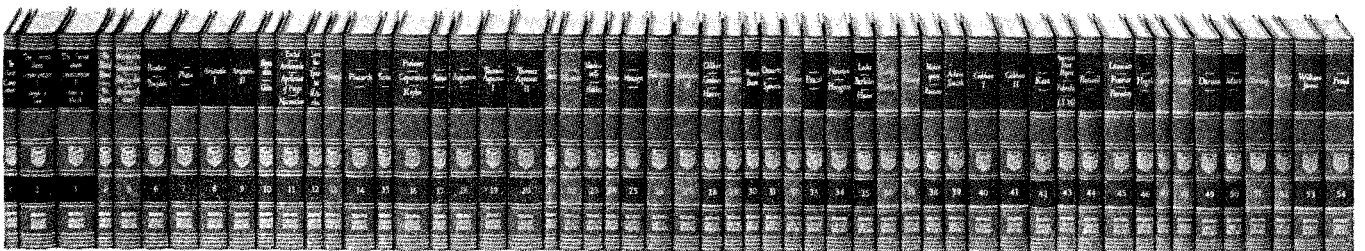
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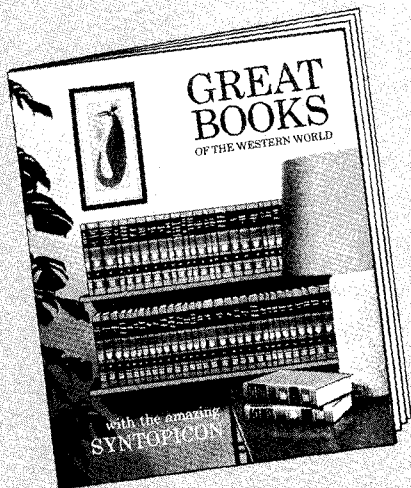
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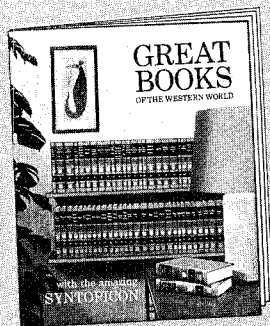
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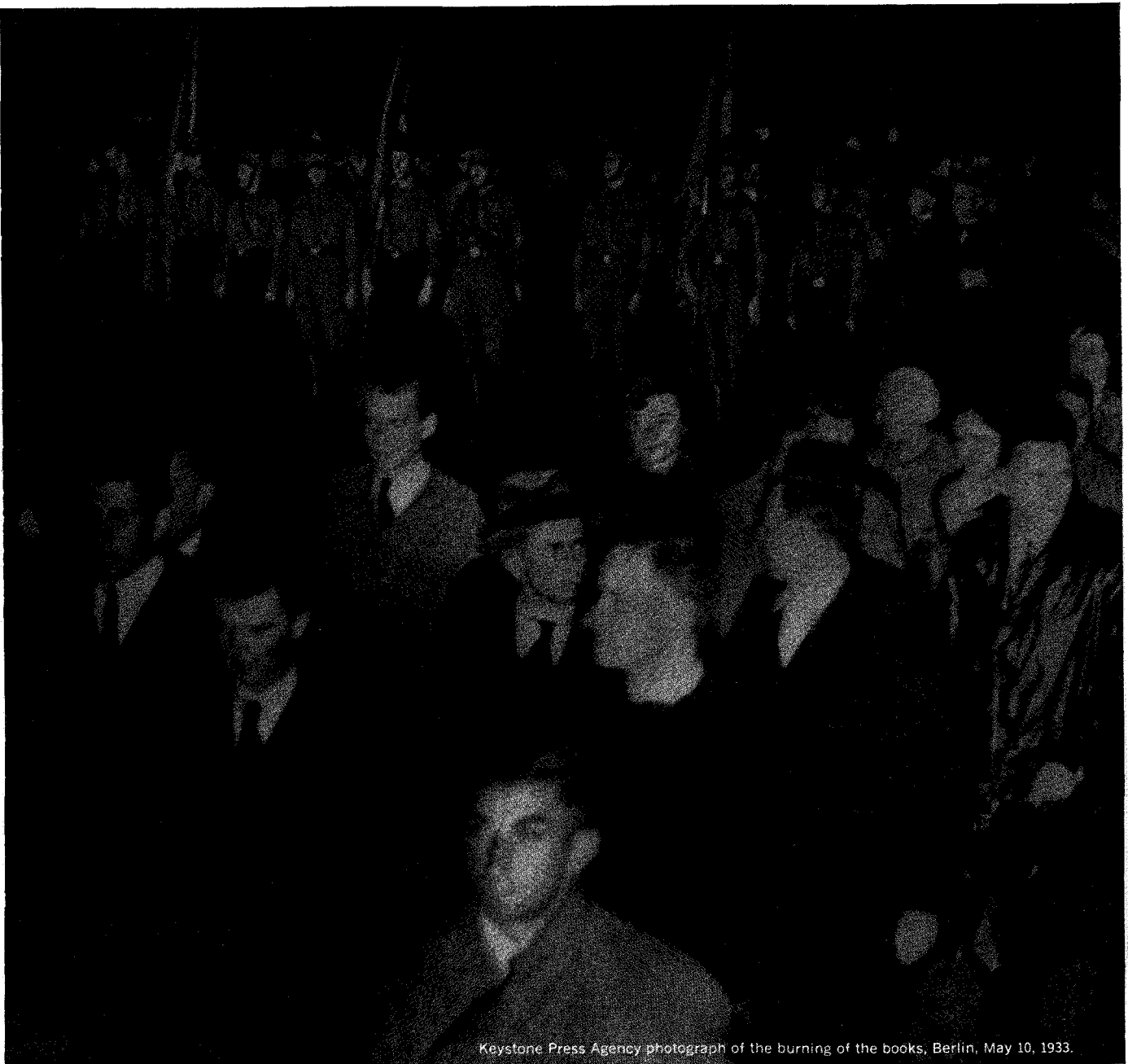
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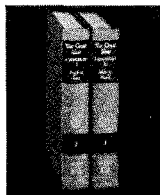
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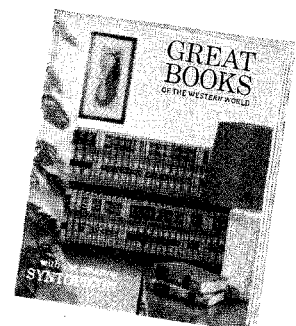
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get a pretty wide sample of America at work and at play. Practically every business can save time and lost motion by communication between a base station and one or more mobile units. Lumberyards, appliance services, fuel oil distribution, building, medicine (physicians) are examples. Even writers — if I feel like going fishing instead of waiting for a possibly important telephone call, my secretary will let me know from the house when the operator is ready with my party. It may not mean much to me, but for a more conventional businessman it can add up to hundreds or thousands of dollars a year in more efficient routing of vehicles and personnel.

You will also get an earful of the gab which the FCC is trying to suppress. The temptation is great because, while CB is mostly a short-range or local service, at any time the signals can start bouncing off the ionosphere and you hear stations a thousand miles away. So if you are equipped to send as well as to receive, you may start a conversation with a stranger. The danger is that an FCC monitoring station, which also may be thousands of miles away, may record the violation and slap a citation on you. A second citation, and you lose your license. The FCC seems to be more tolerant of short-range conversations.

Without transgressing, you can listen in on all kinds of private conversation. The age spectrum ranges from small children — some freewheeling CBers put their kids on the air — to very, very senior citizens. Male voices outnumber female voices by about two to one. Most of the business base stations are operated by secretaries, in addition to their normal duties. Almost without exception, their circuit discipline is excellent.

Despite moments when I recall Pascal's dictum that "men are necessarily so foolish that not to be a fool is merely a varied freak of folly," I find CB not only fascinating, but worth the money. For very short distance work, the investment can be as low as \$24 for two walkie-talkies. The range will be about a quarter mile. Each set weighs and looks like a transistor radio, which in fact it is, except that it sends as well as receives.

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minimum. This may provide up to twenty miles for the car, although ten is more likely; the boat is pretty sure to do better. If you insist on the best, you can pay as much as \$1000 for the two transceivers, but what you get won't be ten times better than the \$100 equipment.

If you don't need CB in your business and are not interested in DX (distance), you may still want it for local news and drama. Through



various channels, CB gets stuff from the police and fire departments, civil defense, and so on.

CB makes for peace in the family. Whenever my wife goes marketing, I remember what I wanted her to get as soon as her car has disappeared down the road. This way, when she parks at the supermarket she can give me a shout, as CB parlance has it, and a brief but soothing conversation takes place.

Commuters follow the same routine in reverse. Mr. Q, returning from the city, announces his arrival at the railroad station, where he is directed by Mrs. Q to chauffeur their son from a playmate's house (in the opposite direction, naturally) because Mrs. Q is tired. She doesn't sound tired, she sounds high. Still, CB is furthering the efficient conduct of the Q household, even its very existence.

On the serious side, CB is not being exploited as it should be. The FCC, perhaps the most harassed of all the federal agencies, regards it as a problem and seems to wish, sometimes, that it had never started the damn thing. But CB presents opportunities too. In boating, the Coast Guard monitors a safety frequency (not in the CB band, although the suggestion has been made) for distress calls. There is nothing like this for the motorist, who can be distressed too, and in totality a lot more than boatmen. Like anyone who has logged half a million miles on the road, I have found myself stuck once in a while. On an expressway this isn't too bad; but have you ever walked a mile at 1 A.M. in an outer suburb to awaken

an irate citizen with a request that he telephone the state police to summon a garage mechanic? With the temperature at five below?

There are many such situations, including accidents involving personal injury which, at night on secondary roads, may go unreported for hours. If this were a problem in astronautics, it would be solved tomorrow, for fear the Russians would solve it first. Yet all it would

require is that one of the twenty-three CB channels should be reserved as a motor distress frequency. Over a major portion of the country, the state police have an operator on continuous watch for dispatching. Most of the time he could also monitor the civilian distress frequency. Over the big holiday weekends, when the National Safety Council predicts still another record-breaking toll of death and injury, wouldn't it make sense to put on another operator, even if it increased the state budget .00001 percent? This is one of several ways in which CB could pay for itself many times over, and provide jobs besides.

"Mr. Chairman..."

BY DOW RICHARDSON

DOW RICHARDSON is editor of the *Kokomo, Indiana, TRIBUNE*. This is his second appearance in the ATLANTIC.

I am on the mailing lists of certain corporations, which send me brochures of their executives' speeches, and I'm grateful. It is a courtesy I hope to continue deserving, for sometimes I even find things in the speeches that interest me.

Most of the speeches begin with acknowledgements of the generous introduction which the speaker has received. These acknowledgements are written into the draft in advance of the speech's delivery, and that is what I find so arresting about them.

How could the speaker know that the introduction would be copious

and flattering? How could he know that it would even be worth acknowledging? Is it a foregone conclusion that the program chairman will present his speaker lavishly?

Suppose the introduction is short and devoid of praise. Suppose it merely mentions the speaker and doesn't allude to his notable career or forensic gifts. What would the speaker say? Would he, thrown off stride by the unforeseen trend of events, read what he had written anyway and express his pleasure over a fulsome presentation that wasn't profuse at all?

I saw a real-life example of this when a speaker had prepared a grandiloquent response to a gracious introduction he assumed he would get. He was stunned when the chairman said merely, "I now present Fred Bilge, president of the Fenderdent Repair Corporation." The first two jokes that the speaker had chosen related to the flowery identification he had counted on receiving, and for two or three minutes he had to read through them silently before determining where to begin. It was touch and go for a while there, and he almost lost his audience.

A program chairman once told me about a marginal note on the copy of a speech. He had been asked by the speaker to read the opening paragraph of his written remarks and give an opinion as to whether the jokes



were in questionable taste. My friend the chairman was startled to find a parenthetical reminder which the speaker had penciled in, heavily, below each joke: "Pause for applause."

I have never seen this marginal note included in pamphlet copies of a speech by an executive, or by anyone else for that matter, although I rather expect that one will appear on my desk someday. If one does turn up, I shall be sure to clap my hands appreciatively before putting it in the newspaper.



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A HAVEN ON THE DANUBE

BY CARL MYDANS

No other place in the world has a more varied landscape than the Balkans. In Yugoslavia one can drive from the peak-roofed European village of Ljubljana, nestled in the rolling greenery of the Slovenian Alps, to the hot, dry plains of Macedonia where slender minarets pierce the evening sky and black-eyed men in turbans squat by the city gates; from the mellow stones of medieval Dubrovnik, with its sophisticated tourists enjoying *Hamlet* while the Adriatic pounds at the foot of the city walls below, through the drifting mists of the Dinaric Alps, whose steep slopes shelter fierce Serbian horsemen, on to the modern city of Belgrade, sprawling between the River Sava and the Danube, which flows quietly here. Even in Bulgaria, smaller than the state of Pennsylvania, there are four distinct mountain ranges, each with a flavor of its own, and valleys such as Kyustendil, where the fruit trees grow on sun-baked slopes, or Kazanlik, where the attar roses bloom, or the wide, black-soiled Thracian Plain, famous for its horses when Troy still flourished and not much changed since then.

The deep blue waters of the Adriatic wear on the rocky coasts near Kotor and carve a beauty that sur-

passes the isles of Greece. The mild shores of the Black Sea, tideless, surfless, stretch along miles of powdery sands in both Bulgaria and Romania. There are cities here with crooked medieval streets and tall, curved modern buildings with floating roofs. One can pick out, among the old tiled roofs or the colored balconies of newly built blocks of flats, the rounded tops of the mosque and the Turkish bath, the gilded Orthodox cathedral, the spires of little churches, and the worn squat painted buildings of ancient monasteries.

But of all those things romantic in the Balkans, it is perhaps the River Danube that most excites the traveler. So, with a young companion for my interpreter, Mircea Spindler, who called himself Mike, I crossed that fabled river from Bulgaria, with Romania before me. Mike knew his country and its rivers, mountains, wines. He took me first to the Black Sea where there is a strip of yellow sand that stretches without interruption for ten miles, a strand that men have loved at least since Ovid spent his last days there 2000 years ago; then northward, where the great river runs parallel to the coast, until we met it once again as it turned toward the sea and followed it down to its very mouth, where it is lost at

last among the marshes and flows out to sea.

Gusts of wind swept the undulating black lands, whistling over the car and pinging it with chaff, the morning we drove north along the coastal hills from Constanta, once a Roman town and now Romania's leading seaport. We had just turned into September, and the light had a new dimension, cold and sharp, presenting the Danube down below us as something like a hemp rope which had snapped and snaked.

Winding out of the hills, we came onto cobbles and into the river port of Tulcea, one of Romania's two principal fish-processing centers, where men and animals and carts and trucks moved goods back and forth along the great stone quays, loading boats and unloading them, and the brown, silted waters turned white against the bows and holding lines. As in all river scenes, there were men who sat apart, some motionless on capstans, others crouched on the rock-riprapped embankment holding fishing lines, detached from all around them. The boats had changed with time, and the clothing, and although some people still carried their burdens in reed baskets, others lugged them in plastic bags. And there were signboards extolling the progress of socialism. But otherwise, the scene at the port had not changed much since Roman times. In the overlay of centuries, it is at the river that one feels the mood of long ago.

Tulcea stands on the St. George (Sfântu Gheorghe), one of the branches of the Danube which in the last forty miles or so, east of Tulcea, turn their own way and wind through vast delta land to the Black Sea. This delta region is rich in game and birds and especially in fish. The area is largely morass, and the only highways into it are the rivers. Much of it cannot be traveled upon, and an invitation there for a foreigner is unusual. "It is a land rich in many things, but especially it is a paradise for pictures," a government representative told me. "So we are going to send you there."

A small river tug, the Dimitrie Cantemir, was placed at my disposal, and Mike and I provisioned it at Tulcea for the two-day trip. It had a crew of three, each of whom had grown up on the river, and as the trip progressed I came to feel that I had known them all before in the

Captain Auke de Jong of the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam greets several passengers.



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mixture of fiction and actuality that is now the American memory of the Mississippi.

"Good river," one of them said to me as we pulled away from the quay. "Good river," he repeated, his foot on the rail and his eyes roving. The love and pride of river dwellers are universal.

Tulcea quickly fell away behind us, and almost at once treelined green formed the shoreline. Swift diesel craft, and old paddle-wheelers belching black smoke, and oar-propelled boats shaped like great canoes shared the river with us. The embankments grew lower and richer, the grass and reeds more luxuriant; the birds increased in number, and the fish leaped, leaving eddying circles all around us. By the end of the day, as we neared the mouth of the river, the delta had become almost uninhabited except for wildlife, so rich and overgrown and with such a balmy smell of bogland that I had the illusion that I was in a mangrove swamp on the Mekong or in Africa. Great willows lined the riverbanks, the lacy network of their roots standing in the water. White ibis and storks and herons and geese and ducks flew in the sky and contested noisily for roosting branches. Cranes stood like statues at the river's edge.

Little streams opened into the marshland and thrust sandbars into the river, and our pilot, knowing each one, turned wide to avoid them. It was the low-water season, the pilot said, and a time when a boatman must be at his best. A good boatman, he said, feels the river; he knows when a snag or a bar is coming along. He knows because something tells him it is there. This is a river sense that belongs only to river people. The fisherman has it too, he said. He knows where the fish are not because of what the books say, but because of something that has been handed down to him through birth, like a strong back or blue eyes.

The village of St. George stands near the end of the river. We saw the spire of its Orthodox church first, rising only a little above the willows, and then the lovely reed-thatched houses of white and pink and lavender. A small channel carried us a couple of hundred yards into the very heart of the village, the public square, and suddenly from the solitude of the river into a busy,

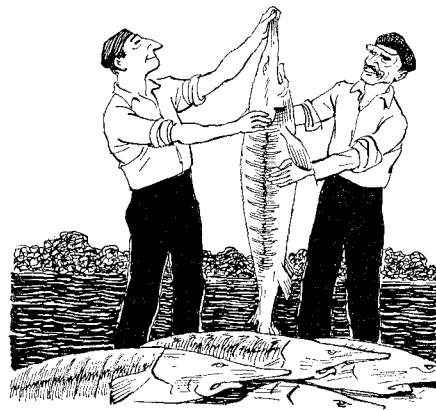
sound-filled community. We threw a line ashore, and a soldier, rifle hung stock up on his shoulder, made it fast to a log and then stood at the water's edge to inquire about us. A small army of ducks trotted between the soldier and our craft, all talking to each other. The soldier gave up trying to make us hear him and waited for them to pass, some of them treading on his boots, before he continued his questioning.

There were formalities about my visit, and Mike and the tug's captain went ashore to complete them. I sat at the bow of the boat waiting for them, looking down at the village. Not since I lived in China, many years ago, have I felt the charm and vitality of village life as I did here on the Danube. In a nearby field, the play of a soccer game was coming to an end; the frantic shouts of the small standing crowd and the last of the day's sun spreading the red and blue of the players' uniforms into a blaze of color predominated the scene. Below me on the beach were two of the great canoe-like boats which men of the Danube have used for centuries. They were piled to the gunwales with watermelons and were being unloaded. The melons were tossed from hand to hand along lines of men and women, boys and girls, amid talk and laughter and song, and finally ended up in an ox-drawn wagon. The machinelike efficiency often broke down, however, when an unusually fine melon or an unfortunate oddity came along. Then this was examined and appraised or laughed about as it went down the line.

Nearby, a man worked alone on his boat. It had been beached and turned bottom up, and he was driving cotton into its seams with a mallet while geese and ducks worked around his feet and he watched carefully where he stepped. Lines of women and girls came down from the houses carrying buckets on yokes. They kicked off their shoes and waded into the water. Then, with the buckets still on the yokes, they touched the water with the bottom of one bucket, deftly setting up circles of ripples which floated away the scum. Then they quickly filled their buckets and strode off, swinging their loads.

The day's laundry, hung on whatever was available, was now dry, and the housewives were gathering

it while others stooped over the water washing vegetables for the evening meal. Just below me two men passed with shotguns on their shoulders and game birds dangling bloodily from their hips. Fishermen who have had a good catch, and hunters too, like to travel through the heart of a village on their way home, and when they do they have a special way of walking.



Some boys came over to the boat to look. They talked in Russian, and when they learned that I was an American, they drew a small crowd. Americans had not been there before, they said, and someone brought me a watermelon and another beer, as gifts.

Mike and the captain returned, and we all went ashore. It was dusk, and many of the villagers were now parading back and forth in their dress-up clothes. Some were eating ice-cream cones or smoking as they sauntered. Some were sitting around little tables in the street drinking beer from bottles. Children ran in and out playing their games, and the adults moved aside for them as they would for the ducks. The language I heard most was Russian, for the village descends from Russian origin, and some of the drinking songs were Russian too.

On the way back to the boat we passed a small group approaching a church. They were all carrying candles, cupping them against the wind, and when they reached the front of the church they crossed themselves and knelt before a large glass-covered icon which stood before the church. Then each planted his candle in the sand near it and went away.

The church bells rang long that night after we stretched out on the tug's deck, and I fell asleep to the pleasant murmur of voices and laughter and bells that made up the

sounds of that summer night on the river.

The next morning we went down to the mouth of the Danube and went ashore on the white delta sand where men sang as they dug their heels in and pulled their nets ashore. And each time their nets were full and they poured the silver fish into their half-beached boats, they raised their voices. Now and again I had an impulse to reach into the glistening catch and pull out an especial beauty and hold it up and exclaim over it. But someone among the fishermen always saw it first and beat me to it and exclaimed himself.

Later, when the boats were unloading sturgeon on the river dock, I saw the quest at its most exciting moment: each great fish, some weighing 600 or even 700 pounds, came ashore as men pulled and called in cadence. Then they stopped, and all watched as the prehistoric monster with its shelled outer spine was slit open. Sometimes it was empty of roe, and the men quickly turned their eyes to the next one. But often a great sack of the silvery black eggs — caviar — came into view, and there was a cacophony of cries, appraisals, and congratulations, as though these men were all new at the job and seeing for the first time how lavishly a fish could repay their labors.

When we returned to Tulcea, I was put aboard the *Libertates* for the night. I could see from its lines that it had once been a grand yacht. But now it was a floating hostel and restaurant and lay alongside the quay hung with colored lights. When I was shown to my room by the *maîtresse d'hôtel*, I exclaimed over its lavishness and its size, and especially over the hugeness of the bed. "It's the biggest bed I have ever seen!" I said. "Me too," she replied. "It is because you and I are not used to seeing a king's bed. This was King Carol's yacht, and this was his room. And you are to sleep tonight in his bed. It is not what we in Romania think of as a privilege. We call it only an experience."

We had breakfast the next morning sitting on the afterdeck, looking down upon the river over which so much traffic was moving and along which so much history had traveled. And in that mood, it seemed to me that it was indeed an experience to have spent my last night on the river in a king's bed.



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they shall have music



MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

It was a Scottish politician and patriot named Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun who first gave currency to the sentiment that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." Fletcher of Saltoun died in 1716, predeceasing by some years the advent of the Beatles, the Animals, the Beachboys, the Cliff Dwellers, and various other modern ballad makers, who could conceivably have given him second thoughts on the matter.

Consideration of Andrew Fletcher's aphorism at this late date is prompted by the recent issuance of a number of records devoted to exponents of national styles and specialties in popular song. The eighteenth-century Scotsman, a much traveled man for his time, could hardly have anticipated that a Maurice Chevalier would someday convey to millions of listeners the gaiety of Paris in a song, or that a Richard Tauber would do as much for the sentimentality of Vienna, or that a Huddie Ledbetter would give voice before the world to the anguish and humor of the American Southern Negro. Whatever the differences in language, technique, and outlook that separate such performers, these three

share an ability to give popular songs the substance that enables them to survive from one generation to the next.

Chevalier is a particular case in point, because although he is still active and singing at the age of seventy-six, increasing attention is being paid by record companies to the product of his vintage years in Paris—the twenties and thirties. A new generation has grown up which knows him only as the benign gaffer who specializes in such ditties as "I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More" and "Thank Heaven for Little Girls." But travelers accustomed to returning from Europe with old Chevalier 78 rpm records tucked under their arms will be happy to know that eleven of the ancient Chevalier classics have been reissued on a Capitol LP entitled *The Young Chevalier* (T-10360). Actually, Chevalier was close to fifty when these recordings were made, so the "young" is purely relative. Nevertheless, his élan was never brighter; the songs are a fine blend of hopefulness and irony, skepticism and cheer. Included are such choice numbers as "*Ma Pomme*," "*Mimile*," "*Ça c'est passé un dimanche*," and "*Quand un vicomte*," a song which takes note of the curious fact that

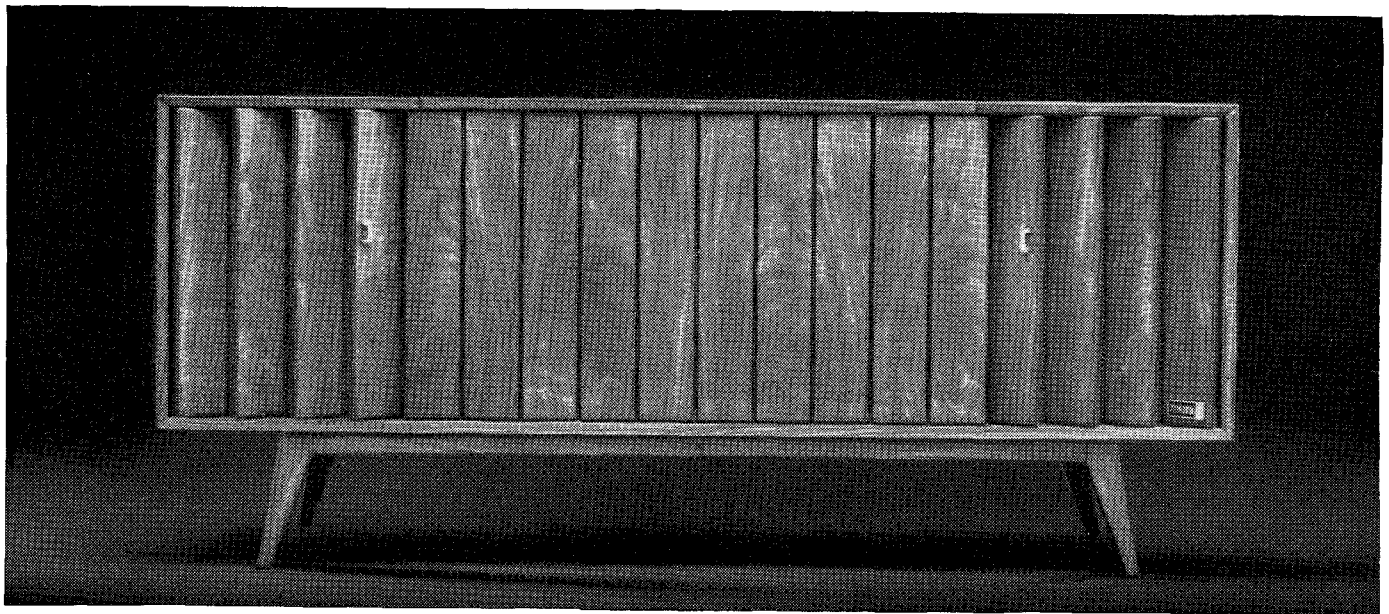
when one viscount meets another the talk is of viscounts, and when one policeman meets another they discuss other policemen, and so on to the end of mankind.

But for at least one listener, the prize of the record is a song called "*Ça fait d'excellents français*," which as far as can be determined, is making its first appearance on LP. The pre-World War II number goes over a French Army unit rank by rank, trade by trade, ailment by ailment, and political affiliation by political affiliation, and arrives at a conclusion no more startling than that everyone from the colonel down to the private *deuxième classe* is a good Frenchman. Of such slight, yet durable material are the songs of Chevalier made.

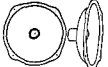
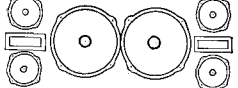
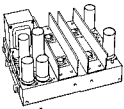
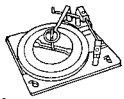
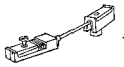
Chevalier selections that are more recent in origin are offered on a MGM release (SE-4205, stereo; 1-4205, monaural), which includes such songs as "April in Paris," "You Made Me Love You," "September Song," "Valentine," and other songs almost entirely in English. Songs like these, even when they are aimed so obviously at the American market, are always welcome, for whatever Chevalier does is marked with his own flair and panache. But what is really needed is a sustained effort to systematize on LP records such songs as "*Prosper*," "*Quai de Bercy*," "*Folies-Bergère*," "*La chanson du maçon*," "*Une pipe sur le piano*," and many others—to create, in other words, a kind of Code Maurice in records to go along with the Code Napoléon in law.

Richard Tauber, who died in 1948, was a singer of a different background from Chevalier's, but he was equally inimitable, and he commanded the same kind of affection. Tauber, who was born in Linz, became the embodiment of the Viennese tenor. He had a voice and temperament that could meet the demands of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* and Schubert's *Winterreise*, but audiences gave him their adulation principally for his singing of Viennese operetta and German light music, just as the loved John McCormack more for "Mother Machree" than for "*Il mio tesoro*."

A new Tauber collection (Capitol T-10369) includes twenty-one German songs that are as unshakable in their sentimentality as Chevalier's French songs are in their jauntiness. Such numbers as "*Du, du liegst mir in*



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The quality goes in before the name goes on

Herzen," "Ach, wie ist's möglich dann," and "Der Mai ist gekommen" are traditional in origin and unpretentious in words and music. But when they are sung by an artist who can bring to them both beauty of voice and a sense of conviction, they become not only agreeable but affecting. The sound of these old recordings is faded, just like, one cannot help thinking, the colors of a pressed flower. But they are deeply enjoyable nonetheless.

A sampling of the kind of popular songs that might have been heard in the America of two hundred years ago is given on a record called *Songs From a Colonial Tavern* (Decca DL-74546, stereo; DL-4546, monaural). The tavern designation can be taken quite literally, for Tayler Vrooman, the singer, has been performing these songs in the restored taverns of colonial Williamsburg, in Virginia. Mr. Vrooman, who accompanies himself on a six-stringed lute, has delved into eighteenth-century songbooks to discover what was being sung in Britain and the colonies two centuries ago, and he has come up with a goodly number of ballads, catches, and love songs. Among them are "Lilliburlero," beloved of Uncle Toby in *Tristram Shandy*, "The Jovial Beggars," "From Good Liquor Ne'er Shrink," "I Married a Wife of Late," and many others. Occasionally Mr. Vrooman is joined by Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Marvin Hayes, bass.

As a ballad singer, Mr. Vrooman is straightforward and robust, with not much variety or subtlety to his style. But the songs are lusty and gusty, and they come across with all their vigor and juiciness. If this record represents a fair cross section of tavern singing as it used to be, both the art and the repertory have sadly declined in our days.

American folk music has had few figures as commanding as Huddie Ledbetter, a six-foot-tall Negro known as Leadbelly. He learned many of his songs in the various Southern prisons in which he spent a good deal of his younger days, and he sang in a jazz and blues idiom that was partly traceable to his association with jazz musicians. He is credited with being the composer of "Good Night, Irene," an accomplishment which alone entitles him to some small niche in American musical history.

Leadbelly, who died in 1949, came

along too early to cash in on the vast upsurge of interest in folk music of the last ten years, but he left an extensive legacy of recordings. Many of these have long been available, but now RCA Victor has dug into its files to reissue some of the earliest Leadbelly recordings, including "Easy Rider," "Good Morning Blues," "Rock Island Line," and "The Midnight Special" (LPV-505).

In all these songs Leadbelly accompanies himself on the twelve-string guitar, an instrument he played with phenomenal strength and agility. His zest and his innate musicality are unmistakable, though at times he is rather difficult to understand: rhythm, not diction, was Leadbelly's strong point. But the message gets across quite plainly.

"Good Night, Irene" is not included on the Victor reissue, but it happens to be among the songs on a Leadbelly record coincidentally released on the Allegro label (LEG-9025). These, too, are early Leadbelly songs, most of them originally issued by Musicraft in 1939. To hear Leadbelly himself sing "Good Night, Irene" is an adventure in authenticity that is worth experiencing.

A spoken as well as a musical tribute to Leadbelly is incorporated in a new Pete Seeger collection, recorded live at the Village Gate nightclub in New York and released by Disc Records, a subsidiary of Folkways (DS-1101). A nightclub is far from an ideal recording site, especially a nightclub as noisy as this, but the record offers unusually good repertory: "Good Night, Irene," "This Land Is Your Land," "Reuben James," "Old Dan Tucker," and "Big Rock Candy Mountain," with its entrancing vision of the hobo's paradise:

In the Big Rock Candy Mountains
The cops have wooden legs,
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth,
The hens lay soft-boiled eggs. . . .

Seeger performs with ease and assurance and succeeds in turning the performance into a kind of community sing, in which the home listener may or may not feel impelled to join.

Finally, a small independent company called Spire Records, whose product is distributed by the World Library of Sacred Music, 1846 Westwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, has put out a record of a work that is remarkable for its originality and imaginativeness. It is called *An American Mass Program*, and it is a

novel setting of the Roman Catholic Mass in a folk idiom written and sung by the Reverend Clarence Joseph Rivers, in whose church (St. Joseph's, Cincinnati) it was recorded.

An American Mass Program is sung in English, and its music is an astonishingly successful combination of two seemingly disparate styles, Gregorian chant and Negro spiritual. To hear the rise and fall of a plain-song line suddenly colored by a blues note or a gentle syncopation is a startling but not unpleasing experience. Father Rivers has achieved a score that moves with a natural and easy flow of melody; he has even found a fresh, unassuming, and appropriate setting for the Lord's Prayer. He sings his Mass in a warm and sensitive voice that he uses with skill and inherent musicianship. His English is clear and distinct. And the voices of his congregation blend beautifully with his own from the opening Introit — here called "Entrance Song" — to the closing setting of the Twenty-third Psalm. *An American Mass Program* puts to shame many a more pretentious record of religious music, and points toward a new avenue that "popular" music — here meaning music of the people — might fruitfully explore.

Record Reviews

Charpentier: Te Deum; Magnificat

Louis-Martini conducting Chorale des Jeunesses Musicales de France and Orchestre Jean-François Paillard, with Martha Angelici and Jocelyn Chamonin, sopranos; André Mallabrera, countertenor; Remy Corazza, tenor; Georges Abdoun, baritone; Jacques Mars, bass; Maurice André, trumpeter; and Marie-Claire Alain, organist; Vanguard BGS-70663 (stereo) and BG-663

Marc-Antoine Charpentier lived a busy and fruitful creative life on the fringes of the court of King Louis XIV, writing masses, motets, psalms, and other sacred works by the hundreds; for his pains he is sometimes confused nowadays with the composer of *Louise*. However, Marc-Antoine is being gradually rediscovered through records, if not through concert performances. His *Te Deum*, a brilliant and soaring work, was first released by the old



Listen to the November Angels

For this month, Angel Records offer seven new albums featuring artists and performances of uncompromising quality. All will be available the week of November 9.

Humperdinck: *Hansel and Gretel*. The delightful, melodic opera that was written as a Christmas present for children in 1893 — and that adults have been enjoying ever since. Soloists, The Vienna Boys' Choir, and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens.

Wagner: Highlights from *The Flying Dutchman*. A shattering performance of the opera in which Wagner pioneered his great musical idea — the *Leitmotiv*. Fischer-Dieskau, Frick, Wunderlich, Schech, Wagner, Schock and the Chorus and Orchestra of the German State Opera of Berlin.

Britten: *Four Sea Interludes*, Op. 33A (from "*Peter Grimes*") and *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Purcell*, Op. 34. The Sea — with its mystery, its splendor, its ferocity, its romance — as captured by England's greatest living composer; and his universally-popular "*Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*." The Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini.

Mozart: *Symphony No. 31 in D Major*, K.297 ("*Paris*"), and *Symphony No. 34 in C Major*, K.338. Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra continue their brilliant interpretations of Mozart symphonies.

Debussy: *Jeux — Poème Dansé* and *Images for Orchestra* (*Gigues, Ibéria, Rondes de printemps*). Two richly painted orchestral works, with all the elusive loveliness, supple rhythms, and sensuous shadings that are so typical of this genius of

musical impressionism. The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens.

The Young Gigli. One of the great tenors of all time, singing 17 arias with liquid grace and bell-like clarity. (A Great Recordings of the Century album, in mono only.)

Domenico Scarlatti *Sonatas*, Volume 2. Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist "at the absolute peak of her powers . . . her brilliance in the fast sonatas simply has to be heard to be believed." (*High Fidelity*) (A Great Recording of the Century album, in mono only.)

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Haydn Society some ten years ago — a recording which did much to awaken American listeners not only to the genius of Charpentier but to the glory of the whole school of Versailles composers. Now Vanguard has undertaken to make an up-to-date recording of the same work, with stereo enhancing its spaciousness and grandeur. The array of vocal and instrumental forces is first class, with the festive mood (Charpentier was one of the most unsomber church composers who ever lived) established at the outset by some dazzling trumpet playing by Maurice André. The *Magnificat* on the reverse is a more subdued but scarcely less worthy expression of the joys of faith.

Mahler: Symphony No. 8 in E-flat, "Symphony of a Thousand"

Maurice Abravanel conducting Utah Symphony Orchestra and University of Utah Choruses, with Jeannine Crader, Lynn Owen, and Blanche Christensen, sopranos; Nancy Williams and Marlena Kleinman, altos; Stanley Kolk, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Malcolm Smith, bass; and Alexander Schreiner, organist; Vanguard VSD-71120/1 (stereo) and VRS-1120/1: two records

Always excepting the celestial choirs, which presumably await us all at the end, Mahler's Eighth Symphony calls for the largest massing of musical forces most people are likely ever to confront. It demands eight vocal soloists, three separate choirs (two of men and women, the other of boys), various solo instruments (including mandolin), an organist, an offstage brass section, and, of course, an over-size orchestra. Mahler's aim was to convey an apocalyptic vision, and he chose for his texts the medieval Latin hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* and the final scene of Goethe's *Faust*, Faust's ascent to heaven. In assembling its forces for this recording, Vanguard acknowledges that it fell somewhat short of the "Thousand" in the traditional title. But it does claim the participation of nearly nine hundred performers, vocal and instrumental, with no fewer than sixteen microphones employed to pick up their tones. Curiously, in many passages there is an impression of serenity, if not intimacy, that one does not associate with so vast an assemblage or so massive a hymn. Far from being a musical mob scene, Mahler's *Symphony of a Thousand* turns out, under Mr. Abrava-

nel's sensitive control, to be an exalting experience. Does it produce, in stereo, the same effect as at an actual concert-hall performance? Perhaps not; there are limits to what even sixteen microphones can enregister. But the score's musical and spiritual impact are unmistakable and seem unlikely to be re-created soon on records.

Nicolai: The Merry Wives of Windsor (excerpts)

Robert Heger conducting Bavarian State Opera Orchestra and Chorus, with Gottlob Frick, bass; Ruth-Margret Pütz and Edith Mathis, sopranos; Gisela Litz, mezzo-soprano; Fritz Wunderlich, tenor; and Ernst Gutstein, baritone; Angel S-36149 (stereo) and 36149

Otto Nicolai once wrote: "German opera contains plenty of philosophy, but not enough music. Italian opera, on the other hand, contains plenty of music but no philosophy." In *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor* he undertook to reconcile the two styles, using the same Shakespearean plot that Giuseppe Verdi, a 100 percent Italian, was to take up fifty years later — for his *Falstaff*. Nicolai's score lacks the subtlety and quicksilver quality of Verdi's, but is nonetheless rollicking and lusty — qualities not inappropriate to the Fat Knight. These spiritedly sung excerpts abound in musical geniality and gaiety, especially when Mistresses Ford and Page are indignantly comparing identical love letters and when Falstaff and Ford are joined in a rousing "buffo-duet," to use Nicolai's own description. Gottlob Frick, best known in this country as a saturnine-voiced Wagnerian villain, turns out to be a musically agile comedian, and his lady friends are never less than charming. The Overture is as dazzling as ever, with conductor Robert Heger finding a delicious pre-Johann Strauss lilt in the score, which, after all, dates from 1849.

Gilbert and Sullivan: Utopia Limited (complete)

John Landis conducting Lyric Theater Company of Washington: three records, monaural only (available through direct order at \$11.75 from Lyric Theater Company, Inc., 3029 North Fourth Street, Arlington, Virginia)

Gilbert and Sullivan: Utopia Limited (excerpts) and Trial by Jury (complete)

Isidore Godfrey conducting D'Oyly Carte

Opera Company: London OSA-1155 (stereo) and A-4155

Utopia Limited, the next to the last of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, was regarded by Bernard Shaw, who attended its premiere in 1893, as musically the finest. Nevertheless, it has gone into almost total obscurity, from which two recordings now seek to rescue it. One is by the Lyric Theater Company of Washington, a community group which has presented it successfully on the stage; the other is by the D'Oyly Carte troupe of London, which no longer has the work in its active repertory. One can admire the enterprise and energy of the young Washingtonians, who perform the work complete; but at the same time one wishes they possessed the skilled professionalism of the D'Oyly Carte company, which performs only five excerpts as a second-side filler for *Trial by Jury*. The Lyric Theater recording, including dialogue as well as songs, makes it clear that *Utopia Limited*, a cheerful tale of a South Sea monarch's attempt to adapt his island paradise to the British way of life, is major Gilbert and Sullivan — or at least major Sullivan — with an intricate and imaginative opening chorus, a melting love duet, a satiric aria about tenors, and a clever chorus in the style of a Christy Minstrel show. The combined effect of both recordings is to convince the listener that *Utopia* merits speedy restoration to the active roster of Savoy operas.

Red Army Ensemble, Volume 3

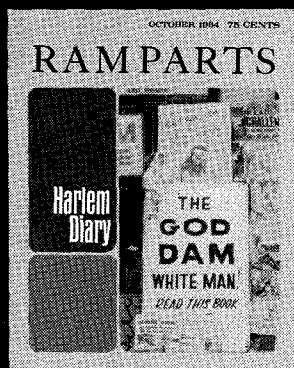
Colonel Boris Alexandrov directing Red Army Ensemble; Angel S-36206 (stereo) and 36206

Devotees of Russian choral singing, which is like no other in the world, should find rousing listening in this latest collection of Red Army songs, resoundingly recorded during a visit to Paris. Perhaps it was in recognition of their surroundings that this powerful group of singers and instrumentalists decided to record *La Marseillaise*, and in French at that. In any event, the sweep and surge of the performance leave no doubt that the Red Army choristers know a revolutionary song when they sing one. The rest of the record is made up of Russian songs, both folk and patriotic. The Soviet National Hymn follows *La Marseillaise* and sounds relatively tame, as most national anthems do.

"the Communist Party is a white man's party..."

—HARLEM DIARY, RAMPARTS, Oct., 1964

A raging Negro report on the Harlem riots, looking out at a hostile white world.

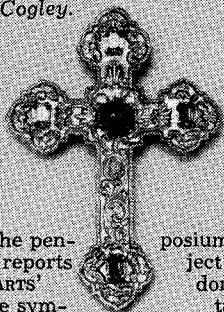


RAMPARTS flays clerical tyranny in Los Angeles, where Cardinal McIntyre won't allow his priests to preach against racism.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS



The Catholic Church and the JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY by John Cogley.



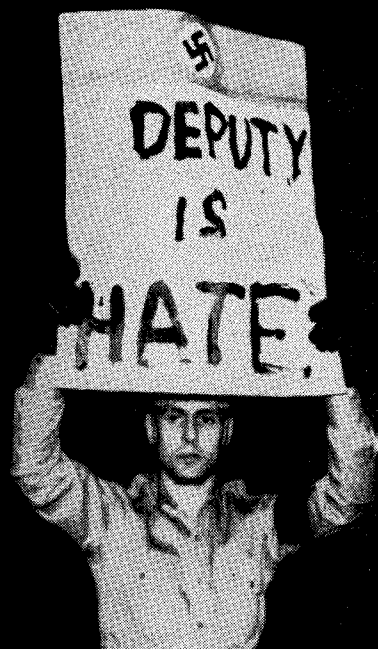
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"You are automatically excommunicated!"—letter from a Catholic housewife.

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Edward M. Keating



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THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WE WERE speaking of editors, and one of us, as old as the century, opined that of all the distinguished editors of our time, the hardest to replace had been Harold Ross of the *New Yorker*. To this I agreed, for certainly I have never known one of greater daring nor one who followed his instincts with surer success. As the talk went on, it led me to reflect on the ripeness of a man for his opportunity. When Frank Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair*, a gay showcase of the 1920s, began to fade, and when the spark had flickered out of the old *Life*, the stage was set for the entrance of a periodical which would be witty, urbane, and fastidious — and how delightfully Ross seized that opportunity!

Timeliness is the elixir of publishing. S. S. McClure, with his great team of muckrakers headed by Lincoln Steffens and Ida Tarbell, was as timely as T.R.'s trust-busting. When Briton Hadden and Henry Luce brought out the first issue of *Time*, they surprised and then enlarged the need for a scrutinizing, informative, biographic journalism which no one had so skillfully diagnosed before. And when DeWitt and Lila Wallace projected the *Reader's Digest*, it was with the quiet confidence that American ideas and homely philosophy in an abbreviated, simplified form would be relished by a mass audience which had never yet been regularly fed by any magazine. At the end of World War II, as we entered the atomic age, it was the prescience of a brilliant editor, Gerard Piel, which revived the *Scientific American* and made it the source of light which it is today.

The tragedy is that so few magazines can be handed on, so many of them perish with their original editor. Henry Mencken, with his magnificent prejudices and gusty encouragement, could keep the *American Mercury* going for hardly a decade, and Cyril Connolly, who had made *Horizon* into the best of the English reviews, also closed shop after ten years. Salty and quixotic

as he was, Albert Jay Nock could not keep the *Freeman* alive for half that time. Magazines fail for a variety of reasons: because they have been edited too exclusively for one generation and have too little in common with the next; because they have kept an aging editor too long at his post (watch yourself, men), as was the case with *Scribner's*; because they no longer feel the pulse of their public — for example, the *Literary Digest*; because their readers have outgrown them, as happened to that darling of my youth, *St. Nicholas*; or because, like *Collier's*, they have muddied their identity in the ruck of competition. Every periodical strives to be pre-eminent and different, and when the public no longer values this difference, as happened to *Century*, *Forum*, and the *Bookman* — and half a hundred others — the days are numbered. Such obsolescence explains why in the English-speaking world the magazines which have been published in character and without a break for more than a century can be numbered on the fingers of one hand: in Britain one thinks of *Punch* and *Blackwood's*, in the United States of the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*.

EDITORS WHO WRITE

Of the four men who have edited *Harper's* since World War I the ablest were Frederick Lewis Allen, who held the post from 1941 to 1953, and his successor, John Fischer. From the time I was in college Fred Allen was my mentor, and the fact that we became rivals in later life can be attributed in no small part to the example he set and the training he gave me. He had what I should define as the perfect editorial temperament: unflagging curiosity, an eagerness that led his contributors to outdo themselves, an affectionate sense of humor, and a right-mindedness that guided his choice of material and his choice of English. He believed passionately in the mission

The Peripatetic Advertiser

Some authors speak for themselves, others are spoken for — comparisons are invidious and with this opening *The Peripatetic Advertiser* can be thought to have insulted with one blow two of its most respected authors, but read further.



Some writers get nothing but fan mail. Quintuple-threat John Kieran gets fan mail as a naturalist, a scholar, a sportswriter, a panelist and an old friend of some of the most articulate people reading today. The cautionary title of his newest book, **Not Under Oath** (\$5.00), is an understatement for a testament to a happy man's enjoyment of living. Or as his fans say it: —

"John Kieran is an absolute love." — BEATRICE LILLIE

"John Kieran knows more things I would like to know than anyone I know. His warm human touch in revealing these things to others is a precious gift." — RUSSEL CROUSE

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". . . gives one an appetite for more." — PAUL GALLICO

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"Should be a prize in every one's library — as it will be in mine." C. W. NIMITZ, Fleet Admiral, U.S.N.

"The richness of John's mind and personality is on every page, and his impish sense of fun too. If there is such a thing as the perfect book of memoirs, this is it." — HAL BORLAND



"It is great stuff, by a great boy." — FRANK SULLIVAN

"A gem of autobiography, a delight from beginning to end. Not an orderly year-by-year journal but a fine mixture of friendships, fun, sports stories, nature writing, light verse, opinions on grammar, politics, and city-versus-country, and anecdotes, what anecdotes! As a spinner of tales (about things that really happened, especially on 'Information Please'), Kieran is an expert, as he is in so many other fields, too. An ideal Christmas present . . ." — *Publishers' Weekly*

". . . a warm and friendly, crowded life story lived on many fronts — up to now. The eloquence of zestful participation is on every page. A man's man

is writing with the understanding and generosity that has taken him with eyes open and ears listening up the high road of at least five careers. Reading here with delight, I know why and indeed how John Kieran has inspired love in so many fine men and women. . . . You simply must not miss this one."

— DANIEL POLING, *Christian Herald*

". . . a delightful book. To be good at games, fond of watching birds, and to have had a youth in or near New York City, what a dowry for a happy youth, and his readers." — JOHN MASEFIELD



Serendipity note: — it may not be obvious from this title, **You, Me and the Animal World** (\$3.50), but Martin Wells, grandson of H. G. and Cambridge don is going to find himself at the center of a cult as soon as people begin to read, "when we moved into our present house, I found there were snails in the garden, and this pleased me. Our last place only had slugs, and I have somehow never really managed to work up much enthusiasm for slugs. But snails are homely and cheerful in an unobtrusive sort of way, which makes a pleasant change from the melancholy ferocity of so many other garden creatures. Carabid beetles, ladybird larvae, centipedes and spiders are, by and large, beneficial; but they go about their business of doing good in



a spirit of vindictive puritanism which makes them rather unlovable. Snails, by contrast, have no pretensions to virtue, but because they crawl slowly about doing wrong in an amiable and slightly guilty way one is almost inclined to forgive them. A snail, surprised among the lettuces, will drop to the ground, bubbling protests and covering its head in confusion. It doesn't even attempt to escape, and when I pick it out of the vegetables and throw it across the garden I hope at the same time that it will land on something soft . . . and take a long time to crawl back. I prefer to forget the fact that it will probably be very hungry indeed when it gets there."

"There are, of course, more respected reasons for being decent to snails. Both gastronomic and zoological. I don't destroy the snails in my garden, other than by clearing away the undergrowth and letting them take their chance with the thrushes, partly on the grounds that they might come in useful for a dinner-party one of these days.

For *Helix aspersa*, the common (in garden) snail, is quite as edible as the gastronome's *H. Pomatia*. You just need rather more of them."



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

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of this country, and that it would never turn back, and this liberal yet critical spirit of his shines in the best of his books, notably in *Only Yesterday*. Few editors have the time or ability to write — Ross of the *New Yorker* couldn't write worth a fig — but Fred took time off without pay to do his and came back to the sanctum refreshed by the exercise.

One of the features in *Harper's* which we have envied is the Editor's Easy Chair, a distillation of candor, criticism, and pleasantry which, oddly enough, was usually written not by the editor but by a hired hand. All through Allen's editorship the late Bernard DeVoto used the chair for his pungent, upbraiding defense of the causes that were dear to him, such as conservation. Penetrating social criticism, provocative enough to arouse the reader, is always a rare commodity, and when DeVoto died, there was no successor in sight. So the new editor, JOHN FISCHER, filled in and has continued to do so to the present. How well will be seen in his new book, **THE STUPIDITY PROBLEM and other Harassments: Field Notes on American Myths, Manners, Money, Writers, Rules & Nonsexual Behavior** (Harper & Row, \$4.95).

A poll would show that Jack Fischer's copy is the first thing male readers of *Harper's* turn to in a new issue, for what he says and the way he says it. His spectrum of interest is astonishingly wide, and instead of hitting one over the head with a sockful of information, he entices the reader to come in and enjoy his confidence. His style is clear, his dry wit exhilarating, and he has a heaven-sent gift for exposing what is ludicrous in American behavior. His papers are segregated into four assortments: Unfinished Business, The Writer's Trade, Politician Watching, and Legends; whether he is throwing fresh light on birth control, or nominating, with good reasons, James Gould Cozzens for a Nobel Prize, or explaining, with due deference to English teachers, Why Nobody Can't Write Good, or nailing down the alarmingly large subsidies that go to the big farmers, or setting up a fund to examine the "nonsexual behavior of the human female," this is quizzical common sense in the tradition of Mark Twain.

DELUSION IN THE MAGNOLIAS

Probably the bravest book of the year is **MISSISSIPPI: THE CLOSED SOCIETY** by JAMES W. SILVER of the University of Mississippi (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.75). A native of Rochester, New York, he has lived in the South since he was twelve; he was educated in the public schools of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, and at Vanderbilt, where he took his doctorate; and he has been

a member of the faculty of Ole Miss and its foremost historian since 1936. Across the years his has been a moderating and creative influence on campus. He has been an inspired teacher whom other universities have tried to tempt away; a man who has shared his friendships, such as that with William Faulkner, with the students; a reader who helped to establish the browsing room in memory of David L. Cohn; and a conciliator who has expressed his temperate philosophy at the cost of whatever abuse.

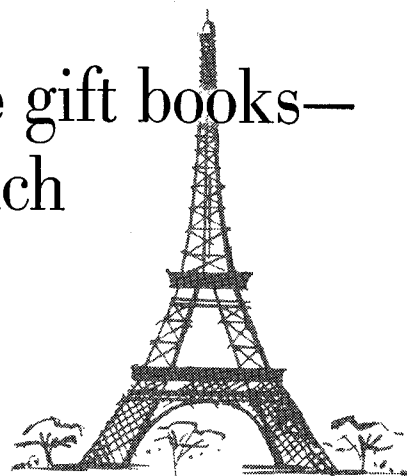
Jim Silver is uniquely qualified to explain, as he does in this book, how the Civil War, which was fought in part to free the way for civil rights, was lost in Mississippi after the Reconstruction, and how the delusion of white supremacy took hold of even the most cultivated minds and grew into an obsession. Mississippians, he tells us, have long since forgotten that they were Americans before they were Southerners. Through poll taxes, residence, registration, literacy tests, and the so-called white primary, the Negro was effectually eliminated from participation in politics, and for going on ninety years the state has quietly and grimly nullified the Constitution. Even as sensitive and highly intelligent a Mississippian as William Alexander Percy "would be able to look back on ballot thievery with moral satisfaction, as a necessity." So closed is the society, he concludes, that "in 1964 Mississippi is the only state . . . where voter registration drives have brought meager results, and where even the U.S. Department of Justice has been largely baffled."

The first half of his book is an amplification of an address which he bravely delivered as the president of the Southern Historical Association. In the second half he reprints letters of verification which he wrote to various friends immediately following the insurrection on the campus of September 30, 1962, unimpeachable evidence of how that rioting was sparked. It is difficult for the great majority of Americans to sympathize with Mississippi, but it is highly important that we understand the reasoning of its "closed society" and what hope there may be for a reformation.

CHARLES THE STUBBORN

On November 20, 1648, Cromwell and his officers laid before the House of Commons their demand that King Charles I be brought to trial. Ten weeks later, on January 30, his head was struck off in the open street outside his own Banqueting House of Whitehall. The events of that fateful span, the unprecedented costs which the Commissioners followed in trying their King, the confrontation of the strong men and the caution of the weak, the courageous behavior of the

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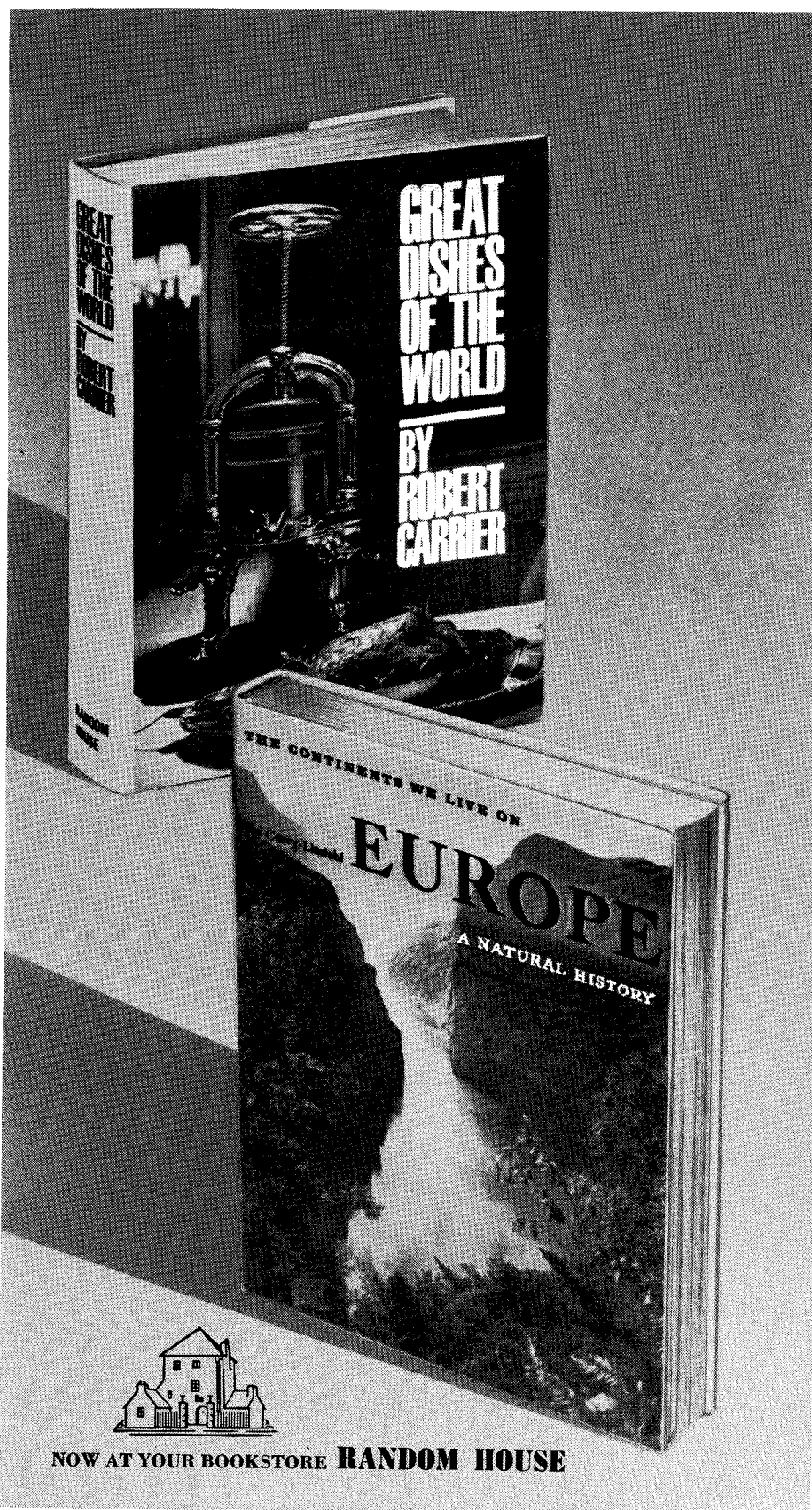
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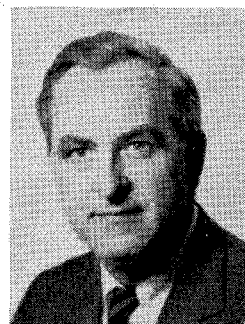
King, the ruthlessness of Cromwell, and the reaction of the Londoners form the tapestry of C. V. WEDGWOOD'S *A COFFIN FOR KING CHARLES* (Macmillan, \$5.95). This is a sequel to her earlier volumes *The King's War* and *The King's Peace*, and in itself is a historical narrative so full of character, so careful in judgment, and so beautifully and at times so powerfully expressed that one reads it with slow and lingering pleasure.

The year 1648 had been a dire one, with much rain, bad harvest, high army taxes, and the country restive and disgruntled by a peace that seemed frail. Charles, a prisoner on the Isle of Wight, had about reached the end of his conspiracies. Believing as he did in the Divine Right of his authority, he could not and would not accept the peace terms which the moderates in Parliament placed upon him while the army was cleaning up in the north. With Cromwell's return, Charles was left with little doubt about what his fate would be, and before the time for his trial was set, it seemed clear that he would sacrifice his life rather than yield.

The planning of the trial in the Painted Chamber of Westminster, and the dramatic way in which it comes to its climax, Miss Wedgwood has described with a vivid sense of participation. Her skill in weighing men's motives and in comparing what the regicides said then to the way they would behave eleven years later, when they would be squirming for their lives, gives this book the inexorable quality of justice, just as the King's parting with his two children and the account which the Princess Elizabeth wrote down after they were separated give the story its recurring note of compassion and pity.

THOSE WHO DEFIED HITLER

A source book for historians and for all students of German psychology, *TERENCE PRITTIE'S GERMANS AGAINST HITLER* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.75) is the true story of the open and underground opposition to Hitler, of the plots entered into by generals, clergy, diplomats, and students as brave as Hans and Sophie Scholl. Mr. Prittie is today the chief diplomatic correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. His firsthand knowledge of the Nazis began in 1932; during the war he four times escaped from German P.O.W. camps, and from 1946 to 1963 he was the *Guardian's* correspondent in Bonn. In that long exposure he uncovered and evaluated the courageous and futile efforts, so often ending in brutal execution, of the tiny minority who dared stand up against Hitler. As a friend of the author and the editor of his books, it is enough that I should recommend this book to those who want to know the bitter truth.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

Ever since Flaubert declared "Madame Bovary is myself," we have come to accept the fact that the novelist's deepest material often comes out of involvement with his own experience. The self-absorption in SAUL BELLOW'S *HERZOG* (Viking, \$5.75) will appear excessive to some readers; indeed, at times the author, out of rage and pain, seems to chafe against the restrictions of the novel form altogether. But Mr. Bellow is so magnificently gifted a writer that he successfully brings off the very difficult feat of turning a single character — his hero — inside out in public. The result is a portrait of the artist as a middle-aged man, mocking and ironic at times but mostly painful and scorching as a live coal.

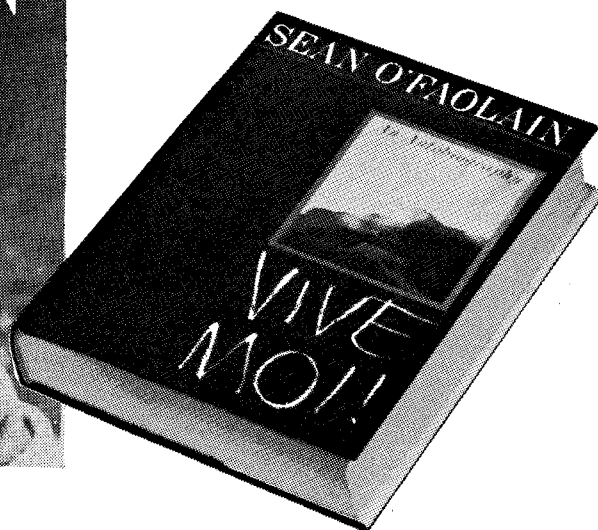
Moses Herzog, who has just seen his second marriage break up in divorce, begins to fear for his own sanity; and as a form of defense, to let off the intolerable pressure, he has taken to writing letters — first to his friends, then to famous personalities in the news, and finally to the great and illustrious dead. From this explosive and inchoate beginning, the story takes form backward. We are led through the unfortunate second marriage with Madeleine, an unbearably theatrical and high-strung woman, who turns her already cuckolded husband out of the house. There are flashes of Herzog's childhood in a Montreal slum: intimate glimpses of Jewish family life at which Mr. Bellow has always excelled but which, to my mind, he has done better now than ever before. At the end there is no rest for the weary hero, as he is about to be taken over by another woman, Ramona, who seems in her own way as balefully masterful as Madeleine. Poor Herzog, it seems, is destined to be a perpetual victim of women.

Mr. Bellow has trained heavy guns on Madeleine. Yet any man who has met the type — and she does exist — will enjoy every drop of acid with which she is drawn. But it is the hero himself who overshadows all the other characters and even his own story. Self-absorbed and self-mocking, Herzog is a web of ambiguities. Though he has played the Don Juan, he is as timidly

SEAN O'FAOLAIN



The celebrated master of the short story now writes exuberantly of his youth and young manhood in Ireland, the United States, and England.



VIVE MOI!

"Every writer is a man with one deaf ear and one blind eye, who is possessed by a demon and unteachable by anybody but himself," says Sean O'Faolain, and this master of the short story should know.

Sean O'Faolain's seeing eye is keen, his listening ear is alert, and his brooding demon is exorcised by the blessed gift of laughter. In this exuberant autobiography, he tells how he found the writer in himself and demonstrates on every page that he taught himself to write with beauty, wisdom, and kindness.

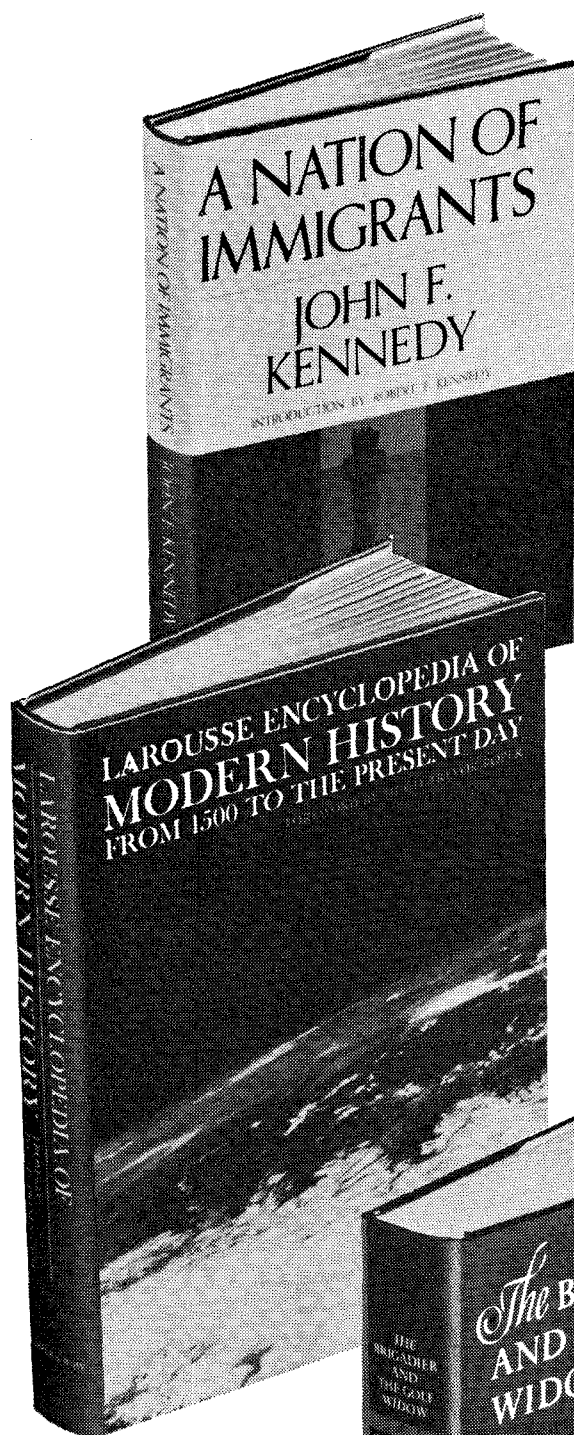
Sean O'Faolain was born in Cork, the son of a policeman and a theatrical landlady, "shabby genteels at the lowest possible social level." The dreamy boy gave way to the rebellious, Gaelic-speaking student, to the travelling salesman in the Irish hinterland, to the pistol-brandishing IRA publicist who, though in danger of his life, could not bear to wound a Black-and-Tan. After college, he moved on to graduate studies at Harvard in 1926. A year later he sent for Eileen, his vividly beautiful sweetheart from home, married her, and took her camping across the country on their honeymoon. The O'Faolains loved America, but...

"We belonged to an old, small, intimate and much-trodden country, where every field, every path, every ruin had its memories, where every last corner had its story. We decided that we could only live in Europe, and in Ireland. The next morning we started on the first leg of the Long Voyage Home."

A long voyage indeed — interrupted by three years in England where Sean O'Faolain's commitment to writing took shape, where he learned his tough professional discipline. Then they went home, to County Wicklow.

"Being a writer I had to — as the spider must spin, and the clouds must drift and fall, and the trees grow and shed and grow again — go on writing, waiting and watching for the appearance, within me, of the theme that leads the writer into his Cave to talk to himself when young — to say: 'This is what you dreamed as a boy.' ... If once the boy within us ceases to speak to the man who enfolds him, the shape of life is broken and there is, literally, no more to be said. I think that if my life has had any shape it is this. I have gone on listening and remembering."

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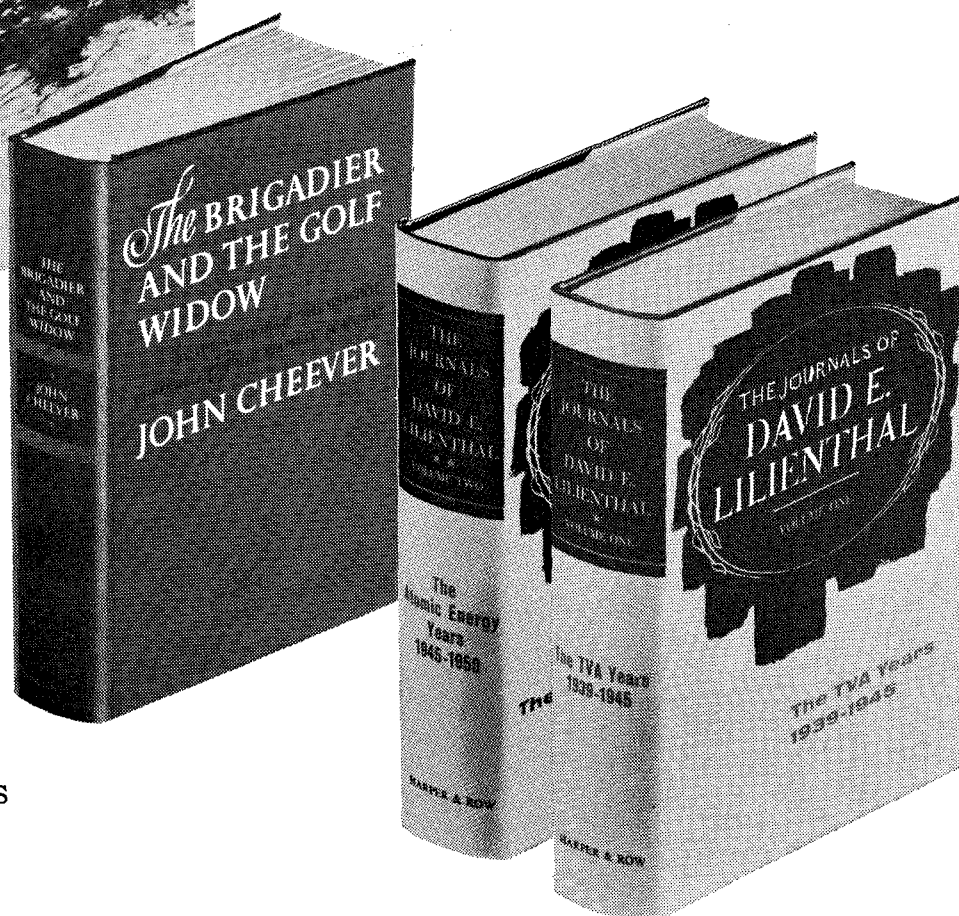


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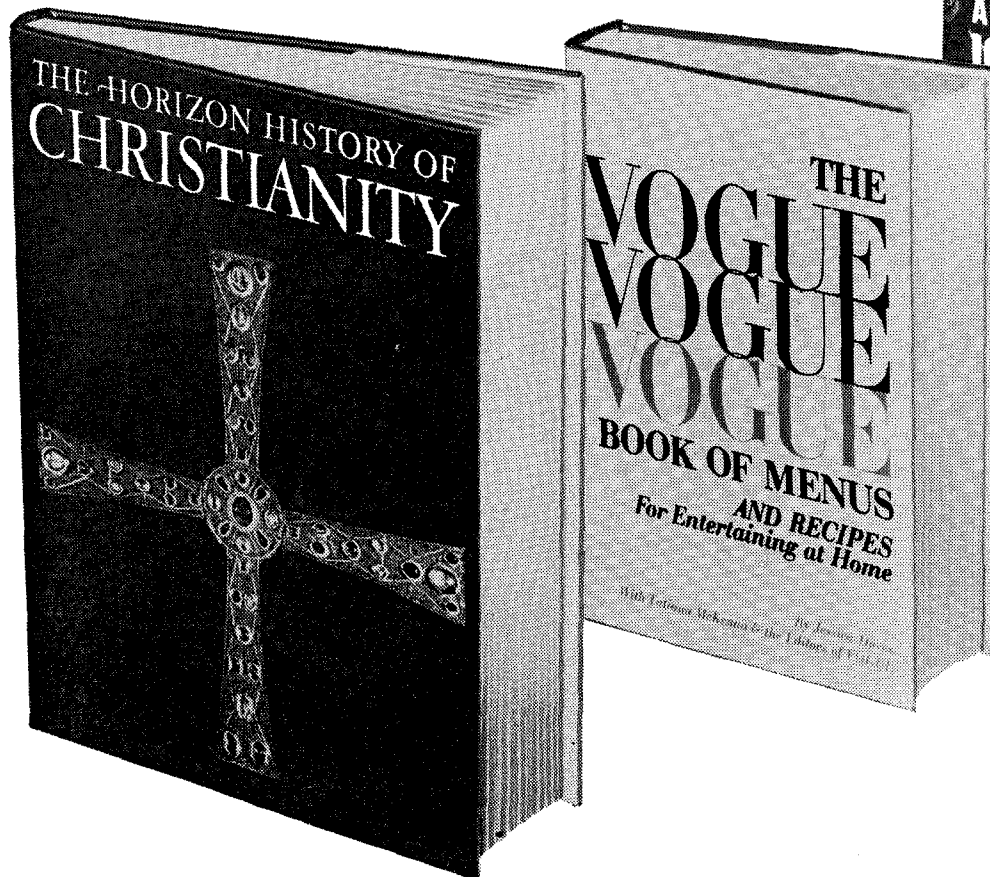
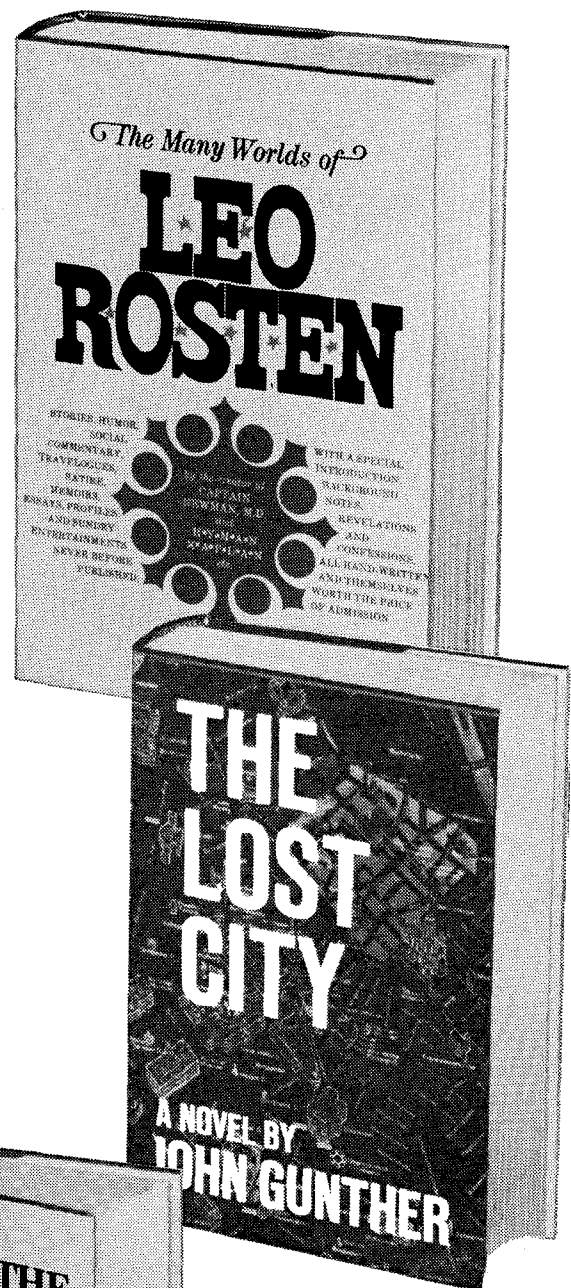


Devotees of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, *Look* magazine, and Captain Newman, M.D. will maintain that the best of all possible worlds is to be found in **THE MANY WORLDS OF L*E*O R*O*S*T*E*N**. This brings together Mr. Rosten's own selection of his best writings, ranging from humor to psychiatry, from sociology to politics, the arts, travel and satire. \$5.95

John Gunther's novel, **THE LOST CITY**, is "a vivid recollection and a fascinating book... It is as if one were reliving those illusory days in Vienna thirty years ago, where charm and grace and beauty could not forever conceal — nor ever confront — the forces which destroyed it." — ADLAI E. STEVENSON. 608 pages. \$5.95

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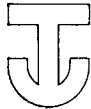


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L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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sensual as Leopold Bloom; he thinks incessantly, but one side of his mind is always jeering at the ideas thrown up by the other; and though thoroughly selfish, he is always offering himself as a victim to help others.

What is most disquieting (and intentionally so) is that the story has no real resolution. The letters which Herzog cannot help writing, whether on paper or in his head, are an excellent device for rendering a mind on the verge of going out of control; but as they go on, they become more lengthy and pedantic, as if Mr. Bellow felt he had to construct some system of ideas to lead him out of the morass. The tags of Marxism from his youth are unsatisfactory, and he scoffs at the currently fashionable slogans of existentialists about suffering and death. Yet this unresolved groping gives the book even more truth as a chronicle of our time, which provides no stable set of values for intellectuals like Herzog. Twenty years ago Mr. Bellow made a splash with his first novel, *Dangling Man*, a memorable portrait of a young man suspended between the two worlds of war and peace. He has returned now, with immensely more verve and power, to the same semi-autobiographical form and even to a similar theme; but this time his hero dangles at the crossroads between vanished youth and advancing age, and in the torment of Herzog's memories, a mind as ruthlessly honest as Mr. Bellow's finds that all the catchphrases of the day are no help, no help at all.

SHAKESPEARE IN MODERN DRESS

It may be some sign of the universality of Shakespeare's genius that among all the things written on him in the quadricentennial year of his birth the most stimulating and creative interpretation has been done not by an English or American critic but by a Pole, JAN KOTT, in *SHAKESPEARE OUR CONTEMPORARY* (Doubleday, \$4.50).

Of course, every age has seen Shakespeare according to its own lights. David Garrick played him in eighteenth-century costumes; for the Romantics in the nineteenth century he became a spokesman for Romanticism. However, Mr. Kott argues, the historical facts of Shakespeare's period bring him closer to us than to the more settled world of

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the previous century. With its wars and civil wars, judicial murders, conspiracies and treacheries, Shakespeare's time was one of violence and upheaval, like our own; and his plays seen against that background take on a strikingly contemporary quality.

Thus Mr. Kott recommends that the proper understanding of Shakespeare has to begin with the Histories. Too often these plays have been taken as costumed operas, processions of pomp and circumstance having to do with a feudal world very remote from our present. It has been customary, for example, to portray Richard II as a hissing and altogether incredible villain out of old-fashioned melodrama. But for us, who have seen all the murderous excesses of power in Stalin and Hitler, Richard should be quite a believable character, as he was for the Elizabethans.

The most celebrated of the interpretations here is to be found in the chapter "King Lear or Endgame," which was the basis for the stirring and controversial production by the Royal Shakespeare Company this past season, with Paul Scofield in the title role. Lear has always been the hot potato of the Shakespearean tragedies, and both actors and critics have feared to touch it. Certainly, it violates the norms of usual tragedy, and by all the conventions of realistic theater it hardly makes sense. Mr. Kott draws a parallel with the grotesque play *Endgame*, by Samuel Beckett, and sees *Lear* as a portrait of the human condition, as a game of chess which man is condemned to play out against a gigantic computer (fate or an alien universe) that will always defeat him, but which he has to continue to the bitter end.

Shakespeare has always survived his interpreters, and he will surely rise again in another garb for another age. But whether or not we accept all of Mr. Kott's theories — and they are not all equal in cogency or depth — there can be little doubt that he has written the most provocative and original piece of Shakespearean criticism in decades.

CHECKMATE

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'warmth' " — a statement so perfectly to the point that one wonders why he should have needed to put the last word in ironic quotation marks. A few years after this novel appeared, Mr. Nabokov began to write in English, and subsequently became an extraordinary master of this alien tongue. But many of his English books, though the work of an impeccable virtuoso, have the cold brilliance of a diamond. By contrast, the Russian books radiate a lyricism and feeling that suggest the warmer glow of a ruby.

The warmth in this novel is all the more remarkable in that the story deals with the game of chess. But a chess game, as Mr. Nabokov describes it, ripples with all the ecstatic melodies of music or rings with the bristling clash of men at arms. Luzhin, the hero, is shaggy and childlike, uncouth but likable, and his is the universal tale of any genius defeated at the hands of life. There is a pathetic, awkward, but tender romance with a young girl who picks him up, mothers and marries him, though his doomed life eventually slips through even her possessive female fingers.

What is most remarkable is the way in which Mr. Nabokov can put himself inside his hero and present the world in the odd shapes it takes before Luzhin's feverish mind. The figures on a chessboard become threatening presences. Luzhin tries to escape from them, and he suffers a breakdown. During his recovery he gives up chess altogether. But fate, which seems to have destined his genius in that direction, transposes the moves now to the board of life. People and things around him suddenly loom as attacking forces, against whom Luzhin must rig up a defense. And his last move in the game of self-defense is to hurl himself from a window in suicide.

The history of this book itself is almost enough to have provoked all of the author's subsequent irony. When it first appeared in 1930, it should have been sufficient to establish Mr. Nabokov immediately as a figure in world letters. Instead, it remained in a small Russian edition, known only to émigré circles. The translation now, by Michael Scammel in collaboration with the author, is as flawless and smooth as if originally created in English. We hope that the collaboration will continue until all of these early works

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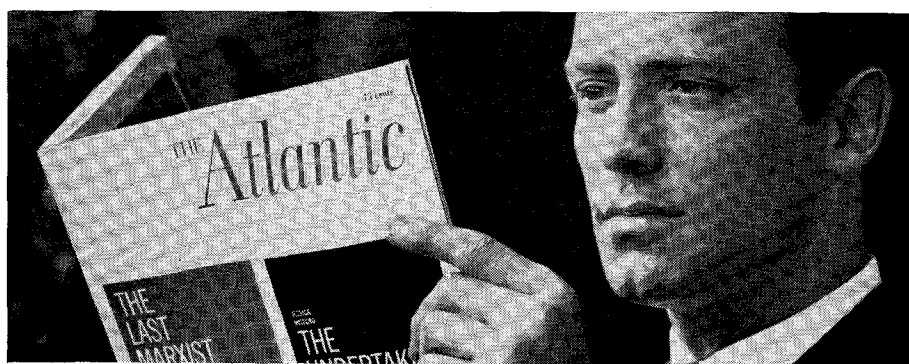
of Mr. Nabokov's are made available to an English-reading public.

BUSINESS AND BUDGETS

An informed electorate, Thomas Jefferson said, is the only safeguard of democracy; yet probably no other enlightened nation is as much given to myths and slogans on matters of economics as we are. In **THE FREE ENTERPRISERS: KENNEDY, JOHNSON AND THE BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT** (Putnam, \$5.95), **HOBART ROWEN** not only makes a significant contribution toward educating the public in the complexities of modern economics but also provides a very readable, often dramatic, chronicle of the late President's adventures with the business community.

Despite the label of "anti-business," President Kennedy, as Mr. Rowen shows, was really by temperament a fiscal conservative and went out of his way to court business. The clash with Big Steel — which is here given the fullest and best-balanced account that I have yet seen — was not of the President's own making. After he had exerted considerable pressure on the unions to accept a new contract, Roger Blough of U.S. Steel immediately announced a jump in prices. Mr. Blough's later statement that he never gave a formal promise that he would not raise prices seems almost too callow to take seriously. Promise or not, his action amounted to a double cross that would have made the unions panic and imperiled the whole line against inflation. The President was acting in the interests of the economy, while Big Steel, whose motives were really political, was seeking to put the new President to a test.

Mr. Rowen is frequently critical of Kennedy for moving too slowly in his economic program and clinging too tightly to the conventional wisdom of the balanced budget. But here he seems too little aware of the complex political realities faced by the President. Had Kennedy presented himself as a flaming liberal, he would very likely have had less action from Congress than he did. His famous speech at Yale on economic myths — probably the most intelligent address on this subject by any politician in recent years — is still over the heads of most congressmen. Despite all its reservations, the verdict on Kennedy



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that emerges from Mr. Rowen's account is that expressed in the words of Budget Director Kermit Gordon: "the best economist who's ever been president."

FUNNY PECULIAR

ANTHONY POWELL's magnificent chronicle of English life between the two wars, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, now moves smoothly into its second lap. *THE VALLEY OF BONES* (Little, Brown, \$4.50) is the seventh in the projected series of twelve novels, and it carries its narrator-hero Nick Jenkins up to the time of Dunkirk and the fall of France in 1940. As befits its middle place in the whole saga, the present volume seems like an interlude and a preparation for what is to come. The dying life of the 1930s is still very much in the atmosphere, and the heroism of the Battle of Britain has not yet begun.

For Nick, at any rate, the war so far is an interlude, and a dull one at that. Too old for active soldiering, he has been sent off to an inglorious regiment quartered first in Wales and then in Northern Ireland. The military life, he discovers, is mainly boredom, and a good soldier is one who can wait in patience. Nick passes the time mostly by keeping a sharp eye on his fellow military, and he discovers in the tiny world of his regiment the same jockeyings for position that he had met in the larger circles of Mayfair and London's literary bohemia. Whatever its external circumstances, Mr. Powell seems to be saying, human nature goes on with business as usual.

Regimental life, with its constrictions, can also show up the human character in a rather glaring light. Mr. Powell has been justly celebrated as a master of comic understatement, and this quality is elegantly present in *The Valley of Bones*. But his comedy has also become more broad and grotesque than heretofore, since army life makes men more ridiculous than they usually are. As the novels move on, Mr. Powell looms less as a funnyman and more as a writer of poignant tragicomedy.

Since Nick meets new faces in the army, we are introduced to a whole gallery of fresh characters. The oddest of these odd soldiers is none other than the regimental captain himself, Gwatkin, a fussy

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and overzealous martinet, who fidgets so about insignificant details that he neglects to pass on the code word of a major operation. Deprived of his command, Gwatkin meets another absurd disaster by falling in love with a barmaid. Hopelessly romantic, he approaches her as delicately as if she were a princess, only to stumble on her one night under a hedge with a common soldier. Gwatkin is too funny for tears, but so grotesque that he is almost painful.

At the end, Nick too has been transferred from the regiment, and he finds himself now at headquarters closer to the center of things, under the command of the unspeakable Widmerpool, who always turns up like a bad penny. Here Mr. Powell proceeds to gather the older strands of his story — alliances and misalliances, marriages, divorces, and even children — to bring Nick abreast of a changed world; and so this vast narrative continues to move forward with unbroken momentum.

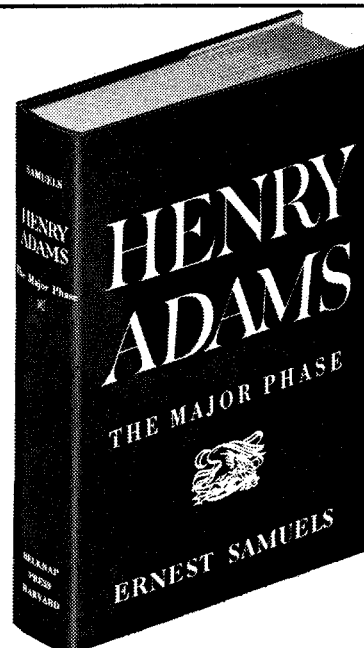
Why do IRIS MURDOCH's novels, good as they are, leave one with an acute feeling of disappointment? *THE ITALIAN GIRL* (Viking, \$4.50) is a good sample of her virtues and failings. Well plotted and well told, the novel in its suspense would do credit to a Hitchcock movie, but in its characterization it fails to be convincing.

Once again Miss Murdoch is working the vein of the old-fashioned Gothic novel, whose setting is a country house full of horrors and mysteries. Edmund Narraway, the hero and narrator, is an artist who has dedicated himself so completely to the craft of engraving that he has severed himself from the world and the flesh, so that he fancies himself almost a saint. But when he visits the family home in the north to attend his mother's funeral, he is plunged into a whirlpool of untidy passions that he never even dared imagine. His brother Otto, a sculptor, has become a drunkard and is debauching himself with a young lady of the household, Elsa Levkin. Meanwhile, Elsa's brother David is carrying on with both Otto's wife and daughter. Poor Edmund has stumbled on a witches' sabbath.

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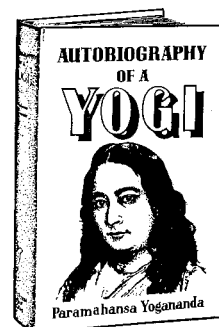
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Sartre

A new book by Jean-Paul Sartre is always an event; his latest — *THE WORDS* — has been the sensation of the season in Paris, where it has been the leading best seller and in fact has sold some 200,000 copies to date. It is true that not since Voltaire has our civilization produced a writer so humane, so manifold, so "engaged" a man of letters as Sartre. But perhaps the reason for the huge popular success of *THE WORDS* is that it is first and foremost a family story: the story of a boy and his widowed mother, a kin of Albert Schweitzer's — a child who was "created on the run" by a father who died prematurely, and thus came to feel that he was "the child of a miracle" — a boyhood spent in "paradise" where the only man was a gray-bearded grandfather who "so resembled God the Father that he was often taken for Him." Sartre, as Matthieu Galey writes in *Arts*, "makes a movie of himself, and the film is fascinating."

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George Braziller
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sits and observes, ready to take Edmund to herself and teach him at last to love. Together, at the end, they are preparing to journey to Italy, where presumably in the land of the sun they will be able to purge themselves of northern mists and Gothic horrors.

Miss Murdoch's trouble is that she has not made up her mind about either her hero or his story. Edmund Narraway is priggish and self-centered, a ridiculous figure; but we are also supposed to take him and his spiritual adventures seriously. Once before, in *A Severed Head*, Miss Murdoch attacked the theme of the intellectual cut off from life, but her tone then was a decisive sarcasm. Now her comedy has become so ambiguous that it has practically evaporated. At times she seems to be writing a mocking deadpan parody of the Gothic tale, but mostly she appears grimly serious in offering this tale as a probing psychological study of a character in whom, to tell the truth, there seems little depth to probe.

MAN OF SPIRIT

In his public life the late DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD, Secretary-General of the United Nations, was a busy man of affairs. Privately, however, he was a contemplative mystic, a deeply religious man, though belonging to no church, who looked on his own life of public service as an imitation of the cross. *MARKINGS* (Knopf, \$4.95) is the remarkable record left us by this very remarkable man — an intimate journal of reflections, aphorisms, and prayers, in prose and verse, that he jotted down at various moments from 1925 until his death in 1961. Hammarskjöld was also a connoisseur who was at home in the poetry of many tongues, and he himself had an unusual gift for expression. This expressiveness is not lost in the very painstaking and sensitive translation by LEIF SJÖBERG and W. H. AUDEN.

Despite his worldly success, Hammarskjöld never succeeded in being a happy man. The marks of a melancholy temperament are plentiful throughout these pages; but because he was sustained by a strong faith, he never succumbed to despair, and his tone is always courageous and heartening. The religious can read this as a devotional book;

humanists will appreciate the wisdom and depth of its observations on life. But its appeal to all readers, whatever their persuasion, is best expressed by Mr. Auden in a very fine foreword: the feeling that on finishing this book, "one has had the privilege of being in contact with a great, good, and lovable man."

MAN OF PARTS

Inside every writer, SEAN O'FAOLAIN concludes in his delightful autobiography *VIVE MOI!* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.75), there must remain the young boy who dreamed, questioned, and wondered. Mr. O'Faolain's performance matches his words, for this story of his life is distinguished not only for its felicitous writing but for the gusto and relish for life that its author and subject, now in his sixth decade, has never ceased to enjoy. His many admirers will find here one more proof of what they have already known: that he is one of the most accomplished all-around men of letters.

Mr. O'Faolain was born and grew up in Cork, Ireland, the third son of a constable. His background might thus be described as shabby genteel, but he was by nature too adventurous and aristocratic a spirit to be confined within such cramping limits. To eke out their modest income, his mother took in theatrical roomers; and as a result, young Sean at an early age became enchanted with the world of the imagination. He was destined then to become a writer, even though it took him many years to embrace his vocation.

For a while he was active as a revolutionary in the Irish war for independence. But like many another Irishman at the time, he felt disappointment at the political conditions that followed independence and vowed to quit his native land. By an amusing quirk of fate, this former foe of England received a British Commonwealth fellowship that enabled him to attend Harvard as a graduate student in literature. Thus a scholarly career seemed to stretch before him, but he had too lively a mind to submit to the drudgery of scholarship. After two years of friendly jousting with Harvard and philology he decided: (a) to become a writer, (b) to marry the girl he loved, (c) to return to his native Ireland. And it would seem that he

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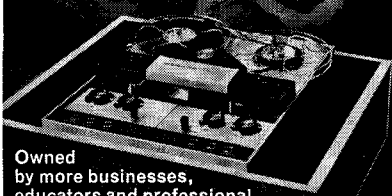
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made the right choice in all three matters.

Beyond its great charm as autobiography, this book is a moving statement of Mr. O'Faolain's credo as a writer; and I know no recent work that could be more helpful to the aspiring author as a guide through the toil and trouble of the literary life.

UNDERSTANDING THE ITALIANS

Visitors to Italy, enchanted with its atmosphere, think of Italians as masters of the art of life, as in one sense they surely are. Yet underneath this glittering surface, according to LUIGI BARZINI in *THE ITALIANS* (Atheneum, \$6.95), Italian life is marked by a sadness and bitterness beyond that of most other European peoples.

Mr. Barzini is a prominent journalist who has spent many years abroad and who, because of his liberal politics, suffered at the hands of the fascists. He writes now in sorrow and anger, and his unsparing candor may be a shock to many of his fellow countrymen as well as a chastening illumination to some of our more superficial Italophiles. The Italians, who have given to the world so many individual geniuses in all fields and have persistently charmed foreigners by their style and vivacity, have shown themselves singularly inept at mastering their own political destinies. Complaints against the disunity and impotence of Italy go back as far as Dante and Machiavelli. The causes assigned were the rivalries of petty despots and the papal power, which did not wish to face a united secular regime and so played off faction against faction. These excuses, says Mr. Barzini, will no longer do. The cause lies deeper, in the character of the people themselves, who have shown great adaptability in putting up with suffering but little practical skill or will to change the conditions which bring about that suffering.

Mr. Barzini ranges over Italian history from Cola di Rienzi to Mussolini, producing vivid and telling comment all along the way. That a book so ruthlessly self-searching and honest could be written by an Italian now living in his own country may be a sign that the Italians have already taken a step beyond those ancient habits of charming self-complacency that Mr. Barzini deplors.



A DAHABIYEH*, A NOTE-BOOK, A BRIDE, AND TWO DONKEYS

— that's what young James Henry Breasted took with him on his first visit to Egypt.

IN *Signs and Wonders upon Pharaoh*, John A. Wilson introduces this "ardent, flamboyant, moustached youngster, compact and dexterous." Holder of the first teaching position in Egyptology in America, later founder of the Oriental Institute of The University of Chicago, Breasted is glimpsed as he first set out on his lifelong pursuit of "inscription salvage."

"ONE HAS COMPASSION for the bride, Frances," writes Mr. Wilson, "sitting under her parasol in dusty and incomprehensible temples, while her man scrambled excitedly up some wall in pursuit of a historical text. . . . Surely she saw the signs of greatness in him. Surely she had a responsive pride when he wrote his father: 'I want to read to my fellow men the *oldest* chapter in the history of human progress. I would rather do this than gain countless wealth.'"

SELFLESS SCHOLARS, exploiters, fakers, adventurers, missionaries — John A. Wilson has chronicled all the diverse types who found their way to Egypt. The book centers on American Egyptology of the last sixty years, an "explosion of competence" set off by Breasted and Reisner, with Winlock to follow.

"THE STORY is not always noble," warns Mr. Wilson; but, in his telling, it is absorbing, and human, and never dull.

*A *dahabiyeh* is a kind of houseboat—but, then, we all knew that, didn't we?

Signs and Wonders upon Pharaoh \$5.95

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Catholics and non-Catholics, as a rule, get along right well together.

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In these and other phases of everyday life, there is a close association which promotes understanding and respect. But in religion...where this close association does not exist...there is often a regrettable lack of understanding and a corresponding absence of good-will.

Many people, for instance, have all sorts of false ideas about Catholics and the Catholic Church. They actually believe that Catholics worship statues...that many sordid things happen behind convent walls...that Catholics do not believe in the Bible...that Catholic teaching is pure superstition and the Mass nothing but mumbo-jumbo.

All non-Catholics, of course, do not believe such things. But enough of these false rumors are in circulation to cause some sincere and intelligent non-Catholics to look upon the Catholic Church with suspicion, and to reject Catholic truth without even troubling to investigate it.

It is for this reason that the Knight's of Columbus, a society of Catholic laymen, publishes advertisements like this explaining what Catholics really believe. We want our non-Catholic friends and neighbors to understand us and our Faith, even if they do not wish to join us. We want them to know the Catholic Church as it really is...not as it is often misrepresented to be.

It is also important to you personally, however, to inquire into the teaching of the Catholic Church. For unless you do, you cannot know whether the Catholic Church is or is not the Church established by Jesus Christ for your salvation. You cannot intelligently accept or reject Catholic teaching until you investigate it and know what it really is.

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

MARTHA BACON'S PURITAN PROMENADE (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.95) is social and literary history presented in exceptional style. It is not usual for improvement of the reader's mind to be accompanied by a steady run of chuckles, but this is the case with Miss Bacon's studies of more or less literary New England ladies. The first is the eighteenth-century phenomenon Phillis Wheatley, who "reached the nadir of the human condition. She was a slave, a Negro, a woman and a poet." Phillis, whose story involves certain wry inferences about Boston society, seems to have been a gentle and kindly creature, but most of Miss Bacon's other ladies can best be described as formidable. Catharine Beecher flatly defied the established theology of her time; Delia Bacon rattled New Haven by accusing a juvenile clergyman of tampering with her honor — female honor being a ludicrously delicate object in the 1840s; and the Gallinippers, young gentlewomen who by all the rules should have stuck to their tatting, published a scandal sheet which cheerfully libeled half the faculty of Yale. Lydia Sigourney, "the sweet singer of Hartford," merely succeeded in enraging Jane Welsh Carlyle, a feat too easy to warrant much respect. Without belaboring the point, Miss Bacon suggests that the collapse of the gruesome religious beliefs fostered in New England by Jonathan Edwards was considerably hastened by spirited, heretical females, and produces enough evidence for the idea to make one grateful that the girls did not turn their attention to abolishing the republic.

Under the guise of writing about THOSE CURSED TUSCANS (Ohio University Press, \$4.95), the late CURZIO MALAPARTE composed a book-length anathema against church, state, caste, and custom. It contains some sharp, grim sketches of life in the rag-ridden town of Prato, where Malaparte was born, and some amusingly cynical reflections on saints, but on the whole it tells little about Tuscany or anything else except Malaparte. This half-German, quondam-fascist author lived in the wrong period.

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He would have been much more comfortable in the heyday of the anarchist movement.

FIJI: ISLANDS OF THE DAWN (Ives Washburn, \$4.50) is the kind of travel book that makes one long to take ship at once for the spot in question — in this instance, the Cannibal Isles. **LEONARD WIBBERLEY** met no cannibals in Fiji, but he found a rich supply of local legends, picturesque history, attractive people, and practicing fire walkers. He describes all these items with the uncomplicated enthusiasm of a man who has had nothing but a good time and wants to share it.

In **ARABIA FELIX** (Harper & Row, \$5.95), **THORKILD HANSEN** describes a much less enviable journey — the eighteenth-century Danish expedition which was the first attempt by Europeans to make any kind of scientific investigation of the Arabian peninsula. The expedition suffered from lack of advance information, negligence in Copenhagen, and the quarrels of two wellborn but ferociously jealous scholars. Besides the learned doctors (a Swedish botanist and a Danish philologist), the expedition included an artist, a medical man, a surveyor, and a general servant. Six men bound for Arabia, and only one ever to return. In addition to the heavy mortality in the party, much of the material collected was lost, or destroyed through official carelessness. Mr. Hansen, a Dane, is driven to continual apologies for the conduct of the whole affair, but in fact, given the novelty of the enterprise and the inexperience and occasional unsuitability of the explorers, the expedition did well. Their story is melancholy but fascinating, for it has dramatic shape, presenting the principle of survival of the fittest in clear-cut terms of honesty and adaptability. Niebuhr, the man who made it, was neither a proper scholar nor remotely a gentleman; he was a farm boy from the Friesland swamps, peaceable, sensible, unpretentious, tactful, and devoted to his job. The best man, in short; and he won.

JOHN GOULD of the Lisbon Falls *Enterprise* contributes another collection of State of Maine comedies in **THE PARABLES OF PETER PARTOUT** (Little, Brown, \$3.95). Mr. Gould is not the world's most polished writer, and his mind runs persistently to the humorous aspects of hard cider, but at his best he is very funny

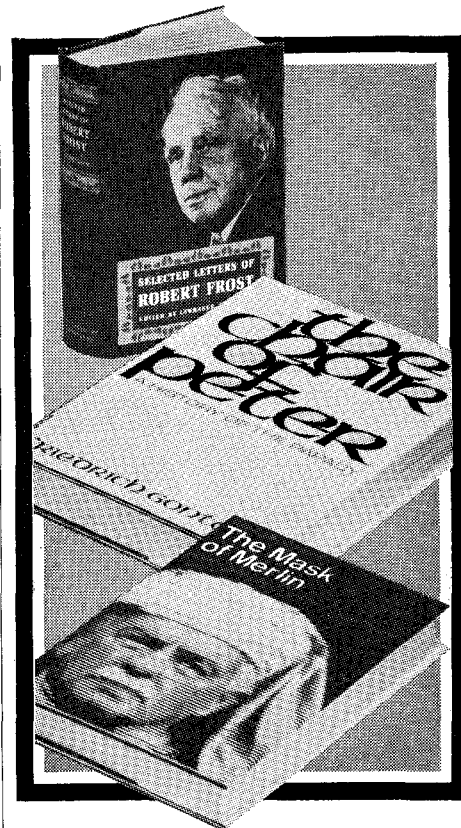
on such topics as the dog with the deer's head, the cow that walked to Canada, the purchase of a lobster, and Mrs. Wilcox's sit-down sink.

CHARLES DE GAULLE is one of a dwindling number of tradition-minded political leaders who can, and do, insist, without embarrassment or immodesty, that their countries would collapse without them. The troubling possibility that General de Gaulle may be right is reason enough to take another look at his version of recent history, reissued in one volume as **THE COMPLETE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE, 1940-1946** (Simon and Schuster, \$12.50). The book includes the material published between 1955 and 1959 as *The Call to Honour, Unity, and Salvation*. How President de Gaulle will describe the eighteen years which have followed "Salvation" is a matter of considerable interest to several Western capitals and countless theologians.

BEGINNING AGAIN (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95) is the third volume of **LEONARD WOOLF's** autobiography. I have not read the earlier books and can judge Mr. Woolf only by what appears in this volume, which reveals him as a man of intelligence and sensibility and also almost entirely devoid of personal ambition. At about the age of thirty, with no particular future in mind, he fell in love with the brilliant and to him exquisitely beautiful Virginia (it is a pity that most photographs make her look like a kindly horse), married her, and thereafter devoted himself entirely to helping, protecting, and nursing a woman whose great abilities as a writer were combined with the steady threat of madness. The chief interest in *Beginning Again* lies in the description of Virginia Woolf's mental illness. The book's primary charm is the unfailing tenderness with which Mr. Woolf writes of the wife he adored but understood no better than her doctors.

ARTHUR H. LEWIS, author of **LAMENT FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75), grew up in Pennsylvania and as a boy heard of the Mollies from men who had lived through the reign of mayhem established in the coal country by that secret society of Irish malcontents. It is a well-told story, erratically documented, and Mr. Lewis leaves one question unanswered and almost unraised: what did the Mollies think they were doing?

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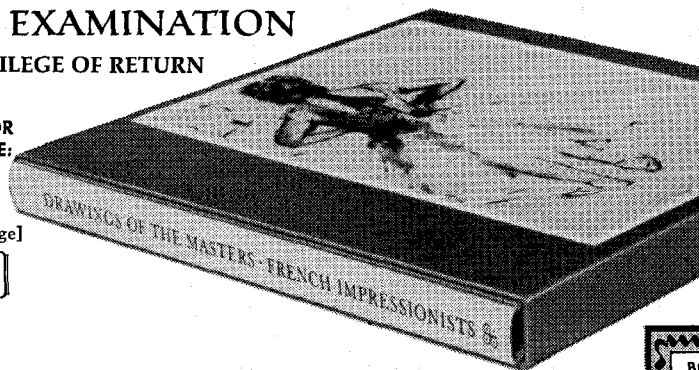
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